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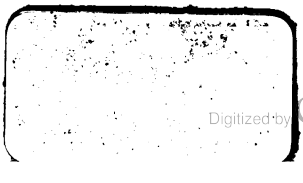

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CENTENNIAL ORATIONS.

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Engraved by H W Smith from an original painted by Copley in the possession of Dr J Mason Warren.

Joseph Warren

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CENTENNIAL ORATIONS

COMMEMORATIVE OF

THE OPENING EVENTS

OF THE

AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

WITH OTHER PROCEEDINGS.

1874—1875.

BOSTON:
18 SOMERSET STREET.
1875.

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NOTE.

THESE orations and addresses are reprinted from the HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL REGISTER for October, 1875, where they appeared with the consent of their authors and of the municipalities, associations, or committees, under whose auspices they were delivered. To these we have annexed very full reports of the other proceedings at the most important centennial celebrations in the years 1874 and 1875.

The orations have been revised by their authors; and the reports above referred to, for which we are chiefly indebted to the daily papers of this city, have been corrected wherever an error or omission has been discovered.

The advantage of having these discourses and proceedings gathered into a single volume will, we are confident, be duly appreciated by librarians, collectors of books, and historical students.

For the portrait of the most distinguished martyr in the battle of Bunker Hill which accompanies this volume, we are indebted to his relative, John C. Warren, M.D., of Boston. To George Tolman, Esq., of Concord, to the Hon. Charles Hudson, of Lexington, and to all who in any way have aided us in revising the proceedings, we return thanks.

For the care and labor given to this work, we shall be amply rewarded in the feeling that we have helped to circulate among the people, and to place in many domestic and foreign libraries, a collection of learned, eloquent and patriotic discourses upon themes of vital interest to the friends of "liberty regulated by law" throughout the civilized world. With these will also go out the record of fraternal utterances by representatives of all sections of these re- United States,—the forerunner, we fondly hope, of enduring concord and universal prosperity.

ALBERT H. HOYT,
WILLIAM B. TOWNE,
JOHN W. DEAN,
Committee.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1875.

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AN ADDRESS

ON THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE MEETING OF THE PROVINCIAL LEGISLATURE IN SALEM, OCT. 5, 1774.

By Abner C. Goodell, Jr., Esq., of Salem.

ONE of the most striking and suggestive fables of Greek History is the story of the founder of Athens. Arrived at manhood, Theseus parts from his mother, lifts the stone under which lie concealed the patrimonial sword and sandals, and proceeds on his eventful way. Wielded by his vigorous arm, his trenchant blade now parries the tremendous club of Corynetes, and now pierces the obdurate hide of the terrible Phæa. He crowns his triumphant progress by still greater deeds of renown; he safely threads the dismal and intricate labyrinth of Crete, frees its despairing captives, and slays the monster Minotaur. Returning thence, he calls together the sons of Hellas, and raises the standard of united Attica.

The true story we are assembled to commemorate finds in this fable a parallel. Sprung from a nation the proudest and greatest in all history, the genius of independence was first transplanted to these rugged shores of the Massachusetts Bay. Nurtured long in the severe and heroic discipline of this western wilderness, as if preparing for its majestic mission, at length, in this ancient town, it first officially repudiated the control of the motherland, and, fully comprehending the greatness of its destiny, girded itself for desperate conflict. Later, it lifted and laid the corner-stone of the Republic, in the immortal Declaration at Philadelphia, and turned the sword, already unsheathed in self-defence, to deeds of aggressive war. Against formidable obstacles and discouragements, with matchless fortitude, through eight dreary years of conflict, it parried the thrusts of treason, pricked the sides of apathy and halting discontent, vanquished that unnatural monster, —a hireling foe, and compelled the ministers of tyranny to acknowledge the victory. Meanwhile, it had successfully threaded the labyrinth of the untried inter-colonial system, delivered these youthful states from the frowning walls of doubt that environed them, and raised the standard of an harmonious confederation.

In one important feature, however, the parallel fails. The noble Æthra, looking upon her son as the heaven-favored scion of Pelops' line, and swelling

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with high hopes of his future glory, invoked a favorable issue on his journey, led him to the stone which his father's hand had placed, and rejoiced as, with elastic step, he went forth from her presence. Not so with her to whom our fathers looked with filial love and reverence. The bosom that had heroically nursed the spirit of independence, heaved only with indignation when her sons asserted their birthright. The mother who with almost mortal pangs had brought forth every idea involved in our strugggle for the right of self-government, answered the appeals of her children for the liberties of Englishmen, with taunts and objurgations, and met every effort to assert them with new measures of oppression, and fresh displays of coercive power. Nay, she herself created the monsters of tyranny that beset the path of her children, and rejoiced, with unnatural joy, when their defeat seemed imminent.

This is the theme, so inspiring and yet so sad, which the lapse of a century invites us to ponder. If, haply, in restoring tints that have faded from the well-worn pictures of the past, we bring into brighter relief examples of heroism that shall stimulate a just and healthy pride, and furnish new incentives to patriotism and noble living, the labor will be not without profit; or if, in waking the echoes of those voices, long silent, which, from the inmost heart of England, and above the hostile din of partisan clamor, spoke words of lofty cheer to our struggling grandsires in the solemn hours of the Revolution, we shall strengthen the ancient ties of love and friendship which still attach us to the home of our ancestors, the effort will be rewarded with unspeakable pleasure.

In order better to understand the historical and political significance of the events we are about to consider, it will be well to review the relations that had existed between Great Britain and her American colonies, before we inquire, particularly, what took place in the town of Salem one hundred years ago.

Three kings of the house of Hanover, of the same name, had successively held the sceptre of Great Britain. George the Third had been upon the throne fourteen years; and, though reputed a faithful husband and indulgent father, had shown, from the first, an utter want of sympathy with the traditional tendencies of English government, and ignorance of, or disregard for, the best lessons of English history. He emulated the Stuarts in his jealous zeal for the royal prerogative, opposition to political progress and indifference to the welfare of the people, except so far as he imagined it might insure the stability or increase the grandeur of the throne. Generally it happens that some great minister or cabal stands behind the throne, and directs its motions; but this monarch seldom permitted himself to be persuaded, and never to be intimidated. He remembered his mother's injunction, "George, be King," and he observed it with undoubting, and, apparently, unconscious fidelity, as if in the exercise of a right as clear and unquestioned as an axiom in mathematics. How far he secretly entertained the doctrine of divine right, which had become infamous under the Stuarts, and was finally rejected in the revolution of 1688, and the act of settlement, it is needless to inquire. It is enough that his construction of the constitution, by its menace of peril to English liberties, put him in opposition to the best minds of the nation as surely as did their assumption of divine ordination and independent authority.

Partly by the bestowment of offices, dignities, and pensions, and partly by notoriously promoting the election of those whose known views accorded with his own, King George the Third had found it possible to surround

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himself with ministers, and to secure numerical majorities in parliament, willing to go almost any length in support of his favorite measures.

It was in a parliament thus constituted that a theory, affirming the absolute right of the Home Government to unlimited control of all legislative and administrative functions in the colonies, began to be asserted and acted upon, by the King and his retainers, with vigor and without scruple. This theory, which had been maintained in the days of the Stuarts, and proposed in later times against strenuous protests, and had been put in practice when the colonies were too much occupied, in their struggles with a common enemy, to make effective opposition possible, was unsupported by the best established precedents; but it could be presented in such specious forms, and defended by such refinement of reasoning, that those of its opponents who could keep their vision steadily fixed upon its essential fallacy were few. So, while the injustice of its practical application to the American colonies was evident to all friends of the constitution, their grounds of objection were various, and the novel questions of law and policy which it involved, evoked heated discussions on both sides of the Atlantic.

Other unsound propositions respecting personal liberty, and the freedom of speech and of the press, began to be maintained at the instance, or with the sanction, of the Government, and were adopted and applied in the courts of justice. These met with vehement opposition; and England teemed with controversial pamphlets and newspaper articles, upon the powers of the government and the rights of the citizen. The popular party, prominent in which appeared the anonymous writer Junius, whose elegant and incisive criticisms laid his antagonists, by their own confession, upon a bed of torture,[1] made the best arguments; but their opponents had the countenance of the Crown. These effusions were copied and widely circulated in the colonies; and there were many here who began to share the conviction of the more radical reformers of England, that the King and his advisers were conspirators against the constitutional liberties of Englishmen and the natural rights of man. In both countries, among thoughtful men, the course of the Government was a theme constantly agitated, and the source of repeated discomfiture and profound alarm.

With regard to colonial affairs, what to Englishmen at home seemed but a subversive theory, and therefore worthy of denunciation and of efforts for repeal, was to these colonies a terrible and bitter realization of the encroachments of tyranny, and engendered thoughts of open resistance.

The stamp act of 1765, imposing a tax without the consent of the colonies, provoked prompt demonstrations of hostility, here, and led to a Congress of nine of the colonies, at New-York, whose earnest protest effected a repeal. Massachusetts, the principal maritime colony, had taken the lead in all measures of opposition, and she had assumed the most prominent part in the movement for united colonial action. The repeal of this act was accompanied by a declaration of the right of parliament to tax the colonies, and was followed by the adoption of more stringent measures, proposed by a new ministry.

The impost act of 1767, laying a duty on several imported articles, including tea, and reinforced by provisions intended to make the courts of justice here more effective agents of the Crown, was promulgated with a display of land and naval forces, to intimidate, if not to coerce, the colo-

[1] See the letter of Sir William Draper to Junius, Oct. 7, 1769.

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nists into obedience. Again Massachusetts appealed to her sister colonies; and, in defiance of the express orders of the Crown, her Legislature, by an overwhelming majority, refused to rescind the vote whereby that appeal was authorized.

After the Boston Massacre, the British troops, which had been quartered in that town almost within hearing of the debates of the Assembly, were withdrawn at the instant and firm demand of the brave inhabitants, made through their spokesman, Samuel Adams; and this impost act was repealed, except the item fixing a duty on tea, which was, however, rendered practically void by the refusal of the people to use that article.

But the king was determined not to be foiled in his purpose to exact from these colonies an acknowledgment of the supreme authority of the imperial legislature; and, although in the year 1772 the whole net income derived by Great Britain from colonial taxation had amounted to but eighty-five pounds sterling,[1] parliament, the next year, under pretence of increasing the revenue, renewed its attempts to bring the colonies into subjection, by conferring upon the East-India Company privileges amounting to a monopoly of the tea trade with America, and exacting from them a duty of but three-pence per pound, instead of the shilling duty previously imposed. This insidious measure, it was thought, would prevail against the scruples of the colonists, put an end to smuggling, and establish a precedent in favor of the claims of the ministry.

The excitement which ensued here upon the publication of this act, the violent demonstrations of the mobs,—especially the destruction of the tea in Boston harbor, the particulars of which were discussed at our anniversary notice of that event last winter,—convinced the Home Government that the objections of the colonists were radical, that they were founded on principle, and could not be overcome by menaces, or silenced by any considerations of temporary profit, in the nature of a bribe. They were satisfied that to insure the success of the new measures, something more was needed than the former show of authority, and the appointment of subservient agents; and plans for active coercion were now promptly determined upon. Accordingly, in response to a message from the King, parliament, in the spring of 1774, enacted a law closing the port of Boston, as a punishment for her contumacy, and removing the seat of customs to Salem and Marblehead. To enforce the blockade, and to insure obedience to the orders of the privy council, and to certain contemplated acts of parliament, which were soon to be promulgated, it was deemed proper to call to the highest office of the provincial government,—which had hitherto been held by native-born citizens, or persons in civil life,—a British soldier, competent to direct the movements of forces sufficiently large to overawe the colonists. Therefore Thomas Gage, who had been commander-in-chief of the army in America, was appointed to the command of this province, and soon after commissioned as Governor.

Gage arrived at Boston on the 13th of May, and was soon followed by several regiments of the regular army. Here he found that writs had already been issued for convening the General Assembly in the old State House in Boston, on the 25th of the same month. He accordingly met

[1] So stated at the time, without dissent, in the famous speech of the Bishop of St. Asaph, Am. Archives, Fourth Series, vol. i. p. 99. This speech was published in England, at the time, in a pamphlet, at one shilling, sterling. It was republished in Salem, by the brothers Hall, of the "Essex Gazette," for "no more than six coppers."—See "Essex Gazette," of Sept. 20, 1774, No. 321. It was widely read in the colonies.

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with that body, and, after rejecting thirteen of their newly-chosen councillors, including those who were most prominent in their opposition to the acts of parliament, he notified them that, after the first day of the following month, he should hold the General Court in Salem, in accordance with the special command of the King. Fearing a voluntary adjournment, the Governor, a week later, suddenly adjourned the Court to meet here on the 7th of June. More than forty years before, Gov. Burnet had executed a threat against the patriots of Boston, who controlled affairs in that brave old town, by adjourning the Assembly to the same place, alleging, as one reason for this course, that he was informed that the people here were, like their representatives, well inclined to the King, and that the country members would "not be so much tampered with" here as in Boston.[1]

From the selection of this new seat of government it would seem that the impression made upon the ministry by Burnet's action had not been effaced. Perhaps it was kept vivid by the known popularity here of the Browne family[2]—a family always conspicuously loyal, and to a member of which Gov. Burnet had given his daughter in marriage.

The removal of the legislature from Boston had never been ordered without a protest from the Representatives, even when the prevalence of the small-pox there rendered it imperative; and Gage's predecessor, Hutchinson, had greatly added to the opprobrium with which his name was loaded, by adjourning to, and holding the General Court at, Cambridge, in obedience to the orders of the privy council. The old arguments against this removal were mainly based on the form of the writ for convening the Assembly, in which Boston was named as the place of meeting; and as that form, though enacted by the provincial legislature, had been sanctioned by the King in council, and never repealed, it was urged that the General Court could not be held elsewhere. But this position had been generally abandoned as untenable, and the change was now opposed on grounds of policy and convenience. The adjournment by the Governor, without consultation with the Assembly, and by the unauthorized direction of the privy council, was loudly denounced as uncalled for, and a grievance.

This rapid sketch of the progress and posture of affairs down to the time of the first meeting of the Assembly here under Gage, excludes many important events which were transpiring in quick succession in Great Britain, in this province, and throughout the American colonies.

Dr. Franklin, for his advocacy of the claims of the colonies, had been removed from the charge of the general post-office,—which, under his prudent and skilful management, had become useful and profitable,—and a private system of letter-carriage had been put in competition with the regular mails, whereby the committees of correspondence might exchange advices with speed and safety. These committees, which, on former occasions, had been found useful in promoting local and inter-colonial concert of action, were now revived and actively employed. Pulpits rang with earnest denunciations of the tyranny of the administration, and with exhortations to firmness in patriotic duty. The Boston massacre was commemorated by an annual oration. Pamphlets circulated the arguments of patriots and tories; and broadsides and newspapers brought to every household reports of the doings of municipal and legislative bodies, the most eloquent speeches

[1] See Burnet's Letter to the Lords of Trade, Oct. 26, 1728, in notes to Acts and Resolves of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, vol. ii. p. 523.

[2] Although that family is now extinct here, in the male line, the name is still attached to one of our public schools, and designates one of our principal streets.

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of the friends of the colonies in parliament, patriotic songs, and narratives of turbulent proceedings. The minutest actions of the civil agents of the Crown, and the movements of troops, transports and armed vessels, were watched with lynxed-eyed vigilance, and tidings of every important step of the enemy were conveyed, by swift messengers, from town to town and from colony to colony.

Massachusetts was still the principal theatre of opposition to tyranny, but her patriots, chief among whom stood Samuel Adams of Boston,—a man ever to be held in highest veneration,—were wise enough to foresee that, unless the general consent of the sister colonies could be secured, all efforts for liberty were without the prospect of success. Such a coöperation had effected the repeal of the stamp act in 1765, and similar efforts, in 1768, had been followed by the partial repeal of the impost act of the previous year. Who should say that the united action of the colonies in another Congress would not result in some final plan of agreement upon the great questions at issue between them and the Home Government?

Up to this time, and long afterward, nothing was sought by the colonists but reconciliation, without the sacrifice of constitutional rights. The colonists claimed to be Englishmen, loyal to the Crown and constitution, and would not tolerate the suggestion of a resort to measures directly aiming at separation.

Unfortunately for the prospect of union, for some time previous to the destruction of the tea, serious differences had arisen among the colonies. These differences grew, partly, out of the breach, by some of them, of an agreement not to import goods from Great Britain until the oppressive acts of parliament had been repealed, and partly from the uncertain location of boundary-lines between adjoining colonies. They had estranged the colonists to such a degree that all but the most sanguine patriots were discouraged; and Hutchinson was led to write exultingly to Lord Hillsborough, at the beginning of 1772, that the Massachusetts patriots seemed "to be deserted by their late correspondents in Pennsylvania and New York, and all confidence is at an end."[1] It was also a disheartening recollection that in the Congress of 1765 the great colony of Virginia was not represented.

That colony embraced a territory larger, by nearly ten thousand square miles, than the entire surface of Great Britain, and claimed contiguous territory larger than both Great Britain and Ireland. It had a population, in 1774, of between five hundred thousand and six hundred thousand inhabitants,—which, added to that of Massachusetts Bay, nearly equalled the population of all the other New-England and Middle colonies.

Without Virginia, therefore, any confederation would appear weak and defective; but with Virginia, it would show a front sufficiently formidable, it was hoped and believed, to insure effectual resistance. What, then, was the joy of our patriots to find that ancient and powerful colony, aroused by the new measures now specially directed against Massachusetts, chivalrously siding with her injured sister and actually starting the suggestion for a Continental Congress.

The persecution of Massachusetts, moreover, had brought the other colonies to prompt and spontaneous renewals of their former professions of sympathy; and the idea of a Congress seemed so warmly and generally entertained, that our patriots saw in the change the active interposi-

[1] From a copy of the letter (No. 20) furnished me by Mr. Sainsbury, of Her Majesty's Public Record Office. It is dated Jan. 24, 1772.

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tion of Providence, and broke forth in prayers of gratitude and strains of rejoicing.

Such were the causes of the conflicting emotions which filled the hearts of the assembly-men when they came together, by the Governor's appointment, at Salem, on the memorable 7th of June.

Philadelphia, and the month of September, had been fixed as the time and place for the proposed Congress.

The Governor proceeded to Salem on the Thursday before the Assembly met, and, the next Saturday, being the anniversary of the birth of the King, he was received with great parade, ending with a most brilliant ball at the old Assembly-Hall,[1] on Monday evening.

But under these outward demonstrations of joy, there rankled in every patriotic breast increasing pangs of disappointment and sorrow; for, only two nights before, there had arrived from Bristol, copies of two bills pending before parliament, which, there was every reason to believe, had received the Royal assent before their publication here. These two acts,—one purporting to be for better regulating the government of the province, and the other for the impartial administration of justice here, in certain cases,—would, if firmly established and enforced, sweep away the last vestige of the right of self-government, and reduce the province to absolute subjection to foreign rule.

The session lasted but eleven days. On the second day, before proceeding to business, the House passed five resolutions protesting against the removal to Salem, as a grievance; and the next day sent to the Governor as their answer to his speech at the opening of the session, a communication full of the same subject. Six days later the Council presented to the Governor an address, in which an invidious allusion was made to Gage's predecessor. Gage interrupted the reader of the address, at this point, and refused to let him proceed. He then returned a brief written reply, concluding, "I consider the address an insult upon his Majesty, and the Lords of the privy council, and an affront to myself."

The communications between the Governor and the Assembly having proved thus fruitless and exasperating, no further political measures transpired in either branch until the 17th, when the House passed a resolve, appointing as delegates to the Congress at Philadelphia, James Bowdoin, Thomas Cushing, Samuel Adams, John Adams and Robert Treat Paine. The purpose of the Congress, as indicated by this resolve, was, "to consult upon measures for the restoration of harmony between Great Britain and the colonies." A majority of the delegates was to constitute a quorum, and an appropriation of five hundred pounds was voted to defray their expenses.

The Council promptly concurred in this appropriation, but the Governor withheld his consent. The House, not disconcerted by this refusal of the Governor, immediately, through their committee, began to prepare three other resolves; one, recommending the towns and districts to collect and pay over, before the 15th of August, to Thomas Cushing, one of the delegates, the sum of five hundred pounds. This sum was to be assessed according to a tax-list to be circulated among the towns, and was in place of the appropriation which failed to pass. The second resolve recommended that other towns of the province relieve the necessities of the inhabitants of Boston and Charlestown, who were suffering from the operation of the act

[1] This hall stood on Cambridge street, and was afterwards purchased and used by the congregation of the South Church, until they built their present meeting-house, when it was removed to Federal street, and is now a private residence.

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closing the port of Boston. The third resolve recommended abstinence from the use of imported tea, and of all goods and manufactures brought from the East Indies and Great Britain, and the encouragement of American manufactures. This last resolve was the basis of that Solemn League and Covenant, the consequences of which were so disastrous to the manufacturing districts of England.

The choice of delegates and the appropriation for their expenses had, evidently, greatly disturbed the Governor. He soon received a hint of the subsequent proceedings of the House, through the treachery, it was suspected, of Elisha Jones, a tavern-keeper, who represented the town of Weston.[1]

The Governor forthwith ordered a proclamation, for dissolving the General Court, to be prepared by Thomas Flucker, the Secretary of the province, and to be read as soon as possible to the House of Representatives.

By this time, word had got abroad that the House were pushing measures with the utmost speed and secrecy, and that the Governor, aware of the nature of their proposed action, had set the Secretary at work in equal haste to thwart their purposes.

The proclamation was soon ready for the Governor's signature, and read as follows:—

PROVINCE OF THE MASSACHUSETTS BAY. } By the GOVERNOR.

A PROCLAMATION

FOR DISSOLVING THE GENERAL COURT.

WHEREAS the Proceedings of the House of Representatives in the present Session of the General Court make it necessary for his Majesty's Service, that the said General Court should be dissolved,—

I have therefore thought fit to dissolve the said General Court, and the same is hereby dissolved accordingly, and the members thereof are discharged from any further attendance.

Given under my hand at Salem, the 17th Day of June, 1774, in the Fourteenth Year of his Majesty's Reign.

T. GAGE.

By his Excellency's command,
THOS. FLUCKER, Secretary.

GOD save the KING.[2]

Armed with this instrument, the Secretary started at once for the town-house. Elbowing his way through the eager crowd, he mounted the stairs leading to the hall above, but found the door locked and the messenger on guard. He "directed the messenger to go in and acquaint the speaker that the Secretary had a message from His Excellency to the honorable House, and desired he might be admitted to deliver it." The messenger returned, and said he had informed the speaker, as requested, "who mentioned it to the House, and their orders were to keep the door fast."

Thereupon, while the House were finally passing the last resolve, the

[1] This suspicion was strengthened by subsequent events. Jones revealed his character to the two spies sent out by Gage to reconnoitre. See the interesting narrative of their adventures, by one of them, Ensign D' Bernicre, in Am. Archives, 4 Series, vol. i. p. 1263. Jones is briefly noticed by Sabine in his sketches of the Loyalists of the Am. Revolution.

[2] Essex Gazette, 1774, No. 308.

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Secretary proceeded to read the paper, upon the stairs, in presence of the assembled multitude, and then, immediately after, read it in the Council chamber.[1]

Thus ended the last General Court held in Massachusetts under a provincial governor. After more than eighty years of experiment, since the Commissioners of the Great Seal, under William and Mary, appended its impress to the charter devised by the great lawyers of the English revolution,—a period during which this vigorous but comparatively insignificant colony had grown to a large and flourishing province,—the system of government was now, by another revolution, soon to change into a government of the people, by the people and for the people. True, the ancient methods prescribed by the charter might be, as they certainly were, resumed, but every member of the government was to be chosen by the people, directly or indirectly, and to become amenable, solely, to his constituency,—the electors of the commonwealth.

Such, too, were the dramatic incidents attending the choice of the first five delegates[2] to that Congress which, by successive elections, continued throughout the war. This august assembly managed the vast and various concerns of the colonies, raised, equipped and officered armies, organized and fitted out a navy, built forts, borrowed money, issued bills of public credit, established a general post-office and a national hospital, entered into treaties, leagues and alliances, and, in short, was the prototype of our present national government, until the adoption of the federal constitution raised over all the states the ægis of a republic.

Letting this digression suffice to impress more vividly upon our minds the importance of the events which took place in this town just one year before the battle of Bunker's Hill, we will proceed with our narrative. The Governor had taken up his residence in the elegant mansion of Robert Hooper, in Danvers, now known as the "Collins House,"[3] but deemed it prudent, towards the end of the next month, to order hither two companies of the 64th regiment, to guard his head-quarters; and, on the 13th of August, the 59th regiment, under Col. Otho Hamilton, landed from the transports in which they had arrived the day before, and encamped near the fort on the Neck.[4]

The meaning of this martial demonstration was soon evident. Handbills were posted, and a notice appeared in the Essex Gazette,[5] calling the freeholders together on Wednesday, the 24th day of August, to choose five or more delegates to a county convention at Ipswich, for the purpose of considering and determining upon a course of action to be pursued with reference to the recent acts of parliament, "and our other grievances."

One of these acts had provided that, with certain exceptions, no town meeting should be held upon the call of the selectmen, without the leave of the Governor; and the Governor[6] deemed this call, and the proposed meet-

[1] Essex Gazette, 1774, No. 308.

[2] Of the delegates thus chosen, all held places of the highest trust after the adoption of the constitution. From them were selected two governors and two lieutenant-governors of this commonwealth. Two of them received commissions as justices of the highest court in the state; and one of them was also attorney-general. John Adams never sat under his commission as chief justice of the Supreme Judicial Court, but had his ambition gratified by being elected the first Vice-President and the second President of the United States of America, and by being appointed commissioner to France, ambassador to the Netherlands, and minister plenipotentiary to Great Britain before the peace; and afterwards, the first minister of the United States to the Court of St. James.

[3] See Essex Gazette, 1774, No. 306. [4] *Ibid.*, No. 316. [5] *Ibid.*, No. 317.

[6] "Act for better regulating the government," etc.

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ing, to be violations of the act. He therefore issued a proclamation, the day before the meeting, forbidding the freeholders to assemble at their peril; and, the next morning, an hour before the time fixed for the meeting, he summoned before him the committee of correspondence, by whose direction the call had been issued, told them that he considered their proceedings unlawful and seditious, and asked them to disperse the assembly.[1] As the act only forbade meetings called by the selectmen, the committee protested that there was no violation of the act, and that they had no authority to break up the meeting. The Governor declined to argue the point so ingeniously made, but informed them that the sheriff would proceed first and warn the assembly to disperse, and, if that expedient failed, he should resort to forcible measures.[2]

The troops at the Neck were then provided with ammunition, and put in motion. At the lower end of the town they halted and loaded, and eighty of them advanced as far as Newbury street. But the delegates having been chosen in the mean time, and the business of the meeting being over, the troops were ordered back to their encampment.[3] The next Saturday the Governor departed for Boston.[4]

Throughout the previous night his guards were under arms, and his safe arrival in Boston was announced in the newspapers.[5] There is a tradition, in Danvers, that an attempt had been made to assassinate him; and the old front-door of his mansion, perforated by the bullet, it is said, of one who, in passing, boldly fired, and then, spurring his horse, quickly disappeared in the darkness, was long shown in proof of the tradition. Whatever reasons he had for seeking greater safety, it is certain that he reported to the Earl of Dartmouth that his object in going to Boston was that he might attend the approaching session of the Superior Court.[6] Chief-Justice Oliver, who stood impeached by the House of Representatives, had promised to preside; and it was feared that the people would prevent him, unless the Governor forcibly interfered.

From Saturday to Thursday, the angry Governor was thinking how he might inflict exemplary punishment on the refractory committee at Salem, whose adroit evasion of the act of parliament, although he affected to treat it as a quibble, had so disturbed him that he mentioned it, as a matter of importance, in his despatches to the Secretary for colonial affairs. He had already ordered the arrest of the Salem committee, and Colonel Peter Frye, a magistrate here, had issued a warrant upon which some of them had been brought before him, and bound over to the Superior Court, as violators of the act of parliament.[7] Gage swore that the whole committee should recognize or go to prison; and it was rumored that he intended to seize them, and send them as prisoners in the Scarborough, man-of-war, which was about to sail for England.[8] But the Governor soon had other troublesome and more momentous subjects to consider.

On Thursday, the 1st of September, writs for calling a new General Court, to be held at Salem on the 5th of the next month, were published by the Governor's order. Fortunately, the fatality attending so many of his schemes awaited this measure. His threats against the Salem committee had been too freely and openly uttered. On Wednesday the watchful com-

[1] Essex Gazette, 1774, No. 318. [2] *Ibid.* [3] *Ibid.* [4] *Ibid.* [5] *Ibid.*
[6] Letter of Gage to Dartmouth, Aug. 27, 1774, in Am. Archives, 4 Series, vol. i. p. 741; also same to same, Sept. 2, 1774, *Ibid.*, p. 767
[7] Essex Gazette, 1774, No. 320.
[8] Am. Archives, *ut supra*, p. 762.

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mittee at Boston, suspicious of evil designs against their brethren here, despatched an express, after ten o'clock at night, to warn the latter of a movement of troops, possibly destined for Salem.

The messenger was cordially received, and returned with the encouraging reply that they were ready for any attacks to which they might be "exposed for acting in pursuance of the laws and interest of their country, and as became men and Christians."[1]

At half-past four o'clock the next morning, the very day on which the writs for calling the Assembly were issued, thirteen boats, filled with troops, pushed stealthily off from the Long wharf in Boston and headed up Mystic River. It soon appeared that the powder-house on Quarry-Hill in Charlestown was their chief objective point. Here they seized and carried off two hundred and fifty half-barrels of gunpowder, while a detachment marched to Cambridge and brought away two pieces of artillery belonging to the militia.[2]

All Middlesex was soon aroused, and excited and indignant crowds gathered in the highway, increasing as they proceeded, and arming themselves with the weapons that came nearest at hand. Before this multitude had dispersed, it was rumored that Gage was on the way to attack them. To prevent a collision, they extorted from Lieutenant-Governor Oliver, whose house in Cambridge they had surrounded, a promise to dissuade the Governor from resorting to forcible measures. This promise was kept, and the Governor returned for answer that no such purpose had been entertained by him, and that he should not molest them.[3]

Had the Governor proceeded to Salem in pursuance of his rumored intention to arrest the committee, no doubt the first great tragedy of the Revolution would have been enacted here, or had he marched against the exasperated freeholders of Middlesex, the battle of Lexington would have been anticipated nearly eight months, in sight of Harvard College.

The demonstrations in Middlesex, quickly followed by reports of the hostile attitude of other parts of the Province, and the neighboring colonies of Rhode-Island and Connecticut, thoroughly alarmed the Governor and his Councillors. Their plans for aggression were abandoned; and they resolved that "the first and only step now to take was to secure the friends of Government, and reinforce the troops," in Boston, "with as many more as could possibly be collected." The Governor wrote, the next day, to the Earl of Dartmouth, that he had thoughts of sending transports to bring the two regiments at Quebec, to Boston, and that he intended to order Major General Haldimand to bring, from New-York and Philadelphia, the troops under his command at those places.[4]

The people of Salem, though anxiously preparing for the future, preserved, with few exceptions,[5] an appearance of firmness and self-control. In a determined but quiet way, Col. Frye was made to recall his warrant for the arrest of the committee and to give up their bail-bonds to the principals. He further gratified the committee and people by publishing a card averring that this retraction was of his own free will, and announcing his determination not to take or hold any office under the objectionable acts of parliament.

The troops were still here, but, on the 10th of September, a measured drum-beat, and the shrill whistle of the fife, first caught faintly from the

[1] Am. Archives, *ut supra*, p. 762. [2] *Ibid.* [3] *Ibid.*, p. 764.
[4] Gage to Dartmouth, *Ibid.*, 768.
[5] Some disturbances occurred, but the town authorities took prompt action to quell them, and succeeded in preserving order.

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lower end of the town, but momently growing louder, announced to the people up town that the troops were in motion. Soon, the whole regiment from the Neck appeared. They made no show of violence, but were watched in silence, by the crowds on the street corners, as, with colors flying, they kept their way through the town and towards the old road to Boston.

At Danvers South Parish, now Peabody, they were joined by the guards from the Governor's head-quarters, and, resuming their march together, they soon turned out of sight, around the wooded knolls that bordered the road to Lynn.[1] The dust raised by the feet of the last armed soldier of Britain who should ever encamp upon the soil of Essex County, floated off, and settled upon blackberry vines, or sprinkled with drab the yellow spikes of the golden-rod that fringed the old stone walls along the way. And where a few moments before rose and fell the monotonous sound of marching platoons, broken by strains of martial music, oaths and ribald jests, nothing was heard but the peaceful tinkle of the cow-bell, the distant bleating of sheep and the crickets' chirruping trill.

The concentration of the Governor's forces in Boston, which deprived him of all protection or show of power in Salem, was a sufficient reason for not attempting to hold the General Court here; but another circumstance was conclusive against such a proceeding. The act for better regulating the government of the province had revoked the clause in the Charter providing for the annual election of twenty-eight Councillors, by the Assembly, and had substituted a council of the King's nomination, who, from the name of the warrant conferring the office, received the title of *Mandamus* Councillors. Of the thirty-six councillors selected by the King, twenty-five responded to the Governor's call, and were sworn in.[2] As soon as the fact of their acceptance of the office became known, they were held up as traitors and outlaws. The Middlesex freeholders in their furious march, besieged, in their own homes, three of these Councillors, including the Lieutenant-Governor, and forced them to resign their seats at the Board. There were indications that this was to be the settled policy of the people; and those of the new Council who were determined to hold their places, were obliged to seek refuge in Boston, where they were closely guarded by the King's troops.

To get this odious body from their shelter in Boston to the Court House in Salem, was, therefore, a task which, under the circumstances, the military strategist at the head of the government and army did not feel inclined to undertake.[3] If the members were courageous enough to venture upon the journey, they would, in all probability, be waylaid and forced to resign like their brethren in Middlesex; or, something still worse might happen, to precipitate a collision between the troops and the people,—a contingency for which Gage began to believe he was not fully prepared. To hold a General Court without the coördinate upper branch was impossible; and he might, therefore, be obliged, from sheer necessity, to recognize a council chosen under the Charter, which would surely have lost him his place and the favor of the Crown. In this state of affairs no other course was open to the Governor but to notify the members not to attend; and, accordingly,

[1] Essex Gazette, 1774, No. 320.

[2] *Ibid.*, Nos. 315, 316, 317. Nine of these resigned their seats before the 6th of September. Palmer was absent from the province, and Woodbridge was dead when the appointment arrived. So that but fourteen sworn councillors remained.—*Ibid.*, No. 319. [See REGISTER, XXVIII. 61.]

[3] See letter of Gage to Dartmouth, Sept. 2, 1774, *supra*.

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a week before the first day of the session, he caused to be published his proclamation, excusing the Representatives elect from appearing at, or holding, a General Court.[1]

Notwithstanding this proclamation, when the fifth of October arrived, ninety of the Representatives assembled.[2] Among them were men of tried courage and determination, who were bent upon executing the purpose they had in view, whether the Governor appeared or not. They had long been looked up to by the people of the Province, for advice and encouragement, and their proceedings were now watched with eager expectation.

So, on that eventful October morning, we can conceive the excitement here to have been intense.

The quaint old gables that looked down upon the crooked streets and narrow lanes of the town must have seemed to share the anxious curiosity of their tenants, as, under the shadows of projecting covings, or from open casements above, bare-armed gossips discussed with neighbors opposite the probable doings of the Representatives.

In the taverns, and under the more modern roofs that crowned the mansions of such patriots as Mason, Gardner, Williams and Derby,[3] the kitchens echoed with the clatter of preparations for distinguished guests: there was an odor of savory herbs, and spits creaked before the open fires. Gilded and painted beaufets, now freshly dusted and thrown wide open, proffered decanters of choice cordials, or wines from Lisbon and the Western Islands, and on the sideboards, home-made raisin wine, gin and West-India rum were holiday companions of the universal beverage prepared in the neighboring distilleries.

Along the wharves, the shipping lay, idly flying the united crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, but deserted except by a few stevedores, or, possibly, some gauger or other officer of the impost. Merchant and mariner, smith and shipwright, caulker and graver, had gone up to the neighborhood of the town-house, to see the Representatives and to discuss the momentous questions of the day with the carpenters, masons, tanners, shopkeepers, and husbandmen who thronged the place, usually the exclusive haunt of the patriarchs of the town, idle gentlemen and town officers.

This edifice, of which, unfortunately, no contemporary picture is known to exist, stood in the morning shadow of the steeple where, it is said, the

[1] Essex Gazette, 1774, No. 323.

[2] *Ibid.*, No. 324.

[3] Capt. Thomas Mason was in early life a cooper, then a master mariner, and afterwards an opulent merchant. He built in 1755 the house now owned and occupied by F. S. Peck, No. 133 Essex street. He died July, 1801, aged 78.

Capt. Jonathan Gardner, son of Jonathan and Elizabeth (Gardner) Gardner, born in Salem, May 25, 1728, died March 2, 1791; m. Sarah Putnam. A master mariner, for many years held important offices in the Salem Marine Society, owned and lived in the house that stood on the site of the late Dr. B. Cox's house, No. 132 Essex street.

Capt. George Williams, son of Henry Williams, m. Lydia, dau. of Timothy and Mary (Wingate) Pickering. A master mariner and wealthy merchant; bought in 1756 the three story wooden house taken down in 1839, that stood on the western part of the estate on Essex street recently sold by the heirs of the late Col. F. Peabody to Dr. S. H. Holbrook. He died in June, 1797. He was one of the board of war in the revolution.

Capt. Richard Derby, son of Richard and Martha (Hasket) Derby, b. Sept. 16, 1712, d. Nov. 9, 1783; m., first, Mary, dau. of Gamaliel and Sarah (Williams) Hodges; 2d, Mrs. Sarah (Langley) widow of Dr. Ezekiel Hersey, of Hingham, who endowed several professorships in Harvard College (she founded the Derby Academy in Hingham). In early life a master mariner, afterwards an eminent and successful merchant, the father of Richard Derby, jr., a member of the committee of safety and correspondence, and an ardent patriot during the revolution, who d. March 20, 1781, and Elias Hasket Derby, an eminent merchant and one of the pioneers in the East India trade. He died in 1799.

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exuberant fancy of the youthful Hawthorne excogitated some of those weird dreams which have possessed our minds with their ghastly and bewitching images. Close beside it stood the old town pump, now of world-wide fame; and its northern wall nearly coincided with the line upon which stands the southern parapet of the Eastern railroad tunnel. Its lower story was the town-house proper. Here for more than half a century the freeholders had held their town meetings, and the selectmen had consulted on municipal affairs. On the walls still hung, shrivelled and dusty, a few scalps of those fierce Algonquins, upon whom our fathers inflicted their own methods of punishment in the long and sanguinary Indian wars. These trophies, having been purchased not only with precious blood but with liberal bounties from the town treasury, were the property of town or province, and, not being of a nature to excite cupidity, had remained, repulsive mementos of some of the darkest days in our provincial annals, and a terror to superstitious boys.[1]

High against the northern wall of the room above, in bold relief, were affixed the royal arms of Great Britain, bravely supported by the traditional lion and unicorn. Beneath these arms was the bench for the judges of the Superior Court of Judicature, and the Inferior Court of Common Pleas, and, continuous with the bench, and running south, for twenty feet, on the eastern and western sides, were the forms for the justices of the county, when they sat as a court of Sessions. A line from the southern end of these forms enclosed a space containing the jury seats,—immediately in front of the justices,—and the bar, with a seat in front, and flanked by boxes for the sheriff and crier. Before the bench and between the two juries, was an open space, provided with a table and seats for the convenience of suitors and their counsel.[2]

I will not detain you by attempting to finish this imperfect outline, which I have sketched by the aid of hints laboriously gathered from forgotten files and faded records, and from the more unsatisfactory lips of tradition. It is to be regretted that some one had not deemed a full and exact picture of this historic structure worthy of his pen or pencil, before the many old people who remembered it perfectly had passed away.

When the whole Assembly met here in June, the upper room was the hall of the Representatives. The Council chamber may have been below, or, more likely, in the old tavern opposite, on the site now covered by the Stearns Building; while the Governor, doubtless, had rooms not far distant, or, possibly, he may have remained at his head-quarters in Danvers.

On this occasion, the whole body of legislators, consisting of the assembled ninety, found ample space in the court room I have described, which was fifty feet long and thirty feet wide.

Of course the Governor was not expected; but, that they might not be charged with unseemly haste or discourtesy, the Assembly did no formal business on the first day. No doubt there were earnest discussions of matters requiring future action; but there was no one to administer the official oaths, and no message from Governor or Council, and the time spent, in this show of respect for the King's immediate representative, could be well improved by an interchange of views and the arrangement of business for the morrow.

[1] My authority for this is the late William W. Oliver, who told me that these scalps were buried when the old building was removed, after its purchase by Henry Rust and Benjamin Brown, Oct. 11, 1785.

[2] From a "portra" of the court-room by Nathaniel Bowen and Wm. Bourn, Dec. 29, 1763, in the files of the Court of Sessions.

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In the afternoon the Governor had not arrived, and the Assembly adjourned. The evening's discussions were but unfoldings of the day's thoughts. Night fell upon the quiet town. The last lamplight had disappeared, and the sound of the watchman's cry, "All is well!" blended into patriotic dreams, and then fell on unconscious ears.[1] Suddenly, at the stroke of three, by the town clock, the whole town was startled by the cry of "fire." Seizing their leathern buckets,[2] and rushing toward the town-house, the roused sleepers saw a dense volume of smoke issuing from the warehouse of Col. Frye, which stood on Essex street, then Queen street, nearly opposite the entrance of Barton square, and just above the meeting-house of the society under the charge of the Rev. Nathaniel Whittaker. The little engines,—one of which, with unwarrantable generosity, was given, a few years ago, to the firemen of Philadelphia,—were unable to check the progress of the flames; and not until a large force of strong and active workers, from Marblehead, had relieved our exhausted townsmen, was the fire subdued.

When the Representatives assembled in the morning, four-and-twenty buildings, including the meeting-house, lay smouldering in ruins, before the town-house door. Even this structure had not escaped injury, but was saved by the active exertions of the Marblehead men after its fair, painted front had been scorched and blistered, its windows cracked, and its front cornice nearly consumed.[3]

The Assembly now organized: John Hancock was chosen chairman, and Benjamin Lincoln, clerk. A committee was then appointed to consider the Governor's proclamation and to consult on measures to be adopted, and the Assembly again adjourned.

On Friday, the 7th of October, the committee reported four resolutions, concluding with the declaration that the grievances which they set forth were such as, "in all good governments," had "been considered among the greatest reasons for convening a parliament or assembly," and that the proclamation was further proof of the necessity of "most vigorous and immediate exertions for preserving the freedom and constitution" of the province.

The resolutions were immediately adopted, and thereupon the following vote was passed:—

Voted, that the members aforesaid do now resolve themselves into a PROVINCIAL CONGRESS, to be joined by such other persons as have been or shall be chosen for that purpose, to take into consideration the dangerous and alarming situation of public affairs in this province, and to consult and determine on such measures as they shall judge will tend to promote the true interest of His Majesty, and the peace, welfare, and prosperity of the province.

Having thus solemnly renounced the authority of parliament, and

[1] The night watch was reorganized and increased after this fire.

[2] Several of these, of different dates, are preserved in the cabinets of the Essex Institute.

[3] The impression immediately prevailed that the fire was the work of an incendiary. Besides his conduct towards the Committee of Correspondence, Col. Frye had given many tokens of his aversion to the popular cause. He was one of the minority of "Rescinders" in the Legislature of 1768, who yielded to the unconstitutional demands of the king; and when the British troops arrived in Salem he entertained the officers at his table, and his family saluted the passing soldiers with cheers and waving handkerchiefs. It was, therefore, at once suspected that he had been visited with this indiscriminate punishment. This was a final blow to his prosperity. With a fortune impaired by his losses, and disgusted at the progress of events in the Province, he fled to England under a ban, never to return. He died an ardent hater of American ideas, which he lived to see a second time vindicated against Great Britain by our gallant navy, in the war of 1812, and was buried near the city of London.

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affirmed the fundamental right of the people to institute a government, when in their judgment the regular administration had overstepped the limits of the constitution, they adjourned to more comfortable quarters at Concord, to meet on the following Tuesday.

Here they organized the Congress by raising Hancock to the presidency, and electing Lincoln secretary. At Concord and at Cambridge they continued their sittings, with a few weeks intermission, until the 10th of December. Their progress towards practical independence was now sure and speedy. Before the end of October, all constables and collectors of taxes had submitted to their order to withhold payment from Harrison Gray, the province treasurer, and to return their collections to Henry Gardner, who, soon after, was appointed receiver-general; and, with closed doors, and under a solemn pledge of secrecy, they had resolved upon the momentous subject of "the most proper time" to procure arms and ammunition, by unanimously adopting a report that "now is the time!"[1]

By midsummer, three sessions had been held, had transacted business, and finally dissolved. On the day of their dissolution they again assembled, by the recommendation of the Continental Congress, as an independent government under the charter.

Before this reorganization, the established tribunals of justice, which had either ceased to hold sessions or were disregarded by the people, had been replaced by a Court of Inquiry, to insure the preservation of order; the establishment of a navy had been favorably reported upon, and the great work of raising and equipping an army had been accomplished. Under the new style of government, the Council and Representatives removed the judges who had been appointed by Royal governors, and issued commissions to new magistrates of their own selection.

Thus, in less than ten months from the taking of their first bold step at Salem, the new *régime* was in the full exercise of the three great functions of government,—legislative, judicial and executive. The sword, the purse and the scales thus taken possession of by the people, have been held by them with unyielding grasp from that time to the present.

Let me here call your attention to a fact which imparts a character to this *revolution* in the Assembly, more important than has been sometimes surmised. The idea of a provincial congress had been suggested on the 31st of August, by a convention of the freeholders of Middlesex, who, after Boston fell into the possession of the enemy, were foremost in their active opposition to tyranny; but the congress contemplated by them was a voluntary organization; it had no connection with the previous government, and could in no sense claim legality or authority. The inhabitants of Boston who, on the 26th of September, held their town meeting for the choice of representatives to the Assembly at Salem, improved the opportunity to choose, also, delegates to Concord, where, by common consent, the voluntary congress or convention was to be held.

The vote of the assembly, therefore,—all the members of which had been legally elected in the manner prescribed by the charter, and under the call of the Governor,—must be considered the legitimate act of the *province*, in the only way in which the province could express its pleasure.

From this fact the movement in Salem derives a peculiar significance, and we have a right to claim that it was that *first official act of the province*

[1] Journals of the Provincial Congress, Oct. 24, p. 29.

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by which she put herself in open, actual opposition to the Home Government.

Salem is not, however, to claim any precedence or honor for this event, beyond what is involved in the circumstance that the deed was here performed,—an honor similar to that claimed by Philadelphia in regard to the Declaration of Independence.

While the Legislature was thus employed, the people were busy arming and organizing the militia. Through the autumn and winter, colonels of regiments, and other military officers, who were not in known sympathy with the popular movement, were either forced to resign, or the men under their command voluntarily disbanded and reorganized under other leaders. New companies were started, beginning with an artillery company in Marblehead for which subscriptions were opened early in November.

The expedition of Col. Leslie, on the 26th of February, 1775, and the affair at the North Bridge in Salem, when the first bloodshed of the revolution occurred, present a theme inviting discussion, when the anniversary of that day arrives. To this subject I only advert, as to one incident among many, indicating to what lengths the people were then prepared to go in resenting what they deemed unconstitutional interference.

Col. Leslie's encounter, however, led to two other proceedings, important as illustrating the determined spirit of independence here prevalent. The surprise and indignation which that event excited were followed by a conviction of the necessity of more thorough preparation for hostilities. Accordingly, the town militia were more diligently exercised, and a general muster was ordered, to take place in School street, now Washington street, on the 14th of March. All persons liable to military duty were summoned to appear, equipped with proper arms and accoutrements.[1]

Burning with indignation at the outrage attempted by Leslie, the recollection of which grew more exasperating with the lapse of time, the sight of the colors under which their invaders marched was intolerable to the militia. Another standard was therefore prepared, to be used for rallying the men, and, afterward, to be displayed at the muster; and an ample sheet of pure, white bunting, bearing on one side, a green pine-tree, and, on the reverse, the words, "an appeal to Heaven," was received with general applause.[2] The brig Betsey, carrying, as passengers, two refugees from

[1] Essex Gazette, 1775, No. 345.

[2] The silence of the military journals of the revolution, and of the contemporary press and historians, on so important a matter as the flag borne by the colonial forces, has given rise to doubts, which have not yet been removed, as to the date of adoption and the extent of use of the several flags which are known to have preceded the "stars and stripes." Probably, in the beginning of the conflict, each colony chose its own device; and after the forces were combined a general standard was agreed upon which varied in some small particulars at different times and places. All that is known on the subject may be found in Preble's admirable "History of the American Flag." Albany: 1872.

The Massachusetts Assembly formally adopted the pine-tree flag, April 11, 1776; but it had been in use here the previous year. It was, undoubtedly, the flag mentioned in Paul Lunt's diary, July 18, 1775. In the autumn of 1775 it was used on the floating batteries about Boston, and also by our privateers.

The first vessel of the American navy, the "Alfred," Com. Hopkins, displayed a flag nearly identical with this in Dec. 1775. Naturally, vessels of war would adopt the standard recognized in the chief maritime towns, from which they either sailed or received enlistments, and the fact of the appearance of this flag in 1775 on the high seas would seem to confirm the uniform tradition that this was the "standard of liberty" raised in Salem.

A still stronger corroboration of the tradition was the display, at Salem, of the pine-tree banner, in the semi-centennial celebration of July 4, 1826, and the frequent reference then made to it as "the revolutionary banner," in the presence of many surviving soldiers of the revolution, chief among whom, and president of the day, was the veteran Col. Timothy Pickering.

Mr. Colman, the orator of the occasion, pointing to the banner, exclaimed, "There

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Salem,[1] conveyed the news to Bristol, and, on the 17th of April, two days before the battle of Lexington, the "Gentlemen's Magazine" announced to the British public that the Americans had hoisted their standard of liberty at Salem.

If the spirits of the departed were ever permitted to take note of mundane affairs, the stern and pallid features of Endicott must have kindled with a glow of life and warmth, as he saw the symbol of idolatry which, one hundred and forty years before, he had cut out from the national ensign, with the point of his sword, now laid aside, first and forever, in the town which his energy helped to establish.

The old manual of exercises of 1764, which had been recommended by the Provincial Congress, was used at the muster; but the necessity of some improvement was manifest, and, on the very day of the muster, notice appeared in the Essex Gazette, that Col. Timothy Pickering's new manual, which he had been for some time preparing, would be ready in about three weeks.[2] This laid the foundation of the military system of the Continental armies.[3] Its author lived to see this handful of unskilled militia swell to a great army; to see that army stand before the trained legions of Europe, on many a bloody field, and finally, bear off, as well-earned trophies, the white damask flag of the Hessian mercenaries, and the proud ensign of Britain.

At this point let us pause and recapitulate the events which, in the brief period of nine months, gave our beloved town an enviable history.

Here, we have seen, were convened the last Provincial Assembly and the first Provincial Congress; here were chosen the first delegates to the Continental Congress; here the assembled province first formally renounced allegiance to the Imperial Legislature; here was made the first attempt to enforce the last oppressive acts of parliament, and here that attempt was resisted; here, though no mortal wound was given, was shed the first blood of the American Revolution; here was first organized the nucleus of an army; and here the banner of independence first spoke defiance, as it flapped and rustled in the wind.

I am aware that opposite views have been expressed concerning the purposes of the leaders of the Revolution in respect to independence. But, with due deference to those whose study of the subject has brought them to a different conclusion, I venture to affirm that this contrariety of opinion hinges on the meaning of a word.[4] Our English critics have been disposed

stands the simple and affecting memorial of this great event, *upborne by the same hands which sustained it in that trying period;* 'WE APPEAL TO HEAVEN.'" "The effect" of this allusion, says the Salem Gazette of July 7, 1826, "was electrical." This banner, which was made for the occasion, is preserved in the cabinet of the Essex Institute.

If we bear in mind that the war was commenced by the colonists under sincere professions of loyalty to the crown, and only, as they maintained, in defence of their constitutional liberties against a tyrannical ministry, we shall not be surprised to find occasional mention of the display of the old flag of the province, by the colonial forces. This was very similar to the flag of the British army, the only difference being in the design in the canton or upper angle of the field next the staff. This device is represented as a pine-tree in one instance, and two hemispheres severed, in another.—*Vide* Preble, *ut supra.*

From a paper on file, in our county records, for the discovery of which we are indebted to the Hon. James Kimball, it appears that the old colonial flag of 1675 was red, with a white canton bearing the cross of St. George, also red, and a blue ball for difference. See Bulletin of the Essex Institute, vol. 4, pp. 50, 51.

[1] Benjamin Pickman, Esq., and Capt. Thomas Poynton. Essex Gazette, 1774, No. 346.

[2] Essex Gazette, 1775, No. 346.

[3] It was adopted by the Massachusetts Assembly, May 1, 1776, and a copy of the second edition, published that year, is in the library of the Essex Institute.

[4] It is remarkable that the uncertain application of the same word to parties in the great English revolution led Rapin to exclaim, "After all my pains, I have not been able to

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to trace the progress of independence, which they confound with separation, back to the earliest colonial times, and to charge the colonists with insincerity in their constant professions of loyalty. Others, applying the same meaning to the word, have denied that the idea of independence was entertained until about the time of the Declaration at Philadelphia.[1] Both of these views are reconciled without impeaching the honor of our forefathers, and without any perversion of history, when we admit that independence, in the sense of entire, local self-government, was always kept in view by the colonists, claimed by them as a right expressly conferred by their charters, or compacts with the sovereign, and defended, as their heritage by the fundamental common-law, or those acknowledged principles of government which limit, alike, the jurisdiction of parliament and the prerogatives of the crown, and are now embraced under the comprehensive name of the British Constitution.

This was the independence that Samuel Adams intended when, as Hutchinson informs us, he concluded his speech, in 1769, with the words, "Independent we are, and independent we will be!" and we have Jefferson's own statement that the independence he looked forward to was such exemption from the control of parliament as the kingdom of Hanover might claim, or such as Scotland maintained before the union.[2] This was what the colonists universally demanded, and for this, and this alone, they resorted to arms.

The right of the parent state to bind the colonies by such negotiations with foreign enemies or allies, as the welfare of all required, and to regulate navigation on the high seas, they never denied.

The assertion that under outward professions of loyalty the colonists secretly aspired to separation has never been, and, I venture to say, never will be proved. Had the claims of the colonies been granted, they would have had no motive for separation. Under such circumstances, it would have been but the exchange of the protection of an empire, for the empty glory of a name.

Nothing but obstinate prepossession, or utter inattention to the arguments and statements repeatedly made, by and in behalf of the colonies, could lead to the conclusion that they did not mean what they professed, or that the only relations they were willing to maintain with the parent state, were inconsistent with loyalty, nominal, or absurd. Biassed by such prepossessions, and the suggestions of our enemies, too often did the privy council, and the Lords of trade, reach results unfavorable to our character and aims, from a view of facts that might, easily and naturally, have received a construction diametrically different.

But for the short-sightedness of Britain we might to-day have been her subjects. Would it have diminished her greatness, disturbed her peace, or injured her prosperity, if she had retained her hold upon us, by adopting the American policy, in accordance with the advice of her best and wisest

discover, precisely, the first rise of the Independent sect or faction." Mosheim, more profound and accurate than Rapin, was more successful. See Mosheim's Hist., Ed. 1790, vol. 5, pp. 405–6, note q.

[1] The history of American Independence has been most thoroughly treated by Frothingham, in his masterly "Rise of the Republic,"—a book which should be read in all our common schools. The author invariably uses the word independence in the sense of separation, but he does not suppress or pervert the facts.

[2] "I took the ground that" * * "the relation between Great Britain and these colonies was exactly the same as that of England and Scotland, after the accession of James, and until the union, and the same as her present relations with Hanover, having the same executive chief, but no other necessary political connection."—*Jefferson's Autobiography.*

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men? "Let us reflect," said the good Bishop of St. Asaph, in his speech intended for the House of Lords, on the bill for the better regulating the government of Massachusetts,—"Let us reflect that, before these innovations were thought of, by following the line of good conduct which had been marked out by our ancestors, we governed North America with mutual benefit to them and ourselves. It was a happy idea that made us first consider them rather as instruments of commerce than as objects of government." This is the New-England idea happily presented; and how do these generous sentiments shine, in contrast with the miserable doctrine of Sir William Blackstone, concerning the power of parliament over these colonies,—a doctrine based on the fiction that ours was a conquered territory, and our rights, only such as were vouchsafed by the clemency or bounty of the conqueror![1] How unlike, too, those pettyfogging arguments on the abstract power of parliament, which could be logically reduced to the proposition that the solemn pledges of the Great Charter, and every article in the Bill of Rights, nay, even parliament itself, existed solely, by the sufference of the king's most excellent majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the lords spiritual and temporal, and commons, in parliament, for the time being, assembled!

As the history of the revolution becomes more thoroughly studied, interest will not be so exclusively felt in those later scenes which have been oftenest depicted,—the final separation from the mother country, the larger military movements, and the incidents attending and following the close of the war; the earlier stages,—of debate, of personal heroism, and of the first organized resistance,—will be more eagerly studied. To the men and doings of the Puritan commonwealth, the student of English history is quickly remitted, to find a key to the sudden mastery of great ideas exhibited by the historic personages who gave lustre to the reign of William and Mary.

Our independence was not the growth of a year, or of ten years. It began in the infancy of the colonies; and found its best tutelage here in New-England.

The founders of these states were Englishmen, with all the characteristics which that name implies when spoken of those who did most to establish the reputation and shape the destiny of England in the sixteenth century. Their clergymen were, almost without exception, graduates of the great English universities; well versed in the learning of their time, deeply interested in all political and ecclesiastical movements, and with a strong bias against un-English tendencies in church or state. Next to the Bible and the Catechism, they knew the old Charter. They discussed it line by line, and word by word; and, as, from the Pentateuch they were able to deduce a civil and moral code minutely particular, so, in this instrument, they found authority for, or, at least, no obstacle to, the advanced ideas of political liberty which they had imbibed elsewhere. Children were taught to consider it the source of inestimable blessings; and the old men were glad to relate its perilous history.

The sentiments which the fathers had entertained for the Charter of King Charles, were, by their posterity, transferred to the Charter of William and Mary. True, this new Charter reserved to the Crown the appointment of the chief executive officers of the province,—a feature which was, at

[1] See Sharswood's edition of Blackstone's Commentaries, vol. i. p. 107, and the note by the American editor.

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first, earnestly opposed; but, as these officers, when not native born and enjoying public confidence, had, sometimes, commended themselves to popular favor in various ways, hostility to the Charter, on this account, grew feeble, and finally ceased. The king had also reserved in this instrument the right to reject the acts of their legislature; but this negative voice, though it might embarrass them and retard their progress in some directions, was not a positive encroachment on their independence.

In a school of politics thus peculiar, and confined to few and simple issues, our fathers were educated. The absence of complex interests in their political and civil affairs, led to clearness in their perception, and adroitness and force in their treatment, of topics of political controversy. For a long time before what the good Bishop of St. Asaph calls "these innovations" were started in parliament, they had, skilfully, and generally with success, conducted a diplomatic contest with the privy council, and the Lords of trade, who, from courteously advising and negativing, had begun, in a more imperious tone, to direct and order. From the privy council they had been inclined to appeal to parliament; not, indeed, with the idea of surrendering their independence, but to secure a powerful ally in the defence of their rights under the Charter, or as submitting their case to a referee accepted by their opponents. While the prospect of redress by parliament was fair, they were disposed to look too exclusively to that quarter for a remedy, and had well-nigh submitted to some encroachment, on their traditional autonomy. The joint operations of the home government and the colonies, in the wars with France and Spain, had the effect, in a great measure, to push aside, as of secondary importance, questions that in times of peace had appeared of vital moment.

When it was discovered that the chances of securing a recognition of their claims by parliament were even less encouraging than at the council-board, they began to correct their recent error. They repudiated the authority of parliament; first, in matters of internal government. And, though they appealed in vain to their own courts for the preservation of their rights under the charter, their success in parliament encouraged them, in due time, to deny the authority of parliament in all matters of external government peculiaaly affecting them; and they came back, at length, to the original claim of the fathers,—to entire exemption from legislative and executive interference in all matters of government, except in those particulars stipulated in the charter; in short, to the claim of *local independence.*

This point they had reached at the time of the events we have been considering.

Having thus viewed the outward incidents in which the event we commemorate is clothed,—the garb in which it moves across the stage in the grand drama of history, and having, I fear, overstepped the limits which the occasion and your patience prescribe, by a too dry and a very imperfect representation of the interior processes which led up to this event, I shall not trespass upon your indulgence by pursuing these subjects further.

The theme is fruitful of suggestions, appropriate and deeply interesting. How it tempts us, for instance, to emphasize the distinction between *liberty* and *independence*, to look both backward and forward from this event, for epochs in the history of personal independence,—of individual liberty; to trace the indebtedness of Massachusetts, for this blessing, to a despised sect, now fast dissolving in the beams of toleration; to note how that toleration had been secured in this colony by the meek persistency of the same sect,—

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the long-suffering Quakers,—almost a generation before the great act of William and Mary; how Thomas Maule, a Quaker, in this very town, and in the court house which preceded the building of 1774, vindicated the freedom of the press, and the right of the jury to judge of the law, as well as of the fact, in criminal cases, more than two generations before the discussion of the same issues in Westminster Hall shook the very foundations of the British throne;[1] how the Quaker inhabitants of Dartmouth and Tiverton, a generation later still, secured, for the members of their own sect, an exemption from the support of the ministers and meeting-houses of another denomination;[2] and how this exemption was, afterward, extended to the Baptists, and, finally, to all citizens.

On an occasion like this, when the heart is stirred by patriotic emotions, and the cheek mantles with the glow of pride, as we recount the peculiar blessings of liberty which we enjoy, it is well to make some inquiry after the forgotten few by whose testaments, sealed with their blood, we, the descendants of their persecutors, have received these invaluable legacies, and to make, even thus late, an acknowledgment as free and broad as the bounty bestowed.

The story of the past intimate connection between the two kindred nations, revived by this great occasion, and the change of feeling which a century has wrought, irresistibly impel us, at this time, to do something to remove any lingering trace of that old and indiscriminate prejudice against the country whose ministers inflicted such harsh and unnatural wrongs upon our fathers; to plead that the abuses of a party, however large, should not forever be laid to the charge of a nation; to invoke a larger measure of love and veneration for the great characters who, in both houses of parliament, on the bench, and in the cabinet, were our staunch friends throughout our contest with the mother country; and to pay a fresh tribute of gratitude and sympathy to our warm friends, in the great community of England, who were forced to bear their portion of the burden of a useless and fratricidal war,—a war begun and continued against their entreaties, and absorbing from the public treasury the enormous sum of one hundred millions of pounds sterling.

As we recall the eloquence of Chatham and Burke, Barré and Conway; the efforts of the representatives from London; the mild persuasion of Jonathan Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph; and, above all, the intense earnestness and the mighty weight of authority which Lord Camden unsuccessfully brought to the support of his views of our cause,—views so accordant with those of our own patriots that, while we read, we query whether, after all, his ideas were not furnished from Boston;—when we behold that array of noble names in the House of Lords, which, once and again, appears subscribed to a protest against the passage of the acts of tyranny; when we read the appeals in our behalf by the mayor, aldermen and livery of the city of London,—we begin to feel, as our fathers felt, that skies may change, but not the hearts of those who pass beyond the sea. We are at home, once more, on the green sward of England, all aglow with our old-time love and admiration.

'Tis true, alas! that there was the darker and the prevailing side. But the minority who were with us far outweighed, in point of character and

[1] See an account of this trial in Chandler's American Criminal Trials, and in Historical Collections of the Essex Institute, vol. iii. pp. 238–253.

[2] See Acts and Resolves of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, vol. ii., note to the act of 1722-23, chap. 8, on p. 269.

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intellect, the misinformed and infatuated crowd opposed to us. The thoughts of Joseph Priestly, Richard Price, and Lord Camden, will be studied with profit by coming generations wherever our tongue is spoken; while the "Taxation no Tyranny" of Dr. Johnson; the imitations of his weak idolaters; John Wesley's abridgment of the Doctor's tract,—his prayers for our overthrow, and those Wesleyan songs, breathing anathemas and invoking divine vengeance upon us, have passed into oblivion. Possibly, by the aid of the bookbinder, they have been turned to their only useful purpose,—pasted, it may be, in the backs of elegant editions of the speeches of William Pitt and Edmund Burke.

The mention of these things must suffice. Resisting the temptation to wander further from our immediate theme, let us turn once more to the earnest men whose daring and fortitude secured the boon of independence which has been transmitted to us, their posterity. What inspired them to attempt so great an enterprise, and why were they successful?

We have been accustomed to hear it said that our fathers were sensitive of their rights, persistent in their purposes, unwearied in endeavor and fortunate in achievement because of their education; that they had been taught to cherish every tradition of liberty, and ever to aspire to the high ideal presented by the self-sacrifice, courage and devotion of their fathers. Be it so; then this is a sufficient reason for imitating their example, and fully justifies what we are doing to-day in commemoration of their deeds.

But was there not a deeper and more comprehensive cause than this? Something not accidental, nor elective; not dependent upon tradition, times or circumstances, but inherent; sure to produce the same peculiarities in every generation, and under all circumstances; something spontaneous, irrepressible, constitutional?

Start not when I affirm that there was such a cause: it lay in the superiority of the American stock.

Superiority in the feudal sense may not always indicate native excellence, yet the distinctions of rank were, originally, the badge of preëminent services rendered to what represented the state, and, in early times, when pecuniary possessions were insecure, they were the only adequate rewards which could be conferred for superior valor and virtue. Families which can be traced step by step, for centuries, must have possessed some commanding qualities to have continued to hold a conspicuous place among their contemporaries, and to have thus marked their course by enduring monuments.

In the great struggle for existence I think it will be found, that not only the strongest and healthiest survive, but that, in the end, the best prevail and make the most permanent impressions. Indeed, if this is not so, the world is surely retrograding and the highest hopes of mankind are a snare and a delusion.

Our fathers from the first cared perhaps too little for what they considered the accidents of birth and lineage; and, except in the case of John Adams, and the few who shared his views, there was a universal tendency among the revolutionary patriots to suppress even the mention of family superiority. But, though they would not boast of it, they could not be insensible of its influence not only on the character of the people, but as a motive of conduct. Time has lifted the veil which the Puritans and revolutionary republicans allowed to fall between the public eye and their family records. All around us are surnames, inherited from the first immigrants, that are to be found in Domesday-Book and the Roll of Battle Abbey.

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The later investigations of genealogists have surprised us with their revelations of the antiquity and historic eminence of a large number of early New-England families. Several hundred elaborate pedigrees have now been published, some of which have been traced through noble lines, with names and dates, from generation to generation, back to the days of the Plantagenets, and the house of Blois.[1] In our probate files, among private papers, and on neglected tombstones in the oldest grave-yards, are yet to be seen the arms of many families whose connection with their ancient kindred in England has thus been pointed out and subsequently verified. We know as a matter of history that in those grave-yards reposes the dust of descendants of Saxon earls and Norman kings. A Puritan daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, descendants of the Earls of Northumberland, and the famous old family of St. John, share here, without a monument, a common receptacle with the posterity of Bishops Morton, Bonner and Still, and the known kindred of Archbishops Cranmer and Grindal. These are our kinsfolk and ancestry, and no foolish affectation of self-abasement, after the style of Mr. Bounderby,[2] and no fear of derision should deter us from a frank avowal of the fact.

Why should the man who discriminates between his Berkshire pig and a common shote, or jealously guards the pedigrees of his thoroughbred cattle and horses, admit nothing in favor of the transmission of good qualities in his own kind? It matters not whether transmitted excellence in the human family be congenital or traditionary. Either way the *fact* is most satisfactorily illustrated in the history of Puritan New-England, and may account for the marked purity, frugality, industry, intelligence, courage and enterprise of her people in all generations.

Though, for want of evidence, I am not prepared to assert that this condition of society prevailed in the other colonies, it is unquestionable that the Revolution was not a protest against rank and titles. Samuel Adams declared that "The seeds of aristocracy began to spring even before the conclusion of our struggle for the natural rights of men."[3] At the close of the war there was more than mere discussion as to the propriety of establishing something like the European system here. Fortunately, the more democratic ideas prevailed. Our fathers wisely concluded that hereditary offices and honors were excessive compensation for the highest services which it is possible for any member of society to render. It seemed to them that they had gone far enough in that direction in confirming the principle of inheritance of property,—in permitting the wealth acquired by the skill or industry of one to pass intact to his descendants, who might be drones in society, and utterly unworthy to possess it.

Besides their natural inclination to dwell on the history and example of their forefathers, and their conviction of the legal soundness of their claims

[1] Savage's Genealogical Dictionary of New-England, in four volumes, Whitmore's American Genealogist, and the several genealogical and heraldic periodicals exhibit striking evidence of the accurate and full manner in which family histories are preserved in New-England, and of the social superiority of the colonists. Savage declares, "Even if our views be restricted to the lineal origin of those people here, when the long protracted impolicy of Great Britain drove our fathers into open hostility, and forced them to become a nation in 1776, in that century and a half from its colonization, a purer Anglo-Saxon race would be seen on this side of the ocean than on the other;" and Whitmore affirms that nine-tenths of our native citizens can prove their descent for eight generations, and at each step find a man of distinguished position. There are no better authorities.

[2] "What would Mr. Bounderby say?"—*Gradgrind.*

"Not that a ditch was new to me, for I was born in a ditch."—*Bounderby.* "*Hard Times,*" chaps. 3 and 4.

[3] The Life, &c., of Samuel Adams, by William V. Wells, vol. iii. p. 316.

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to the right of local independence, they were instinctively hopeful of the future.

The vision of a New Canaan in this wilderness,—that prognostication of ancient Puritan seers, which had been repeated in Puritan sermons and borne aloft on Puritan prayers; a prospect which had nerved them in battle, supported them in hardships, encouraged them to enterprise on the sea, and in the settlement of new territory, and made their exile from their native land not only tolerable but happy, grew in their descendants into a foresight of a great and prosperous state, eclipsing the effete kingdoms of the old world and becoming the chief gem in the British crown.

Nor was the idea peculiar to them. Their hopes ripened into assurance when they read the concurrent testimony of European bards and philosophers. Forty years before, they had committed to memory the stirring prediction of Bishop Berkeley:—

"The muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time
Producing subjects worthy fame.

* * * * * *

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay,
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

Minds thus certain of their rights, proud of their history, and constitutionally hopeful of a great destiny, would naturally be conscious of their dignity. They would be apt to resent any treatment implying indifference or contempt, and would submit to no imposition. While such men might lavishly respond to applications for favors, they would indignantly refuse the slightest tribute.

The claim of the Home Government to be reimbursed by the colonies a portion of the expenses incurred in the reduction of the French possessions in America,—the claim which was embodied in the acts of parliament that led to the revolt of the colonies,—was considered by the latter as grossly unjust and inequitable. The colonists could not forget the story of alternate hope and disappointment,—the sad tale recorded in the annals of New-England through a whole century,—of their own endeavors to take and hold those possessions; of long, expensive war, signalized, it is true, by heroic achievements and crowned with the laurels of victory, but yet involving bloodshed, misery, poverty and despair.

Acadia and Canada wrested from the French before the settlement of Boston, but restored by the perfidious Charles, at St. Germain;—Acadia re-conquered by New-England forces in the time of the commonwealtah, but Port Royal, and the whole coast westward, again taken by New-England resurrendered to France, after the Restoraion, by the treaty of Breda;—

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in 1690, but seven years later, together with Labrador, Hudson's Bay, Canada and the great Mississippi valley, ignominiously given back to France by the treaty of Ryswick;—Port Royal once more rescued from French dominion by the united forces of Old and New-England, in 1710, to be held only three years, and then basely returned by the treaty of Utrecht;—the capture of Louisburg and Cape Breton in 1745, and their restoration to France at Aix la Chapelle in 1748;—the conquest of Nova Scotia under Gen. Winslow in 1755;—the losses of the colonies in previous unsuccessful attempts, and their contributions to the recent war, seemed not only to entitle them to exemption from further burdens but to merit ampler acknowledgment from the mother country, than they had yet received.

Indeed, the forbearance of the colonies to press demands for reimbursement of their comparatively enormous expenses, incurred in extending and preserving the dominions of the Crown, can only be explained by the fact that they deemed it but a necessary incident to local independence, and that if they were incapable of maintaining their local dominion without assistance, they could not expect the home government to recognize their right to claim it.

I will pursue the theme no further. The slow march of a century has brought the mother and her distant progeny into new and more amicable relations. Unity of thought and language have inseparably blended their literature and their science. The common law of both is expounded alike in their courts of justice, and the progressive tendencies of their legislation are identical. The ancient social distinctions of the mother country have lost much of the exclusiveness which formerly characterized them, and England no longer wears an aspect of hopeless senility, but begins to realize the vision of the great Puritan bard:—

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam."

In all directions we find a marked progress, in both countries, toward the embodiment of the grand idea of human brotherhood. Following the example of England, the United States have abolished the system of involuntary servitude, with all its demoralizing influences. We take a common pride in the thought that our language has already begun to be the chosen vehicle of science, and we unite in rejoicing in the belief that it will, one day, be the universal tongue.

Has not the time arrived for forgetting all feuds, burying all animosities, and uniting the two nations by a mutual pledge to abolish war, succor the oppressed, enlighten the ignorant, replace misery and poverty with joy and plenty, and set an example to all nations of dignity without tinsel and power without tyranny?

As a step towards this happy consummation, I suggest that, in the coming centennial celebration at Philadelphia, we unveil the statues of Charles Pratt, Lord Camden,—always the firm friend of America,—and Samuel Adams, our first patriot.

Whether the anniversary of our separation be thus felicitously marked or not, it needs not the gift of prophecy to discern that the time is coming when the proud empress of the seas, laying aside her ancient diadem, will point to our prosperous states,—her children,—and say to the world, "These are my jewels!"

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AN ORATION

ON THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON, APRIL 19, 1775.

By Richard H. Dana, Jr., LL.D., of Boston.

HOW mysterious is that touch of Fate which gives immortality to a spot of earth,—to a name! The vital spark falls upon it, and it flashes into immortal life. There were countless passes through the Locrian Mountains whose names have perished. The lot fell upon one of them; and the name of Thermopylæ is as fresh after two thousand years as at the glory's height of Greece, and, the world over is, and ever will be, among all races and in all tongues, a watchword for heroic self-devotion, an electric shock to create a soul of patriotic valor under the ribs of death.

There were thick studded villages over the plains of Belgium unknown to fame, and none less known than Waterloo, whose name on the morning of the 18th June, 1815, had not been heard beyond the sound of its village chimes. By the setting sun of that day, it was to stand forever an appeal of pride and glory to one great race, while the mere utterance of its syllables stirs to the very depths the resentment and chagrin of another, so that its place in human speech is a standing menace to the peace of Europe.

There were many hamlets of New-England through which British troops passed and repassed in 1775,—hamlets whose people were no less patriotic and devoted than your own; but the lot of glory fell to Lexington. A few minutes of the dawn of a spring morning, and your name was sealed with the blood of martyrs; it was to be cherished forever in the affectionate memories of the people of a continent, to be borne on banners above the smoke of battle, inscribed upon the war-ships of a great nation, and proudly carried into every sea, to be adopted in grateful remembrance by hundreds of towns in all parts of this empire; a name which will ever cry,—

> "Freedom's battle once begun,
> Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft is ever won."

But Thermopylæ and Waterloo, like many other names, owed their immortality to strangers. The three hundred Spartans marched many

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weary leagues from the centre of Laconia to defend, against the myriads of Asiatic invaders, those defiles for which the natives had no thought of contending. It was the accident that the two vast war-clouds, charged full with Gallic and British thunders, broke just there, which gave Waterloo what its own nation could never have given it. It was foreign flint and foreign steel that struck out for it the vital spark. How little have the people of Gettysburg to do with the consecration of its soil!

It is the felicity of Lexington that she was consecrated to the world's use by the blood of her own sons. The men who fell on this green, under the shadow of the village church, willing martyrs, were men born and reared here, taught at the village school and from the village pulpit, freeholders of your own lands, voters in your own town-meetings, organized into the militia of your little community. When they stood in line, when they refused to surrender their arms, when they fell beneath the British volley, it was in sight of mothers, wives and daughters, and—that cabalistic word to all villagers of New-England—of neighbors. It was no chance conflict of foreign or allied armies. It was no work of even friendly and neighboring hands. Sixty or seventy freeholders and voters of Lexington, in their primitive capacity, organized, after the manner of their fathers, into military array, by authority of the town and province, bearing arms by a right they deemed their inalienable birthright, they stood there in obedience to the voice of the people of the town and province, their hearts, consciences and understandings fully satisfied and fully instructed, determined not to begin war in a state of legal peace, but resolved, if war must come, if in the providence of God it was to begin there, to meet it in their own persons, and, if it was so written, to be the first to shed their blood in the common cause.

It is one of the proofs of the infinite superiority of spirit over matter, that this immortality of a name is not the accidental dropping of a material force. It is the conscience, the will of man, that clothes with endless life the spot of earth, and forms its syllables into immortal speech. That spot is consecrate to fame or infamy on which the human spirit has done some great act for good or evil. And, of all the good deeds that men may do for their race, there is none that speaks to the heart like voluntary sacrifice. It is not the blood of warriors, but the blood of martyrs, that is the seed of the Church. It is written in the very constitution of human nature, that without the shedding of blood there is no remission of the bonds and penalties which the pride or the lusts of men have laid upon even the most innocent. It is not so much the field of ever so just a battle, as it is the block, the scaffold, the burning fagots, the cross, of voluntary, intelligent sacrifice, which speak most effectively to the heart. Of all the voices that call to men, none so stirs the soul as the voice of the blood of martyrs calling from the ground. And, of all martyrs, so it is, that, whether justly or not, it is the first martyrs who are longest known and most widely honored. In the first centuries of the new faith, there were countless heroes, saints, martyrs and confessors; and armies fought in just and necessary self-defence. But the world turns to one name, the first consecrated and longest remembered; for he was the first martyr. He was a young man of whom we know nothing but that he was one of seven ordained to the lowest order of the ministry in the church at Jerusalem. The chance came to him first; and, like all such chances, it gave only an opportunity. A word of retraction, a hesitation to testify at the instant, and his name would have died with his natural death. With a brave and

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willing heart he met the issue; and for eighteen hundred years the until then unknown name of Stephen has been honored by the dedication of thousands of churches and chapels over Christendom to his memory; a day in the church's calendar is set apart for the lesson of his death; and at this moment his name is borne as a baptismal designation by no small percentage of the human race.

Now, fellow-citizens, let us never forget that the men of Lexington, on that morning, were martyrs,—intentionally and intelligently martyrs. Let us consider this aspect of martyrdom a little more closely.

That was a strange sight upon which the morning of the 19th April broke. Some sixty men of your militia company, minute-men, stood in line, under their officers, on the open village green, equipped, and with their loaded muskets in their hands. A force of British regulars which was twelve times, and was reported to be twenty times, their number, was to pass by. It was a time of legal peace throughout the land. The regulars and the militia were citizens of one empire, and subjects of a common sovereign. Our militia had fought side by side with British regulars against French regulars on many a field, joined in the same cry of battle at Quebec, Ticonderoga, Crown Point and Louisburg, and in the West Indies. They had fallen side by side in battle, lain side by side on the beds of hospitals in the malarious Sugar Islands, and been buried in common graves on the frontiers and in the torrid zones. Men of Lexington had so served and fought and died, in no small numbers. The same hand that bore your standard that morning on the village green had borne it through the smoke and din of the assault at Louisburg; and the same drums that rolled the call at break of that day had beaten their notes of assurance to the British regulars, and of defiance to the French, in more than one encounter. The regulars were not enemies yet. They were not unwelcome as transient visitors, and most welcome in a common cause. There stands yet, in Westminster Abbey, the monument this province erected to Lord Howe, who fell at Ticonderoga.

Were these sixty men there by accident? Were they surprised there by a visit from the regulars? On the contrary, they assembled because the regulars were coming. They dispersed when the alarm was thought false, and came together again as soon as it was known that the troops were close at hand. Were they there to obstruct or resist the march of the British? They threw up no breastworks, however simple. They were not posted behind stone walls or houses, or in the thick woods that flanked the highway. They stood alone, in line, on the open common, a force twelve times their number marching upon them. They were ordered to surrender their arms and disperse by an officer who was entitled to disarm and disperse them, under the new order of things, if they were an armed band unknown to the law. The regulars came out in part to do that very thing, if they met any such organization in arms. Our men refused to surrender their arms, and refused to disperse. Must they not have expected the result? The volley came, and one-quarter of that little band fell killed or wounded. They fell where they stood, their arms in their hands. They were powerless to resist, but they would not obey. They fell willing victims, martyrs by intention and in act. But what did it mean? Was it an act of foolhardiness? Was it a wilful defying and exasperating of the soldiers acting under royal orders? Was their death something they proudly and vainly brought upon themselves? Pardon me, my friends. Pardon me, American, Massachusetts, Lexington men and

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women, that I put these questions as to men whom a whole people have honored for a full century, for whom monuments stand, and to whose memory, this day, the thoughts of millions are given in all lands and on all seas.

We ought not to be surprised if their act should seem to have been what I suggest, to many moderate and fair-minded persons who do not know well the history of those days and the spirit of our people. I would give a few moments now, not to show to you, for you all know it too well, but to place on record for all who may ever need the lesson, the proofs that this act of our ancestors, in some lights so inexplicable, was a wise, well-considered deed of self-sacrifice; a sad but necessary part of a plan of action which the best understandings and bravest hearts of this province and of the other provinces had devised and recommended, and which, under the blessing of God, was acted out to its letter on this field, in a way that could not have been bettered, which struck right home, touched the deepest chords, gave the surest consecration to the inevitable war, and has made this day, this spot, and their memory, blessed forever.

It is a mistake common among European writers, which in time may affect new generations here, to suppose that the people of Massachusetts in 1775 were striking out for new liberties and privileges to which they thought themselves entitled; that they bravely rose together, and broke the bonds of oppression, and set themselves free. Not at all! Nothing of the kind! Nothing can be more unlike than the American struggle of 1775, and the social and political revolutions attempted on the continent of Europe for liberties the revolutionists do not recognize when they see them, and cannot keep when they have got them. We broke no bonds. We were never bound. We were free born. A homogeneous community, English, with trifling exceptions, taking possession of a new land, the people of Massachusetts had been left for five generations, by what Burke called "the wise neglect" of Great Britain, to self-government and home rule. We had grown up in home rule, not only as against Great Britain, but as among ourselves. We called upon Great Britain for no counsel or pecuniary aids, for no assistance in our government, and for no soldiers to garrison our towns or frontier forts. We had never had on our soil an hereditary title or hereditary institutions. We had never had the relation of baron and vassal, landlord and tenant, and no trace or shadow of feudalism lay upon the land. Our small properties were equally distributed; and no law or custom tended to build up families or privileges or great accumulated wealth, but all usages and laws worked directly the other way. We were not theorizers or experimentalists on speculative notions in civil affairs. We did the work in hand in the way we found most convenient at the time, always keeping in view, what all assented to, the substantial political equality of men. We grew up a territorial democracy of ministers, lawyers, doctors, merchants, yeomen, traders, mechanics and seamen, all or nearly all being small proprietors of land. We were educated to the responsibilities, duties and burdens of self-government, and knew that there was no liberty without burdens and sacrifices. The people of the towns exercised many sovereign powers, by the acquiescence of the people of the province, because it was convenient, and found to be safe. No scientific line of division was drawn; but a line was practically settled, as the natural result of conflicting or coöperating necessities, reasons, principles and conveniences. The people, in their town-meetings, provided for public worship, built the churches, called and paid the clergymen, and so exercised

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ecclesiastical powers. They built the school-houses, appointed and paid the teachers, determined what should be taught, and so exercised educational functions. They organized the town militia, appointed its officers, built the stockade fort, laid out the training-field, provided arms and equipments, and so exercised the military functions of government. The towns ordered the local police, drew the jurors for the courts, and so took their part in judicial affairs. They sent representatives to the General Court of the Province, and so took part in the highest legislative functions. They assessed at their discretion, and collected taxes for all these purposes, and so exercised sovereign powers over property. But chiefly these town-meetings were parliaments for the free discussion of all questions touching the interests of the people, and organs of popular communication with the legislature and executive. The records of these town-meetings are the wonder and admiration of students of political philosophy everywhere. They were a new thing in the world's history. It has been said that, if every other record should perish, the true character and full history of the civil struggle from 1760 to 1775 could be written from the records of the town-meetings, including the resolutions adopted, and the instructions sent to their representatives in the General Court.

In the provincial government, too, we were free. We chose representatives by towns, and the representatives elected the council; and the two formed the legislature which made all our laws. The judges were appointed and paid by ourselves. We ordered our own militia system, established and regulated our judicature; and persons charged with crimes were tried within the province, by juries drawn by lot in the towns. We laid and collected our own taxes, and no tax had ever been imposed upon us by imperial power. We held allegiance to the crown, and were parts of the British empire; but we were a self-governing, home-ruling people, loyal, content, well-educated, and industrious, giving no cause of just complaint to the people of England.. In short, we had been for five generations the freest, most self-governing people the world had ever known.

In an evil hour, the pride, jealousy, and greed of the mother country, and quite as much of its trading, manufacturing, and middle classes, as of its nobles and gentry, set its eye upon the Colonies for imperial taxation. We denied the right. Burke would not argue the abstract question of right, which, he said, could only be safely discussed in the schools, but stood on the practical position, that parliament had never taxed the Colonies, that it was a novelty originating in a mere theory of parliamentary omnipotence, was felt by the Colonists to be unjust and oppressive, and might be dangerous, and would not pay for itself; and those, he said, were reasons enough for statesmen. The Stamp Act was passed, resisted peacefully but pertinaciously, and repealed. The parliament returned to the charge; and the Tea Tax was passed, resisted by solemn leagues and covenants not to import or use, to which nearly all the people became parties. Lexington resolved, in words which few but a New-England townsman can fully appreciate, "If any head of a family in this town, or any person, shall from this time forward, and until the duty be taken off, purchase any tea, or sell and consume any tea in their family, such person shall be looked upon as an enemy to this town and to his country, and shall, by this town, be treated with neglect and contempt." No anathema, no bull of excommunication, no interdict, could carry such terror to the inhabitant of a New-England town as these plain words. (Peaceful resistance all this,—save in the case of two cargoes at Boston, to which water, cold and salt, was prematurely and unscientifically

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applied.) The Boston Port Bill was cruel in itself, highly tyrannical, and a mean appeal to the jealousy of other towns and provinces, in which it failed, to their infinite credit, and only exasperated to the last point of endurance the sensibilities of a brave and generous people. The Restraining Acts restricted our commerce, and sought to banish us from the fisheries.

But bad as were these well-known measures, and dangerous to peace and liberty, it was not they that aimed the fatal blow at our accustomed rights and liberties,—the blow that must be fatal either to our system of self-government and home rule, or to parliamentary and kingly omnipotence,—and placed the two systems face to face in irreconcilable conflict. The acts of 1774, generically known as the Regulation Acts, were radical and revolutionary. They went to the foundations of our public system, and sought to reconstruct it from the base on a theory of kingly and parliamentary omnipotence.

Let me recall to your attention what these acts were; for although the Stamp Act, the Tea Tax, and Boston Port Bill, and the Restraining Acts, and the Military Act had alarmed and exasperated the people, this monument on this field commemorates resistance to the Reconstruction Acts of 1774.

The councillors had been chosen by the people, through their representatives. By the new law they were to be appointed by the king, and to hold at his pleasure. The superior judges were to hold at the will of the king, and to be dependent upon his will for the amount and payment of their salaries; and the inferior judges to be removable by the royal governor at his discretion, he himself holding at the king's will. The sheriffs were to be appointed by the royal governor, and to hold at his will. The juries had been selected by the inhabitants of the towns: they were now to be selected by the new sheriffs, mere creatures of the royal governor. Offenders against the peace, and against the lives and persons of our people, had been tried here by our courts and juries; and in the memorable case of the Soldiers' Trial for the firing in King's Street in March, 1770, we had proved ourselves capable of doing justice to our oppressors. By the new act, persons charged with capital crimes, and royal officers, civil or military, charged with offences in the execution of the royal laws or warrants, could be transferred for trial to England, or to some other of the Colonies. But the deepest-reaching provision of the acts was that aimed at the town-meetings. They were no longer to be parliaments of freemen to discuss matters of public interest, to instruct their representatives, and look to the redress of grievances. They were prohibited, except the two annual meetings of March and May, and were then only to elect officers; and no other meetings could be held unless by the written permission of the royal governor; and no matters could be considered unless specially sanctioned in the permission.

Am I not right in saying that these acts sought a radical revolution, a fundamental reconstruction of our ancient political system? They sought to change self-government into government by the king, and for home rule to substitute absolute rule at Westminster and St. James's Palace. They gave the royal governor and his council here powers which the king and his council could not exercise in Great Britain,—powers from which the British nobles and commons had fought out their exemption, and to which they would never submit. The British Annual Register, the best authority of that day on political history, says, that, by this series of acts against the Colonists, "their ancient constitutions were destroyed," and they were

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"deprived of the rights they had ever been taught to revere and hold sacred."

Nor were these acts mere declarations. They were to be enforced, and at once, and absolutely. The Military Acts provided for quartering the troops upon the towns. In February, 1775, a resolution of parliament declared Massachusetts in rebellion, and pledged the lives and property of Englishmen to its suppression. This resolution was little short of a declaration of war. The instructions of Lord Dartmouth, the secretary of state for the Colonies, to Gen. Gage, the royal governor, ran thus: "The sovereignty of the king over the Colonies requires a full and absolute submission." Gage writes to Lord Dartmouth, "The time for conciliation, moderation, and reasoning is over. . . . . The forces must take the field;" "Civil government is near its end." He advised that the king send twenty thousand men to Massachusetts, and with these he would undertake to enforce the new system, disarm the colonists, and arrest the chief traitors, and send them to London for trial. A force of five thousand regulars was gathered at Boston, and more were coming, under distinguished leaders. The Common was occupied, the Neck fortified, and Boston was under martial law. Gen. Gage was authorized to order the troops to fire upon the people. The people by peaceful means and moral coercion, not without intimidation, but without bloodshed, prevented the new system of legislature, jurors, judges, and executive officers, going into effect; and Gen. Gage attempted to seat the judges and the new officers by the troops. The people refused to serve on the juries, and few, even of the royalists, dared to accept the offices of judge, councillor, or sheriff. The people continued to hold their town-meetings, and organized county-meetings and a Provincial Congress, and Gage resolved to disperse them by the bayonets of the regulars. Troops were sent to Salem to disperse a meeting, but they arrived too late. His proclamation forbade the people attending unauthorized meetings, disobedience "to be answered at their utmost peril." By another proclamation, he had ordered the arrest and securing for trial of all who might sign or publish, or invite others to sign, the covenant of non-importation; and the troops were to do it. He was ordered, from home, to take possession of every fort, to seize all military stores, arrest and imprison all thought to have committed treason, to repress the rebellion by force, and, generally, to substitute more coercive measures "without waiting for the aid of the civil magistrates." In short, Massachusetts was placed under martial law, to be enforced by the king's troops; and all for the purpose of changing radically, by imperial power, the fundamental institutions of the people, in which they had grown up, which they had wisely, safely, and justly administered, and on which their liberties depended.

We were not the revolutionists. The king and parliament were the revolutionists. They were the radical innovators. We were the conservators of existing institutions. They were seeking to overthrow, and reconstruct on a theory of parliamentary omnipotence. We stood upon the defence of what we had founded and built up under their acquiescence, and without which we could not be the free and self-governing people we had always been. We broke no chain. We prepared to strike down any hand that might attempt to lay one upon us. There was not one institution, law, or custom, political or social, from the mountain-tops to the sea-shore, that we cared to change. We were then content to go on as parts of the British empire, holding that slack and easy allegiance we had always held, on the old terms of self-government and home rule. It was not until more than a

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year after Lexington and Bunker Hill, that, finding the two things hopelessly inconsistent, we declared our dynastic independence, and in that sense and for that purpose only, became revolutionists.

Against these subversive revolutionary measures, the colonists prepared to resist by force, for to that they knew it must come. Meetings, caucuses, and congresses of towns, counties, of the province, and of all the provinces, became the order of the day. They were all illegal under the new system, and we held them at our peril. The Provincial Congress collected military stores, called on the towns to organize the town companies, and began to organize "the Army of Massachusetts." The old militia, recognized by the royal governor, had disappeared, and the people's militia was fast forming, still inchoate; but it was illegal under the new system, and we joined it at our peril. Gage determined to disarm and disperse the new militia, to destroy the military stores, and, in short, as Lord Dartmouth suggested, to effect by the troops "a general disarming of the colonists." These declarations began to be put into execution. The troops marched out into the country, to show themselves to the people. A force of eleven hundred visited Jamaica Plain. A body of one hundred was permanently quartered at Marshfield, in the Old Colony. The troops seized our powder at Charlestown, and two field-pieces at Cambridge. A few weeks before the 19th of April, a large force was sent to Salem to destroy the military stores collected there; the militia gathered, the people thronged the way, obstructions were interposed, and the force withdrew without bloodshed. The troops cut off supplies intended for us, and we cut off supplies intended for them. Still, so far, there had been no conflict. No irretrievable act had been done. Tudor says, in his Life of Otis, that notwithstanding the political excitement which continued for ten years with hardly an interruption; notwithstanding the hot zeal of the Sons of Liberty, the bitter opposition of as zealous loyalists, the presence of the military, cases of individual collision with the soldiers, and the seizure of stores, — still, "throughout this whole period of ferment, not a single human life was taken by the inhabitants, either by assassination, popular tumult, or public execution."

The convention of Middlesex resolved as follows: "If in support of our rights we are called to encounter even death, we are yet undaunted, sensible that he can never die too soon who lays down his life in support of the laws and liberties of his country." Lexington wrote to Boston, "We trust in God, that, should the state of our affairs require it, we shall be ready to sacrifice our estates and every thing dear in life, and life itself, in support of the common cause." Quincy wrote from England, "Our countrymen must seal the cause in their blood."

The whole atmosphere was charged with war. We drew it in at every breath. There was a stillness of deadly preparation, and the patient awaiting of the falling of the bolt. When the news of the seizure of the stores at Charlestown spread, with a report that there had been firing and loss of lives, twenty thousand men were on their march towards Boston, from all parts of New-England, thinking that war had begun. They returned to their homes, when their report was contradicted by authority. The Provincial Congress ordered the citizens to pay their taxes to Mr. Gardner, the agent of the people, and not to the royal collector; and Lexington directed her collectors to obey this order, and the town would secure them harmless. It appointed a day of Fasting, Humiliation, and Prayer, a measure of deep significance in those days. The issue was made up. But

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it was solemnly resolved that we must not precipitate the war, — we must not strike the first blow. We were to endure threats, insults, and demonstrations of violence; but the British troops must fire the first shot. This was not a formal thing with our ancestors. They were close reasoners, could walk straight on a line of duty, and had almost a superstitious respect for the law. They felt the importance of satisfying the friends of our cause in England, and in the other Colonies, some of which were still uncertain, and it was feared that the people of Massachusetts would outrun their sympathy and support. Accordingly, the Continental Congress recommended the people of this Colony to avoid a collision with the king's troops, and in all cases to act only on the defensive. This advice was repeated by the Provincial Congress, echoed by the town-meetings, enforced from the pulpits and the press, and we were committed to it before the world. Men of this day are sometimes amused to see, that, immediately after the battle of Lexington, the colonists took to collecting affidavits to show that the British fired first. But they were better judges than we can now be of what was important at that time.

When the British troops marched out this morning, it was not merely to destroy the military stores collected at Concord, but to disarm and disperse any military organizations not recognized by the new laws, and to arrest and commit to prison the leading patriots. If they had come across a town-meeting or a congress, held without authority of the royal governor's warrant, they would have entered, and dispersed the meeting by the bayonet; and who will doubt, that, like the Roman senators in their curule chairs and stately robes, our ancestors, in their homespun clothes, and on the plain wooden benches of their office, senators of the town and county, would have yielded up their lives where they sat, rather than acknowledge the tyrannical command? It mattered little, and no one could predict at all, whether the first blow would fall on the town-meeting, the congress in its session, or the militia company on the training-field. The troops were to destroy our military stores. If we could collect men enough to defend them, we would form round them, and stand our ground; and, if the troops retired, well: if not, they must fire the first shot. The troops were to disarm and disperse the new militia. If a company was out in martial array for the purpose of defence, they must stand their ground, and retain their arms. If the regulars withdrew, well: if not, the militia must await the first volley.

Now, what was all this but a call for martyrdom? The first that fell must fall as martyrs. The battle would begin with the shot which took their lives. No call could be made demanding more fortitude, more nerve, than this. Many a man can rush into battle, maddened by the scene, who would find it hard to stand in his line, inactive, to await the volley, if it must come. But our people were thoroughly instructed in their cause. They had studied it, discussed it in the public meeting and through the press, carried it to the Throne of Grace, and tried it by every test they knew. They had made up their minds to the issue, and were prepared to accept its results. When the news came, at night, that the regulars were out, and marching that way, the widow awaked her only son, the young bride summoned her husband, the motherless child her father. "The regulars are out, and something must be done!" Yes, something must be done. That something was to stand on the defensive, and meet death if it came, and then meet war with war. The militia came together on this green in full ranks, with drums beating and colors flying. They acted under the eye

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and counsel of Adams and Hancock, and of their own wise, venerated, patriotic pastor. The men separated on the doubt as to the truth of the report, with orders to rally at the drum-beat and the alarm-guns. The first messengers sent down the road had been captured; and the great force was moving steadily on. One scout, more fortunate, escaped, and spread the alarm that the regulars were close at hand. On the beat of the drum, some sixty came together on the green. Affecting and heroic as is the narrative, its details are too well known for me to delay upon them. They were ordered to load, and stand in line. Strictly in accordance with the command of the congress, Capt. Parker ordered them not to fire unless fired upon, and not to disperse but by his command. This, of course, meant war, if the king's troops initiated it. Ours was the people's militia, organized by that body politic into which the people had thrown themselves, and bearing arms in the common defence against the king's troops, by what they deemed their inalienable right, the surrender of which was the surrender of their liberty. The Provincial Congress had not yet established a general system suited to extended military operations. The organization had not got much beyond the town companies of minute-men and the alarm-lists. No one could know, on this sudden call and close-impending crisis, exactly what was best to be done. Each band must act for itself. But had we begun the attack, however successfully, we should have broken every promise, disappointed every wish, counteracted every plan, shocked the public sense, alienated the doubtful; and the cause would have been thrown back, if not defeated. Whatever might have been wisest, if there were time for deliberation, and heads authorized to plan the work for the whole day, one thing these few men felt was bravest, most becoming the Massachusetts freeman, and most in accordance with the policy of the people; and that was, to stand their ground, with loaded arms in their hands, as a lawful militia, on their lawful training-field, prepared for whatever might befall them; ready, if need be, as Lexington had promised Boston, "to sacrifice life itself in the common cause;" feeling, in the words of the Middlesex Resolves, that "he can never die too soon who lays down his life in support of the laws and liberties of his country."

Here let me call your attention aside for one moment. The people of Massachusetts have received no little commendation, in some quarters, from the notion that they were simple, peaceful yeomen and mechanics, unused to war and its works, facing for the first time regular troops of a warlike nation. That praise is not our due, to the extent supposed. True, they had not seen war on their own soil since the last Indian fights, and the younger of the minute-men had not served in actual war at all. But, from the foundation of the Colony to the last European peace, the colonists had had constant experience in savage and civilized warfare. The Puritans had no scruples about the use of arms. Their pastors sometimes went with them to the field; and the militia, when in array, had their place in the public worship. During the great French war, every fifth man of Massachusetts had been in the service; and a larger proportion of our able-bodied men had been mustered into service during the seven years of that war, than Napoleon had led into the field from the French people at the height of his power; in fact, the people of Massachusetts had been, up to that time, one of the most martial people on earth. The historian Minot tells us, that, in 1757, one-third of the effective men of this Colony were in the field, in some form or other. In the expedition to the West Indies in 1740, Massachusetts sent five hundred men, of whom only fifty re-

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turned alive; and, of that force sent out, at least six were men of Lexington. Of the four thousand and seventy men at Louisburg, Massachusetts sent three thousand two hundred and fifty. The military records of your town are mostly lost; but Lexington proves in the service, between 1748 and 1762, a yearly average of from twenty to twenty-five men. Men of Lexington were with the Massachusetts troops under Wolfe and Howe, Abercrombie and Amherst, at Quebec, Ticonderoga, and Crown Point. Massachusetts, in 1775, was full of men who had been under fire, who had held respectable commands in the field, and had learned something of strategy and of military engineering. The training-field was as sacred to liberty as the meeting-house; and the old musket hung in the chimney corner as the old family Bible lay upon the table.

When the events of that day assumed their serious aspect, the British sought to prove that this little band fired first. Not only is this improbable, nay, absurd in itself, and contradicted by all our testimony; but no British officer speaks of more than what he heard and believed at the time. As they neared Lexington, the report came to them, that some five hundred men were under arms; and I am not disinclined to reconcile their testimony with the facts, by the consideration that they heard the roll of our drums, and perhaps saw the flash or heard the report of our signal-guns, intended to call our men together, and thought them a defiance; and perhaps officers in the centre or rear might have thought them hostile shots. But the front knew they had not been fired upon, and saw the short, thin line of sixty men with arms at rest. Pitcairn, when he rode up to them, and ordered them to surrender their arms and disperse, knew they had not fired. He was not the man to talk after hostile shots. Pitcairn has had the fate which befalls many men who carry out orders that afterward prove fatally ill-judged. When he ordered our men to surrender their arms and disperse, he was executing the orders of his commander-in-chief and of his king. If Britain was in the right, Pitcairn was in the right. Twice they were ordered to surrender their arms and disperse; and twice they refused to obey, and stood their ground. Then came the fatal fire; and why not? Gen. Gage had been authorized to use the troops for this very purpose. He was authorized to fire upon the people, if necessary to enforce the new laws, without waiting for the civil magistrate. He had resolved to do so. Had that volley subdued the resistance of Massachusetts, Pitcairn would have been the hero of the drama. Was he to leave a military array behind him, and not attempt to disarm and disband them? If they refused, was he to give it up? I have never thought it just or generous to throw upon the brave, rough soldier, who fell while mounting the breastworks at Bunker Hill, the fault which lay on the king, the parliament, the ministry, and the commander-in-chief. The truth is, the issue was inevitable. The first force of that kind which the king's troops found in martial array, was to be disarmed and disbanded; and, if they refused to obey, they were to be fired upon. Both sides knew this, and were prepared for it. It is inconsistent in us, and an unworthy view of this crisis, to treat it as a wanton and ruthless slaughter of unoffending citizens by an armed force. It takes from the event its dignity and historic significance. It was no such accidental and personal matter. It was an affair of state. It was the inevitable collision between organized forces representing two antagonistic systems, each a *de facto* body politic, claiming authority and demanding obedience, on the same spot at the same time. If our cause was wrong, and resistance to the new laws unjustifiable, our popular militia was an unlawful

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band, and ought to surrender its arms and disperse. If our cause was right, Capt. Parker's company was a lawful array, and their loaded guns were lawfully in their hands; they had a right to stand in their line, on their training-field, before their homes, and beside their church, ready to shed their blood in the cause, and to fire when fired upon. They were determined neither to attack, nor to fly; neither to surrender their arms, nor to fire first; but to fire when fired upon; all in strict obedience to the line of duty enjoined on them by the Continental Congress, by the votes of the towns, and the counsels of their leaders. The issue was made up just then and just there. If you mean to subjugate and disarm this people, you may begin here and now. Of this issue, in the language of the common law, they put themselves upon the country. The British did the like. The trial of that issue, in the presence of the world, began with the first volley on Lexington Green, and lasted six years. The battle of the 19th April began on this spot, and ended at Charlestown Neck. The war of the Revolution began at Lexington, and ended at Yorktown.

Have I not demonstrated what I undertook to show?—that not we, but the British king and parliament, were the revolutionists, the innovators, the radical subverters of institutions; that we were the conservators of time-honored, dearly-loved institutions of self-government and home rule; and that, on that morning, on this spot, your townsmen were intentionally, intelligently, the first martyrs, yet martyrs in war; and that on this field war began. Whenever the king's troops, to enforce the new system, met the people's troops, organized and armed to resist its enforcement, and fired upon them, each in martial array, the war began. The commencement of a war is unilateral. One party can initiate it. It requires no formal announcements or ceremonies. Here both parties stood ready for war. Our soldiers loaded their guns, by military command, to fire if fired upon; and the war began with the volley and the falling of the dead and wounded. It may not be of much account in any political or strategic sense, but it is a satisfaction to our pride in our ancestors, to know, that rashly it may be, uselessly perhaps, but bravely beyond doubt, the moment the British fire authorized us to use the guns we had loaded for the purpose, and met the condition in Capt. Parker's order, "unless fired upon," the fire was returned by men still standing in their line, in their martial array; and that the line was not abandoned until they were ordered to disperse by their captain, who saw that the regulars were hastening up, on both flanks, to surround and capture them; and that, when the survivors withdrew, they took their arms with them. It is not of much account, that a regular of the Tenth Regiment, and another, were wounded, and that the horse of the commander was grazed by two balls; but it is a satisfaction to know, that here in Lexington was not only the first hostile volley fired by British troops at provincial troops, but the first shots fired back by our troops at theirs. You recall with pride too, that, no sooner had the regulars resumed their march, than your minute-men rallied, took six prisoners who had straggled from the line; joined in the pursuit of the British from the Lincoln and Concord line to Charlestown Neck; and that in that pursuit three more men of Lexington laid down their lives, of whom one had been wounded on the green in the morning. You read with ever renewed satisfaction, that on the rolls of that day Lexington stands first: ten of her townsmen killed,—seven in the morning on the green, and three in the afternoon in the pursuit,—and first in the list of wounded, nine; nineteen in all, from your small population, who suffered death or wounds in the common cause. The pecuniary loss of Lex-

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ington that day in houses and other property destroyed, nearly two thousand pounds sterling, bore a large proportion to the whole property of the town. Well did she redeem her modest promise to Boston; "We trust in God . . ., we shall be ready to sacrifice our estates, and every thing dear in life, yea, and life itself, in support of the common cause." Well did she prove her faith that "he can never die too soon who lays down his life in support of the laws and liberties of his country." Vain was the British cheer, and their volley of triumph fired into the air! It was the soldier's farewell shot, over the buried monarchy of England!

The news of Lexington spread with a rapidity almost preternatural. At noon that day, a courier rode into Worcester, his jaded horse falling exhausted at the meeting-house steps, and proclaimed the tragedy at Lexington; and the minute-men, after prayer from their pastor, set out on their march for Cambridge. Lincoln, Concord, and Acton heard the news at once, an hour or more before the regulars reached the centre of Concord; and when, some four hours later, Major Buttrick, and Capt. Isaac Davis and his men of Acton, led the column of attack upon the British outpost at the bridge over Concord River, they marched under a new order of things. The spell had been broken. War was begun. There were no questions left then but of strategy, courage, and prudence.

I will not lead you through the familiar details of the rest of that day,—the singular insensibility of the British commander to the perils gathering about him, lingering two hours in Concord after the affair at the North Bridge, thinking, because the main body was not molested, and the daring affair at the bridge was not followed up, nothing more would be done; the *militia* pouring in from all sides, showing themselves on the hills, and along the by-roads; the British fire and our reply near the Lincoln line; the intermittent attack and defence of the next two hours; the hurried march, turning almost into flight, along the highways; the salvation of the party by the arrival of Lord Percy; the violences and outrages by the humiliated, distracted, desperate soldiery; the flank attacks of the militia as they came in from more distant towns; and, at last, the bare escape of the survivors of the expedition, as they crossed the Neck at Charlestown, at sunset, and came under the protection of the fire of their batteries and ships of war. Great, indeed, was the change between daybreak and sunset of that day. At daybreak, there was a state of legal peace. At sunset, the siege of Boston had begun. No British soldier set foot beyond the two peninsulas after that night. Patriotic citizens from New-Hampshire, Rhode-Island, and Connecticut were on their march by noon of the 20th. One force from New-Hampshire marched fifty-five miles in twenty hours, and mustered on Cambridge Common at sunrise of the 21st. Putnam rode one hundred miles in eighteen hours, and reached Cambridge early on the 21st. Green from Rhode-Island was at Cambridge, and Stark and his force from New-Hampshire at Chelsea, on the 22d. As the news spread to the middle and southern Colonies, they accepted it as war, and mustered in arms. But these subsequent events are to have their appropriate celebrations. We will not anticipate them. We are here to-day to commemorate first what was done at Lexington, and the heroic conduct of her sons. This is due to her and to them. But we are here, also, to remember the dead of that day, from other towns, who laid down their lives in the common cause; the seven killed of Danvers, the six of Cambridge, the five of Needham, the four of Lynn, the three of Acton, the two each of Sudbury, Woburn, Medford, and Charlestown, and the one each of Bedford, Watertown, Dedham, Brookline,

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Salem, and Beverly; and the wounded of all those towns, and of Concord, Framingham, Stowe, Billerica, Newton, and Chelmsford. We are here to join heartily in sympathy with those thousands who, at this hour, are commemorating at Concord the momentous work done within her limits, the second scene in the drama of this day so heroically enacted at the North Bridge. This is the dawn of seven years of centennial commemorations all over the soil of the old thirteen States, to be joined in by the people of this vast empire, of all kindreds and races and tongues, from Canada to Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific,—a sight the like of which the world has never seen; and scarce a tongue in any part of the civilized world utters a doubt of the justice of our cause.

Men, women, children of Lexington, the curtain of the great drama rose here, to be acted out to the last scene at Yorktown. It began with the first fire of British troops in martial array on American troops in martial array, and did not end until the last British soldier left the soil of the new Republic, and our independence was recognized. At the close of the last century, you erected your first monument on this spot. Lafayette, who saw the surrender at Yorktown, came, in September, 1824, to see the spot where began the contest in which he took so noble and disinterested a part, and clasped hands with fourteen of the surviving heroes of the day. In 1835 you reinterred your heroic dead under your simple monument, consecrated by the eloquence of Everett. In 1852 Louis Kossuth, an exile from the banks of the Danube, after the disastrous war for the independence of Hungary, made a pilgrimage to this place, to pay his devotions "to the birthplace of American liberty," and said of your patriot dead, in words you must never let die, as true as they are eloquent: "It is their sacrificed blood in which is written the preface of your nation's history. Their death was and ever will be the first bloody revelation of America's destiny, and Lexington the opening scene of a revolution that is destined to change the character of human governments, and the condition of the human race."

God grant, that, if a day of peril shall come, the people of this Republic, so favored, so numerous, so prosperous, so rich, so educated, so triumphant, may meet it—and we can ask no more—with as much of intelligence, self-control, self-devotion, and fortitude as did the men of this place, in their fewness, simplicity, and poverty, one hundred years ago!

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AN ORATION

ON THE ONE-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF "CONCORD FIGHT," APRIL 19, 1775.

By George William Curtis, LL.D., of New-York.

WE are fortunate that we behold this day. The heavens bend benignly over, the earth blossoms with renewed life, and our hearts beat joyfully together with one emotion of filial gratitude and patriotic exultation. Citizens of a great, free, and prosperous country, we come hither to honor the men, our fathers, who on this spot and upon this day, a hundred years ago, struck the first blow in the contest which made that country independent. Here beneath the hills they trod, by the peaceful river on whose shores they dwelt, amidst the fields that they sowed and reaped, proudly recalling their virtue and their valor, we come to tell their story, to try ourselves by their lofty standard to know if we are their worthy children; and, standing reverently where they stood and fought and died, to swear before God and each other, in the words of him upon whom in our day the spirit of the revolutionary fathers visibly descended, that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

This ancient town, with its neighbors who share its glory, has never failed fitly to commemorate this great day of its history. Fifty years ago, while some soldiers of the Concord fight were yet living—twenty-five years ago, while still a few venerable survivors lingered—with prayer and eloquence and song you renewed the pious vow. But the last living link with the Revolution has long been broken. Great events and a mightier struggle have absorbed our own generation. Yet we who stand here to-day have a sympathy with the men at the old North bridge which those who preceded us here at earlier celebrations could not know. With them war was a name and a tradition. So swift and vast had been the change and the development of the country that the revolutionary clash of arms was already vague und unreal, and Concord and Lexington seemed to them almost as remote and historic as Arbela and Sempach. When they assembled to celebrate this day they saw a little group of tottering forms, eyes from which the light was fading, arms nerveless and withered, thin white hairs that fluttered in the wind—they saw a few venerable relics of a vanished age, whose pride was that before living memory they had been minute-men of American Independence. But with us how changed! War is no longer

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a tradition half romantic and obscure. It has ravaged how many of our homes! it has wrung how many of the hearts before me! North and South we know the pang. Our common liberty is consecrated by a common sorrow. We do not count around us a few feeble veterans of the contest, but we are girt with a cloud of witnesses. We are surrounded every where by multitudes in the vigor of their prime—behold them here to-day sharing in these pious and peaceful rites, the honored citizens, legislators, magistrates —yes, the Chief Magistrate of the Republic—whose glory it is that they were minute-men of American liberty and union. These men of to-day interpret to us with resistless eloquence the men and the times we commemorate. Now, if never before, we understand the revolution. Now we know the secret of those old hearts and homes. We can measure the sacrifice, the courage, the devotion, for we have seen them all. Green hills of Concord, broad fields of Middlesex, that heard the voice of Hancock and of Adams, you heard also the call of Lincoln and of Andrew, and your Ladd and Whitney, your Prescott and Ripley and Melvin, have revealed to us more truly the Davis and the Buttrick, the Hosmer and the Parker, of a hundred years ago.

The story of this old town is the history of New-England. It shows us the people and the institutions that have made the American republic. Concord was the first settlement in New-England above tide-water. It was planted directly from the mother country, and was what was called a mother town, the parent of other settlements throughout the wilderness. It was a military post in King Philip's war, and two hundred years ago—just a century before the minute-men whom we commemorate—the militia of Middlesex were organized as minute-men against the Indians. It is a Concord tradition that in those stern days, when the farmer tilled these fields at the risk of his life, Mary Shepard, a girl of fifteen, was watching on one of the hills for the savages, while her brothers threshed in the barn. Suddenly the Indians appeared, slew the brothers, and carried her away. In the night, while the savages slept, she untied a horse which they had stolen, slipped a saddle from under the head of one of her captors, mounted, fled, swam the Nashua river, and rode through the forest home. Mary Shepard was the true ancestor of the Concord matrons who share the fame of this day—of Mrs. James Barrett, of the Widow Brown, of Mrs. Amos Wood, and Hannah Burns, with the other faithful women whose self-command and ready wit and energy on this great morning show that the mothers of New-England were like the fathers, and that equally in both their children may reverence their own best virtues.

A little later than Philip's war, one hundred and eighty-six years ago last night, while some of the first settlers of Massachusetts Bay still lingered, when the news came that King James the Second had been dethroned, a company marched from this town and joined that general uprising of the colony which the next day—this very day—with old Simon Bradstreet at its head, deposed Sir Edmund Andros, the King's Governor, and restored the ancient charter of the colony. We demand only the traditional rights of Englishmen, said the English nobles, as they seated William and Mary upon the throne. We ask nothing more, said the freemen of Concord, as they helped to dissolve royal government in America, and returned to their homes. Eighty-five years later the first Provincial Congress, which had been called to meet at Concord if for any reason the General Court at Salem were obstructed, assembled in the old meeting-house on the 11th of October, 1774, the first independent Legislature in Massachusetts and America; and

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from that hour to this the old mother town has never forgotten the words nor forsworn the faith of the revolution which had been proclaimed here six weeks before: "No danger shall affright, no difficulties intimidate us; and if in support of our rights we are called to encounter even death, we are yet undaunted, sensible that he can never die too soon who lays down his life in support of the laws and liberties of his country."

But the true glory of Concord, as of all New-England, was the town-meeting, the nursery of American Independence. When the revolution began, of the eight millions of people then living in Old England only one hundred and sixty thousand were voters, while in New-England the great mass of free male adults were electors. And they had been so from the landing at Plymouth. Here in the wilderness the settlers were forced to govern themselves. They could not constantly refer and appeal to another authority twenty miles away through the woods. Every day brought its duty that must be done before sunset. Roads must be made, schools built, young men trained to arms against the savages and the wildcat, taxes must be laid and collected for all common purposes, preaching must be maintained, and who could know the time, the means, and the necessity so well as the community itself? Thus each town was a little and a perfect republic, as solitary and secluded in the New-England wilderness as the Swiss cantons among the Alps. No other practicable human institution has been devised or conceived to secure the just ends of local government so felicitous as the town-meeting. It brought together the rich and the poor, the good and the bad, and gave character, eloquence, and natural leadership full and free play. It enabled superior experience and sagacity to govern, and virtue and intelligence alone are rulers by divine right. The Tories called the resolution for committees of correspondence the source of the rebellion; but it was only a correspondence of town-meetings. From that correspondence grew the confederation of the colonies. Out of that arose the closer majestic union of the Constitution, the greater phenix born from the ashes of the lesser, and the national power and prosperity to-day rest securely only upon the foundation of the primary meeting. That is where the duty of the citizens begins. Neglect of that is disloyalty to liberty. No contrivance will supply its place, no excuse absolve the neglect; and the American who is guilty of that neglect is as deadly an enemy of his country as the British soldier a century ago.

But here and now I cannot speak of the New-England town-meeting without recalling its great genius, the New-Englander in whom the Revolution seemed to be most fully embodied, and the lofty prayer of whose life was answered upon this spot and on this day. He was not eloquent like Otis, nor scholarly like Quincy, nor all-fascinating like Warren, yet bound heart to heart with these great men, his friends, the plainest, simplest, austerest among them, he gathered all their separate gifts, and adding to them his own, fused the whole in the glow of that untiring energy, that unerring perception, that sublime will, which moved before the chosen people of the colonies a pillar of cloud by day, of fire by night. People of Massachusetts, your proud and grateful hearts outstrip my lips in pronouncing the name of Samuel Adams. Elsewhere to-day, nearer the spot where he stood with his immortal friend Hancock a hundred years ago this morning, a son of Massachusetts who bears the name of a friend of Samuel Adams, and whose own career has honorably illustrated the fidelity of your State to human liberty, will pay a fitting tribute to the true American tribune of the people—the father of the Revolution, as he was fondly called. But we also are his children and must not omit our duty.

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Until 1768 Samuel Adams did not despair of a peaceful issue of the quarrel with Great Britain. But when in May of that year the British frigate *Romney* sailed into Boston harbor, and her shotted guns were trained upon the town, he saw that the question was changed. From that moment he knew that America must be free or slave, and the unceasing effort of his life, by day and night, with tongue and pen, was to nerve his fellow-colonists to strike when the hour should come. On that gray December evening, two years later, when he rose in the Old South, and in a clear, calm voice said, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country," and so gave the word for the march to the tea ships, he comprehended more clearly, perhaps, than any man in the colonies the immense and far-reaching consequences of his words. He was ready to throw the tea overboard because he was ready to throw overboard the King and Parliament of England.

During the ten years from the passage of the Stamp Act to the fight at Lexington and Concord, this poor man in an obscure provincial town beyond the sea was engaged with the British ministry in one of the mightiest contests that history records. Not a word in Parliament that he did not hear, not an act in the cabinet that he did not see. With brain and heart and conscience all alive, he opposed every hostile Order in Council with a British precedent, and arrayed against the government of Great Britain the battery of principles impregnable with the accumulated strength of centuries of British conviction. The cold Grenville, the brilliant Townsend, the obsequious North, the reckless Hillsborough, the crafty Dartmouth, all the ermined and coroneted chiefs of the proudest aristocracy in the world, derided, declaimed, denounced, laid unjust taxes, and sent troops to collect them; cheered loudly by a servile Parliament, the parasite of a headstrong King,—and the plain Boston Puritan laid his finger on the vital point of the tremendous controversy, and held to it inexorably King, Lords, Commons, the people of England and the people of America. Entrenched in his own honesty, the King's gold could not buy him. Enshrined in the love of his fellow-citizens, the King's writ could not take him. And when on this morning the King's troops marched to seize him, his sublime faith saw beyond the clouds of the moment the rising sun of the America that we behold, and careless of himself, mindful only of his country, he exultingly exclaimed, "Oh! what a glorious morning!"

Yet this man held no office but that of Clerk of the Assembly, to which he was yearly elected, and that of constant Moderator of the town-meeting. That was his mighty weapon. The town-meeting was the alarm-bell with which he aroused the continent. It was the rapier with which he fenced with the ministry. It was the claymore with which he smote their counsels. It was the harp of a thousand strings that he swept into a burst of passionate defiance, or an electric call to arms, or a proud pæan of exulting triumph—defiance, challenge, and exultation, all lifting the continent to independence. His indomitable will and command of the popular confidence played Boston against London, the provincial town-meeting against the royal Parliament, Faneuil Hall against St. Stephen's. And as long as the American town-meeting is known, its great genius will be revered, who with the town-meeting overthrew an empire. So long as Faneuil Hall stands, Samuel Adams will not want his most fitting monument, and when Faneuil Hall falls, its name will be found written as with a sunbeam upon every faithful American heart.

The first imposing armed movement against the colonies on the 19th of April, 1775, did not, of course, take by surprise a people so prepared. For

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ten years they had seen the possibility, for five years the probability, and for at least a year the certainty, of the contest. They quietly organized, watched, and waited. The royal Governor, Gage, was a soldier, and he had read the signs of the times. He had fought with provincial troops at the bloody ambuscade of Braddock, and he felt the full force of the mighty determination that exalted New-England. He had about four thousand effective troops, trained veterans, with brilliant officers, who despised and ridiculed the Yankee militia. Massachusetts had provided for a Constitutional army of fifteen thousand men. Minute companies were every where organized, and military supplies were deposited at convenient towns. Every body was on the alert. Couriers were held ready to alarm the country should the British march, and wagons to remove the stores. In the early spring Gage sent out some of his officers as spies, and two of them came in disguise as far as Concord. On the 22d of March the Provincial Congress met in this town, and made the last arrangements for a possible battle, begging the militia and minute-men to be ready, but to act only on the defensive.

As the spring advanced it was plain that some movement would be made, and on Monday, the 17th of April, the Committee of Safety ordered part of the stores deposited here to be removed to Sudbury and Groton, and the cannon to be secreted. On Tuesday, the 18th, Gage, who had decided to send a force to Concord to destroy the stores, picketed the roads from Boston into Middlesex to prevent any report of the intended march from spreading into the country. But the very air was electric. In the tension of the popular mind every sound and sight was significant. It was part of Gage's plan to seize Hancock and Adams, who were at Lexington, and on the evening of the 18th the Committee of Safety at Cambridge sent them word to beware, for suspicious officers were abroad. A British grenadier in full uniform went into a shop in Boston. He might as well have proclaimed that an expedition was on foot. In the afternoon one of the Governor's grooms strolled into a stable where John Ballard was cleaning a horse. John Ballard was a Son of Liberty; and when the groom idly remarked, in nervous English, that "there would be hell to pay to-morrow," John's heart leaped and his hand shook, and asking the groom to finish cleaning the horse, he ran to a friend, who carried the news straight to Paul Revere, who told him he had already heard it from two other persons.

That evening, at ten o'clock, eight hundred British troops, under Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, took boat at the foot of the Common and crossed to the Cambridge shore. Gage thought that his secret had been kept, but Lord Percy, who had heard the people say on the Common that the troops would miss their aim, undeceived him. Gage instantly ordered that no one should leave the town. But Dr. Warren was before him, and as the troops crossed the river, William Dawes, with a message from Warren to Hancock and Adams, was riding over the Neck to Roxbury, and Paul Revere was rowing over the river farther down to Charlestown, having agreed with his friend Robert Newman to show lanterns from the belfry of the Old North Church—

"One, if by land, and two, if by sea"—

as a signal of the march of the British. Already the moon was rising, and while the troops were stealthily landing at Lechmere Point, their secret was flashed out into the April night, and Paul Revere, springing into the saddle upon the Charlestown shore, spurred away into Middlesex.

"How far that little candle throws his beams!"

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The modest spire yet stands, reverend relic of the old town of Boston, of those brave men and of their deeds. Startling the land that night with the warning of danger, let it remind the land forever of the patriotism with which that danger was averted, and for our children as for our fathers still stand secure, the pharos of American liberty.

It was a brilliant April night. The winter had been unusually mild, and the spring very forward. The hills were already green. The early grain waved in the fields, and the air was sweet with blossoming orchards. Already the robin whistled, the bluebird sang, and the benediction of peace rested upon the landscape. Under the cloudless moon the soldiers silently marched, and Paul Revere swiftly rode, galloping through Medford and West Cambridge, rousing every house as he went, spurring for Lexington and Hancock and Adams, and evading the British patrols who had been sent out to stop the news. Stop the news! Already the village churches were beginning to ring the alarm, as the pulpits beneath them had been ringing for many a year. In the awakening houses lights flashed from window to window. Drums beat faintly far away and on every side. Signal-guns flashed and echoed. The watch-dogs barked, the cocks crew. Stop the news! Stop the sunrise! The murmuring night trembled with the summons so earnestly expected, so dreaded, so desired. And as long ago the voice rang out at midnight along the Syrian shore, wailing that great Pan was dead, but in the same moment the choiring angels whispered, "Glory to God in the highest, for Christ is born," so, if the stern alarm of that April night seemed to many a wistful and loyal heart to portend the passing glory of British dominion and the tragical chance of war, it whispered to them with prophetic inspiration, "Good-will to men: America is born!"

There is a tradition that long before the troops reached Lexington an unknown horseman thundered at the door of Captain Joseph Robbins, in Acton, waking every man and woman and the babe in the cradle, shouting that the regulars were marching to Concord, and that the rendezvous was the old North Bridge. Captain Robbins's son, a boy of ten years, heard the summons in the garret where he lay, and in a few minutes was on his father's old mare, a young Paul Revere, galloping along the road to rouse Captain Isaac Davis, who commanded the minute-men of Acton. He was a young man of thirty, a gunsmith by trade, brave and thoughtful, and tenderly fond of his wife and four children. The company assembled at his shop, formed, and marched a little way, when he halted them and returned for a moment to his house. He said to his wife, "Take good care of the children," kissed her, turned to his men, gave the order to march and saw his home no more. Such was the history of that night in how many homes! The hearts of those men and women of Middlesex might break, but they could not waver. They had counted the cost. They knew what and whom they served; and as the midnight summons came they started up and answered, "Here am I!"

Meanwhile the British bayonets, glistening in the moon, moved steadily along the road. Colonel Smith heard and saw that the country was aroused, and sent back to Boston for reinforcements, ordering Major Pitcairn with six companies to hasten forward and seize the bridges at Concord. Paul Revere and Dawes had reached Lexington by midnight, and had given the alarm. The men of Lexington instantly mustered on the green, but as there was no sign of the enemy, they were dismissed to await his coming. He was close at hand. Pitcairn swiftly advanced, seizing every man upon the road, and was not discovered until half-past four in the morning, within

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a mile or two of Lexington meeting-house. Then there was a general alarm. The bell rang, drums beat, guns fired, and sixty or seventy of the Lexington militia were drawn up in line upon the green, Captain John Parker at their head. The British bayonets, glistening in the dawn, moved rapidly toward them. Pitcairn rode up, and angrily ordered the militia to surrender and disperse. But they held their ground. The troops fired over their heads. Still the militia stand. Then a deadly volley blazed from the British line, and eight of the Americans fell dead and ten wounded at the doors of their homes and in sight of their kindred. Captain Parker, seeing that it was massacre, not battle, ordered his men to disperse. They obeyed, some firing upon the enemy. The British troops, who had suffered little, with a loud huzza of victory pushed on toward Concord, six miles beyond.

Four hours before, Paul Revere and William Dawes had left Lexington to rouse Concord, and were soon overtaken by Dr. Samuel Prescott, of that town, who had been to Lexington upon a tender errand. A British patrol captured Revere and Dawes, but Prescott leaped a stone wall and dashed on to Concord. Between one and two o'clock in the morning Amos Melvin, the sentinel at the court-house, rang the bell and roused the town. He sprang of heroic stock. One of his family thirty years before had commanded a company at Louisburg and another at Crown Point, while four brothers of the same family served in the late war, and the honored names of the three who perished are carved upon your soldiers' monument. When the bell rang, the first man that appeared was William Emerson, the minister, with his gun in his hand. It was his faith that the scholar should be the minute-man of liberty, a faith which his descendants have piously cherished and illustrated before the world. The minute-men gathered hastily upon the Common. The citizens, hurrying from their homes, secreted the military stores. Messengers were sent to the neighboring villages, and the peaceful town prepared for battle. The minute-men of Lincoln, whose captain was William Smith and whose lieutenant was Samuel Hoar, a name not unknown in Middlesex, in Massachusetts, and in the country, and wherever known still honored for the noblest qualities of the men of the Revolution, had joined the Concord militia and minute-men, and part of them had marched down the Lexington road to reconnoitre. Seeing the British, they fell back toward the hill over the road at the entrance of the village, upon which stood the liberty-pole.

It was now seven o'clock. There were perhaps two hundred men in arms upon the hill. Below them, upon the Lexington road, a quarter of a mile away, rose a thick cloud of dust, from which, amidst proudly rolling drums, eight hundred British bayonets flashed in the morning sun. The Americans saw that battle where they stood would be mere butchery, and they fell gradually back to a rising ground about a mile north of the meeting-house, the spot upon which we are now assembled. The British troops divided as they entered the town, the infantry coming over the hill from which the Americans had retired, the marines and grenadiers marching by the high-road. The place was well known to the British officers through their spies, and Colonel Smith, halting before the court-house, instantly sent detachments to hold the two bridges, and others to destroy the stores. But so carefully had these been secreted that during the two or three hours in which they were engaged in the work the British merely broke open about sixty barrels of flour, half of which was afterward saved, knocked off the trunnions of three cannon, burned sixteen new carriage wheels and some barrels of wooden spoons and trenchers; they threw some five hundred

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pounds of balls into the pond and wells, cut down the liberty-pole, and fired the court-house.

The work was hurriedly done, for Colonel Smith, a veteran soldier, knew his peril. He had advanced twenty miles into a country of intelligent and resolute men, who were rising around him. All Middlesex was moving. From Acton and Lincoln, from Westford, Littleton, and Chelmsford, from Bedford and Billerica, from Stow, Sudbury and Carlise, the sons of Indian fighters and of soldiers of the old French war poured along the roads, shouldering fire-locks and fowling-pieces and old king's arms that had seen famous service when the earlier settlers had gone out against King Philip, or the latter colonists had marched under the flag on which George Whitefield had written, "*Nil desperandum Cristo Duce*"—Never despair while Christ is Captain; and those words the children of the Puritans had written on their hearts. As the minute-men from the other towns arrived they joined the force upon the rising ground near the North Bridge, where they were drawn into line by Joseph Hosmer, of Concord, who acted as adjutant. By nine o'clock some five hundred men were assembled, and a consultation of officers and chief citizens was held. That group of Middlesex farmers, here upon Punkatasset, without thought that they were heroes, or that the day and its deeds were to be so momentous, is a group as memorable as the men of Rütli on the Swiss Alps, or the barons in the meadow of Runnymede. They confronted the mightiest empire in the world, invincible on land, supreme on the sea, whose guns had just been heard in four continents at once, girdling the globe with victory. And that empire was their mother-land, in whose renown they had shared,—the land dear to their hearts by a thousand ties of love, pride and reverence. They took a sublime and awful responsibility. They could not know that the other colonies, or even their neighbors of Massachusetts, would justify their action. There was as yet no declaration of independence, no Continental army. There was, indeed, a general feeling that a blow would soon be struck, but to mistake the time, the place, the way, might be to sacrifice the great cause itself, and to ruin America. But their conscience and their judgment assured them that the hour had come. Before them lay their homes, and on the hill beyond, the grave-yard in which their forefathers slept. A guard of the King's troops opposed their entrance to their own village. Those troops were at that moment searching their homes, perhaps insulting their wives and children. Already they saw the smoke as of burning houses rising in the air, and they resolved to march into the town and to fire upon the troops if they were opposed. They resolved upon organized, aggressive, forcible resistance to the military power of Great Britain, the first that had been offered in the colonies. All unconsciously every heart beat time to the music of the slave's epitaph in the grave-yard that overhung the town:

> "God wills us free; man wills us slaves:
> I will as God wills: God's will be done."

Isaac Davis, of Acton, drew his sword, turned toward his company, and said, "I haven't a man that's afraid to go." Colonel Barrett, of Concord, gave the order to march. In double file and with trailed arms the men moved along the causeway, the Acton company in front, Major John Buttrick, of Concord, Captain Isaac Davis, of Acton, and Lieutenant-Colonel John Robertson, of Westford, leading the way. As they approached the bridge the British forces withdrew across it and began to take up planks. Major Buttrick ordered his men to hasten their march. As they came

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within ten or fifteen rods of the bridge a shot was fired by the British which wounded Jonas Brown, one of the Concord minute-men, and Luther Blanchard, fifer of the Acton company. A British volley followed, and Isaac Davis, of Acton, making a way for his countrymen like Arnold von Winkelried at Sempach, fell dead, shot through the heart. By his side fell his friend and neighbor, Abner Hosmer, a youth of twenty-two. Seeing them fall, Major Buttrick turned to his men, and raising his hand, cried, "Fire, fellow-soldiers! for God's sake, fire!" John Buttrick gave the word. The cry rang along the line. The Americans fired. The Revolution began! It began here. Let us put off the shoes from off our feet, for the place whereon we stand is holy ground.

One of the British was killed, several were wounded, and they retreated in confusion toward the centre of the village. The engagement was doubtless seen by Smith and Pitcairn from the grave-yard hill that overlooked the town, and the shots were heard by all the searching parties, which immediately returned in haste and disorder. Colonel Smith instantly prepared to retire, and at noon, one hundred years ago at this hour, the British columns marched out of yonder square. Then and there began the retreat of British power from the American colonies. Through seven weary and wasting years it continued. From Bunker Hill to Long Island; from Princeton, Trenton, and Saratoga; from Brandywine, Monmouth, and King's Mountain; through the bloody snow at Valley Forge, through the treachery of Arnold and of Lee, through cabals and doubt, and poverty and despair; but steadily urged by one great heart that strengthened the continent,—the heart of George Washington,—the British retreat went on from Concord Bridge and Lexington Green to the plains of Yorktown and the King's acknowledgment of American Independence.

Of the beginning of this retreat, of that terrible march of the exhausted troops from this square to Boston, I have no time fitly to tell the tale. Almost as soon as it began all Massachusetts was in motion. William Prescott mustered his regiment of minute-men at Pepperell, and Timothy Pickering at Salem and Marblehead. Dedham left no man behind between the ages of sixteen and seventy. The minute-men of Worcester marched out of the town one way as the news went out the other, and, flying over the mountains, sent Berkshire to Bunker Hill. Meanwhile the men of Concord and the neighborhood, following the British over the bridge, ran along the heights above the Lexington road and posted themselves to await the enemy. The returning British column, with wide-sweeping flankers, advanced steadily and slowly. No drum beat, no fife blew. There was the hushed silence of intense expectation. As the troops passed Merriam's Corner, a little beyond Concord, the flank guard was called in, and they turned suddenly and fired upon the Americans. The minute-men and militia instantly returned the fire, and the battle began that lasted until sunset.

When Colonel Smith ordered the retreat, although he and his officers may have had some misgivings, they had probably lost them in the contempt of regulars for the militia. But from the moment of the firing at Merriam's Corner they were undeceived. The landscape was alive with armed men. They swarmed through every wood path and by-way, across the pastures, and over the hills. Some came up in order along the roads, as from Reading and Billerica, from East Sudbury and Bedford, and John Parker's company from Lexington waited in a woody defile to avenge the death of their comrades. The British column marched steadily on, while from trees, rocks, and fences, from houses, barns and sheds blazed the withering American

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fire. The hills echoed and flashed. The woods rang. The road became an endless ambuscade of flame. The Americans seemed to the appalled British troops to drop from the clouds, to spring from earth. With every step the attack was deadlier, the danger more imminent. For some time discipline and the plain extremity of the peril sustained the order of the British line. But the stifling clouds of dust, the consuming thirst, the exhaustion of utter fatigue, the wagons full of wounded men moaning and dying, madly pressing through the ranks to the front, the constant falling of their comrades, officers captured and killed, and through all the fatal and incessant shot of an unseen foe, smote with terror that haughty column, which, shrinking, bleeding, wavering, reeled through Lexington panic-stricken and broken. The officers, seeing the dire extremity, fought their way to the front and threatened the men with death if they advanced. The breaking line recoiled a little, and even steadied under one of the sharpest attacks of the day. For not as yet were Hessians hired to enslave Americans, and it was English blood and pluck on both sides. At two o'clock in the afternoon, a half mile beyond Lexington meeting house, just as the English officers saw that destruction or surrender was the only alternative, Lord Percy with a reinforcement of twelve hundred men came up, and opening with two cannons upon the Americans, succored his flying and desperate comrades, who fell upon the ground among Percy's troops, their parched tongues hanging from their mouths.

The flower of General Gage's army was now upon the field, but its commander saw at once that its sole hope of safety was to continue the retreat. After half an hour's delay the march was resumed, and with it the barbarities as well as the sufferings of war. Lord Percy threw out flanking parties, which entered the houses upon the line of march, plundering and burning. The fields of Menotomy or Arlington, through which lay the road, became a plain of blood and fire. But the American pursuit was relentless, and beyond Lexington the lower counties and towns came hurrying to the battle. Many a man afterward famous was conspicuous that day, and near West Cambridge Joseph Warren was the inspiring soul of the struggle. It was now past five o'clock. The British ammunition was giving out. The officers, too much exposed in the saddle, alighted and marched with the men, who, as they approached Charlestown, encountered the hottest fire of the day. General Gage had learned the perilous extremity of his army from a messenger sent by Percy, and had issued a proclamation threatening to lay Charlestown in ashes if the troops were attacked in the streets. The town hummed with the vague and appalling rumors of the events of the day, and just before sunset the excited inhabitants heard the distant guns, and soon saw the British troops running along the old Cambridge road to Charlestown Neck, firing as they came. They had just escaped the militia, seven hundred strong, from Salem and Marblehead—the flower of Essex—and as the sun was setting they entered Charlestown, and gained the shelter of their frigate guns. Then General Heath ordered the American pursuit to stop, and the battle was over. But all that day and night the news was flying from mouth to mouth, from heart to heart, rousing every city, town, and solitary farm in the colonies; and before the last shot of the minute-men on the British retreat from Concord Bridge was fired, or the last wounded grenadier had been rowed across the river, the whole country was rising; Massachusetts, New-England, America, were closing around the city, and the siege of Boston and the war of American Independence had begun.

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Such was the opening battle of the Revolution—a conflict which, so far as we can see, saved civil liberty in two hemispheres, saved England as well as America, and whose magnificent results shine through the world as the beacon light of free popular government. And who won this victory? The minute-men and militia, who in the history of our English race have been always the van-guard of freedom. The minute-man of the American Revolution,—who was he? He was the husband and father who, bred to love liberty, and to know that lawful liberty is the sole guarantee of peace and progress, left the plow in the furrow and the hammer on the bench, and kissing wife and children, marched to die or to be free. He was the son and lover, the plain shy youth of the singing-school and the village choir, whose heart beat to arms for his country, and who felt, though he could not say, with the old English Cavalier:

> "I could not love thee, deare, so much,
> Loved I not honor more."

The minute-man of the Revolution! He was the old, the middle-aged, and the young. He was Captain Miles, of Concord, who said that he went to battle as he went to church. He was Captain Davis, of Acton, who reproved his men for jesting on the march. He was Deacon Josiah Haynes, of Sudbury, eighty years old, who marched with his company to the South Bridge at Concord, then joined in the hot pursuit to Lexington, and fell as gloriously as Warren at Bunker Hill. He was James Hayward, of Acton, twenty-two years old, foremost in that deadly race from Concord to Charlestown, who raised his piece at the same moment with a British soldier, each exclaiming, "You are a dead man!" The Briton dropped, shot through the heart. James Hayward fell mortally wounded. "Father," he said, "I started with forty balls; I have three left. I never did such a day's work before. Tell mother not to mourn too much; and tell her whom I love more than my mother that I am not sorry I turned out."

This was the minute-man of the Revolution, the rural citizen trained in the common school, the church, and the town-meeting, who carried a bayonet that thought, and whose gun, loaded with a principle, brought down not a man, but a system. Him we gratefully recall to-day,—him, in yon manly figure wrought in the metal which but feebly typifies his inexorable will, we commit in his immortal youth to the reverence of our children. And here among these peaceful fields; here in the county whose children first gave their blood for American union and independence, and eighty-six years later gave it first also for a truer union and a larger liberty; here in the heart of Middlesex, County of Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill, stand fast, Son of Liberty! as the minute-man stood at the old North Bridge. But should we or our descendants, false to liberty, false to justice and humanity, betray in any way their cause,—spring into life as a hundred years ago, take one more step, descend, and lead us, as God led you, in saving America, to save the hopes of man.

At the end of a century we can see the work of this day as our fathers could not; we can see that then the final movement began of a process long and unconsciously preparing, which was to intrust Liberty to new forms and institutions that seemed full of happy promise for mankind. And now for nearly a century what was formerly called the experiment of a representative republic of imperial extent and power has been tried. Has it fulfilled the hopes of its founders and the just expectations of mankind? I have already glanced at its early and fortunate conditions, and we know how vast

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and splendid were its early growth and development. Our material statistics soon dazzled the world. Europe no longer sneered but gazed in wonder, waiting and watching. Our population doubled every fifteen years, and our wealth every ten years. Every little stream among the hills turned a mill; and the great inland seas, bound by the genius of Clinton to the ocean, became the highway of boundless commerce, the path of unprecedented empire. Our farms were the granary of other lands. Our cotton fields made England rich. Still we chased the whale in the Pacific Ocean, and took fish in the tumbling seas of Labrador. We hung out friendly lights along thousands of miles of coast to tempt the trade of every clime; and wherever, on the dim rim of the globe there was a harbor, it was white with American sails. Meanwhile at home the political foreboding of Federalism had died away, and its very wail seemed a tribute to the pacific glories of the land.

> "The ornament of beauty is Suspect,
> A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air."

The government was felt to be but a hand of protection and blessing; labor was fully employed; capital was secure; the army was a jest; enterprise was pushing through the Alleghanies, grasping and settling the El Dorado of the prairies, and still braving the wilderness, reached out toward the Rocky Mountains, and reversing the voyages of Columbus, rediscovered the Old World from the New. America was the Benjamin of nations, the best-beloved of Heaven, and the starry flag of the United States flashed a line of celestial light around the world, the harbinger of freedom, peace, and prosperity.

Such was the vision and the exulting faith of fifty years ago. "Atlantis hath risen from the ocean!" cried Edward Everett to applauding Harvard; and Daniel Webster answered from Bunker Hill, "If we fail, popular governments are impossible." So far as they could see, they stood among the unchanged conditions of the early republic. And those conditions are familiar. The men who founded the republic were few in number, planted chiefly along a temperate coast, remote from the world. They were a homogeneous people, increasing by their own multiplication, speaking the same language, of the same general religious faith, cherishing the same historic and political traditions, universally educated, hardy, thrifty, with general equality of fortune, and long and intelligent practice of self-government, while the slavery that existed among them, inhuman in itself, was not seriously defended, and was believed to be disappearing. But within the last half century causes then latent, or wholly incalculable before, have radically changed those conditions, and we enter upon the second century of the republic with responsibilities which neither our fathers nor the men of fifty years ago could possibly foresee.

Think, for instance, of the change wrought by foreign immigration, with all its necessary consequence. In the State of Massachusetts to-day the number of citizens of foreign birth who have no traditional association with the story of Concord and Lexington is larger than the entire population of the State on the day of battle. The first fifty years after the battle brought to the whole country fewer immigrants than are now living in Massachusetts alone. At the end of that half century, when Mr. Everett stood here, less than three hundred thousand foreign immigrants had come to this country, but in the fifty years that have since elapsed that immigration has been more than nine millions of persons. The aggregate population in the last fifty years has advanced somewhat more than threefold, the foreign immigration more than thirtyfold, so that now immigrants and the children of immigrants

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are a quarter of the whole population. This enormous influx of strangers has added an immense ignorance and entire unfamiliarity with republican ideas and habits to the voting class. It has brought other political traditions, other languages, and other religious faiths. It has introduced powerful and organized influences not friendly to the republican principle of freedom of thought and action. It is to the change produced by immigration that we owe the first serious questioning of the public-school system, which was the nursery of the early republic, and which is to-day the palladium of free popular government.

Do not misunderstand me. I am not lamenting even in thought the boundless hospitality of America. I do not forget that the whole European race came hither but yesterday, and has been domesticated here not yet three hundred years. I am not insensible of the proud claim of America to be the refuge of the oppressed of every clime, nor do I doubt in her maturity her power, if duly directed, to assimilate whole nations, if need be, as in her infancy she achieved her independence, and in her prime maintained her unity. But if she has been the hope of the world, and is so still, it is because she has understood both the conditions and the perils of freedom, and watches carefully the changing conditions under which republican liberty is to be maintained. She will still welcome to her ample bosom all who choose to be called her children. But if she is to remain the mother of liberty, it will not be the result of those craven counsels whose type is the ostrich burying his head in the sand, but of that wise and heroic statesmanship whose symbol is her own heaven-soaring eagle, gazing undazzled even at the spots upon the sun.

Again, within the century steam has enormously expanded the national domain, and every added mile is an added strain to our system. The marvellous ease of communication both by rail and telegraph tends to obliterate conservative local lines and to make a fatal centralization more possible. The telegraph, which instantly echoes the central command at the remotest point, becomes both a facility and a temptation to exercise command, while below upon the rail the armed blow swiftly follows the word that flies along the wire. Steam concentrates population in cities. But when the government was formed the people were strictly rural, and there were but six cities with eight thousand inhabitants or more. In 1790 only one-thirtieth of the population lived in cities, in 1870 more than one-fifth. Steam destroys the natural difficulties of communication; but those very difficulties are barriers against invasion, and protect the independence of each little community, the true foundation of our free republican system. In New-England the characteristic village and local life of the last century perishes in the age of steam. Meanwhile the enormous accumulation of capital engaged in great enterprises, with unscrupulous greed of power, constantly tends to make itself felt in corruption of the press which moulds public opinion, and of the Legislature which makes the laws. Thus steam and the telegraph tend to the concentration of capital and the consolidation of political power, a tendency which threatens liberty, and which was wholly unknown when the republic began, and was unsuspected fifty years ago. Sweet Liberty is a mountain nymph, because mountains baffle the pursuer. But the inventions that level mountains and annihilate space alarm that gracious spirit, who sees her greater insecurity. But stay, heaven-eyed maid, and stay forever! Behold, our devoted wills shall be thy invincible Alps, our loyal hearts thy secret bower, the spirit of our fathers a cliff of adamant that engineering skill can never pierce nor any foe can scale!

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But the most formidable problem for popular government which the opening of our second century presents springs from a source which was unsuspected a hundred years ago, and which the orators of fifty years since forbore to name. This was the system of slave labor, which vanished in civil war. But slavery had not been the fatal evil that it was, if with its abolition its consequences had disappeared. It holds us still in mortmain. Its dead hand is strong, as its living power was terrible. Emancipation has left the republic exposed to a new and extraordinary trial of the principles and practices of free government. A civilization resting upon slavery, as formerly in part of the country, however polished and ornate, is necessarily aristocratic and hostile to republican equality, while the exigencies of such a society forbid that universal education which is indispensable to wise popular government. When war emancipates the slaves and makes them equal citizens, the ignorance and venality which are the fatal legacies of slavery to the subject class, whether white or black, and the natural alienation of the master class, which alone has political knowledge and experience, with all the secret conspiracies, the reckless corruption, the political knavery, springing naturally from such a situation, and ending often in menacing disorder that seems to invite the military interference and supervision of the government—all this accumulation of difficulty and danger lays a strain along the very fibre of free institutions. For it suggests the twofold question whether the vast addition of the ignorance of the emancipated vote to that of the immigrant vote may not overwhelm the intelligent vote of the country, and whether the constant appeal to the central hand of power, however necessary it may seem, and for whatever reason of humanity and justice it may be urged, must not necessarily destroy that local self-reliance which was the very seed of the American republic, and fatally familiarize the country with that employment of military power which is inconsistent with free institutions, and bold resistance to which has forever consecrated the spot on which we stand.

These are some of the more obvious changes in the conditions under which the republic is to be maintained. I mention them merely; but every wise patriot sees and ponders them. Does he therefore despond? Heaven forbid! When was there ever an auspicious day for humanity that was not one of doubt and of conflict? The robust moral manhood of America confronts the future with steadfast faith and indomitable will, raising the old battle-cry of the race for larger liberty and surer law. It sees clouds, indeed, as Sam Adams saw them when this day dawned. But with him it sees through and through them, and with him thanks God for the glorious morning. There is, indeed, a fashion of scepticism of American principles even among some Americans, but it is one of the oldest and worst fashions in our history. There is a despondency which fondly fancies that in its beginning the American republic moved proudly toward the future with all the splendid assurance of the Persian Xerxes descending on the shores of Greece, but that it sits to-day among shattered hopes, like Xerxes above his ships at Salamis. And when was this golden age? Was it when John Adams appealed from the baseness of his own time to the greater candor and patriotism of this? Was it when Fisher Ames mourned over lost America, like Rachel for her children, and would not be comforted? Was it when William Wirt said that he sought in vain for a man fit for the Presidency or for great responsibility? Was it when Chancellor Livingston saw only a threatening future, because Congress was so feeble? Was it when we ourselves saw the industry, the commerce, the society, the church,

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the courts, the statesmanship, the conscience, of America seemingly prostrate under the foot of slavery? Was this the golden age of these sentimental sighs, this the region behind the north wind of these reproachful regrets? And is it the young nation which with prayer and faith, with untiring devotion and unconquerable will, has lifted its bruised and broken body from beneath that crushing heel, whose future is distrusted?

Nay, this very scepticism is one of the foes that we must meet and conquer. Remember, fellow-citizens, that the impulse of republican government, given a century ago at the old North Bridge, has shaken every government in the world, but has been itself wholly unshaken by them. It has made monarchy impossible in France. It has freed the Russian serfs. It has united Germany against ecclesiastical despotism. It has flashed into the night of Spain. It has emancipated Italy, and discrowned the Pope as king. In England, repealing the disabilities of Catholic and Hebrew, it forecasts the separation of church and state, and step by step transforms monarchy into another form of republic. And here at home how glorious its story! In a tremendous war between men of the same blood—men who recognize and respect each other's valor—we have proved what was always doubted, the prodigious power, endurance, and resources of a republic, and in emancipating an eighth of the population we have at last gained the full opportunity of the republican principle. Sir, it is the signal felicity of this occasion that on the one hundreth anniversary of the first battle in the war of American Independence, I may salute you, who led to victory the citizen soldiers of American liberty, as the first elected President of the free republic of the United States. Fortunate man! to whom God has given the priceless boon of associating your name with that triumph of freedom which will presently bind the East and the West, the North and the South, in a closer and more perfect union for the establishment of justice and the security of the blessings of liberty than these States have ever known.

Fellow-citizens, that union is the lofty task which this hallowed day and this sacred spot impose upon us. And what cloud of doubt so dark hangs over us as that which lowered above the colonies when the troops of the King marched into this town, and the men of Middlesex resolved to pass the bridge? With their faith and their will we shall win their victory. No royal Governor, indeed, sits in yon stately capital, no hostile fleet for many a year has vexed the waters of our coasts, nor is any army but our own ever likely to tread our soil. Not such are our enemies to-day. They do not come proudly stepping to the drum-beat, with bayonets flashing in the morning sun. But wherever party spirit shall strain the ancient guarantees of freedom, or bigotry and ignorance shall lay their fatal hands upon education, or the arrogance of caste shall strike at equal rights, or corruption shall poison the very springs of national life, there, minute-men of liberty, are your Lexington Green and Concord Bridge, and as you love your country and your kind, and would have your children rise up and call you blessed, spare not the enemy! Over the hills, out of the earth, down from the clouds, pour in resistless might. Fire from every rock and tree, from door and window, from hearth-stone and chamber; hang upon his flank and rear from noon to sunset, and so through a land blazing with holy indignation hurl the hordes of ignorance and corruption and injustice back, back, in utter defeat and ruin.

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AN ORATION

ON THE ONE HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL, JUNE 17, 1775.

By the Hon. Charles Devens, Jr., of Worcester.

IN pious and patriotic commemoration of the great deed which one hundred years ago was done on this immortal field; in deep thankfulness for the blessings which have been showered upon us as a people with so lavish a hand; in the earnest hope that the liberty, guarded and sustained by the sanctions of law, which the valor of our fathers won for us, and which we hold to-day in solemn trust, may be transmitted to endless generations,—we have gathered to-day in this countless throng, representing in its assemblage every portion of our common country.

A welcome, cordial, generous, and heartfelt, to each and all!

Welcome to the sons of New-England, and their descendants, no matter where their homes may be! They stand upon the soil made sacred now and forever by the blood of their fathers. Among them we recognize with peculiar pleasure and satisfaction those allied by family ties to the great leaders of the day, to Prescott, Putnam, or Warren, to Stark, Knowlton, or Pomeroy, and equally those in whose veins flows the kindred blood of any of the brave men who stood together in the battle line.

Insignificant as the conflict seems to us now in regard to the numbers engaged, unimportant as it was then so far as results purely military and strategical were concerned, the valor and patriotism here exhibited, the time when and the opportunity on which they were thus displayed, have justly caused it to be ranked among the decisive battles of the world.

Welcome to the citizens of every State, alike from those which represent the thirteen Colonies, and from the younger States of the Union! We thank them all, whether they come from the great Middle States which bind us together, from the West, or from the South, for the pilgrimage they have made hither in generous appreciation of the great step that was taken here upon the jagged and thorny path on which we were compelled to walk in our journey toward independence. Fought although this battle was by the men of the Colonies of New-England, they did not stand for themselves alone, but that there might be founded a structure imperishable as any that man can rear in a free and united government. The corner-

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stone of the edifice they laid was for all the colonies that were, all the States that are, all the States that are yet to be.

Welcome to the Vice-President of the United States, the Justices of its Supreme Court, and the General commanding its armies! They represent to us the government which was the result of the Revolution. In 1775 Massachusetts was the most populous but one or perhaps two of the colonies, and by the unity of her people the most powerful and warlike of any. She has seen, notwithstanding her own vast increase in population and wealth, although a great State has since been taken from what were then her borders, her relative position change; but she has seen with admiration and not with envy, with pride and satisfaction and not with mean jealousy, the growth of States broader, richer, and fairer than she can hope to be. Whatever changes may have come, her spirit has not changed, her voice has not altered. Then singled out from the colonies to be first subdued and punished, as she lifted her head in stern defence of her ancient liberty, in proud defiance of those who would oppress her, demanding her own great right of local self-government, she called upon her sister colonies for a union that should secure and maintain the rights of all; so to-day she demands for all others every right which she asks for herself, and she calls upon all for that cordial and generous obedience which she is ready to render to the Constitution which has united them forever.

It was to be expected as the controversy between Great Britain and her colonies moved on from the proposed passage of the Stamp Act in 1764, and as its inevitable tendency developed, that its weight should be thrown in the first instance upon New-England and her chief town and colony. The colonies differed in some important respects in the manner in which they had been settled and in the character of their people. To some there was nothing distasteful in a monarchical government as such, if it had been wisely and liberally administered; but New-England remembered always the race from which she sprung, and why her fathers had crossed the sea. Others had come from a love of adventure, from the hope of wealth, from a desire to test the fortunes of a new world; but for none of these things had her founders left the pleasant fields and loved homes of their native land, and the unquenchable love of liberty which animated them lived still in the bosoms of their descendants. Nor was her stern religious faith averse to the assertion by force of what she deemed her liberties. In Parliament, the spirit that prevailed at the time of the accession of George III. was different from that ardent zeal for constitutional freedom which had resulted in the dethronement of James II.; but New-England understood her rights, and was prompt to maintain them always in the spirit of the English Commonwealth. "In what book," said one to Selden, "do you find the authority to resist tyranny by force?" and the great lawyer of that day answered, "It is the custom of England, and the custom of England is the law of the land."

It was not the right to tax without representation merely: it was the claim, necessarily involved in such a right, to govern in a different manner, and through officials appointed by the British Crown that astonished the colonies, and united all at first in remonstrance and afterward in determined resistance. Her own character and the circumstances of her situation had placed Massachusetts in the van of this conflict, and had caused her, when the policy of coercion was finally resolved on, to be dealt with by a system of legislation unprecedented in the method usually adopted by Britain in governing her colonies. It was industriously circulated in Parliament that

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she would not be sustained by the others in the resolute attitude which she had assumed; and upon her were rained in rapid succession the statutes known by the popular names of the Boston Port Bill, the Regulating Act, the Enforcing Act, which were intended to reduce her chief town, the most important in North America, to beggary, which abrogated the provisions of her charter, and took from the people the appointment of their judges, sheriffs, and chief officers, which forbade the town-meetings, whose spirit had been too bold and resolute to be pleasant, which denied to her citizens in many cases the trial by jury, and permitted them to be transported to England or other colonies for trial: a system which, if it could have been enforced, would have reduced her inhabitants to political servitude. Sustained by her own daring spirit, and by the generous encouragement of her sister colonies, she had resisted; and the ten months that had preceded Lexington and Concord had been practically those of war, although blows had not been struck, and blood had not been shed. In the speech of Mr. Burke, delivered March, 1775, upon conciliation with America, memorable not so much for its splendid eloquence (although it is among the masterpieces of the English language) as for its generous statesmanship, he describes Massachusetts, the utter failure of the attempt to reduce her either to submission or anarchy, and her preservation of order even while she rejected the authority of the Governor and judges appointed by the British Crown. He closes by saying, "How long it will continue in this state, or what may come out of this unheard-of situation, how can the wisest of us conjecture?"

Obviously no such condition of things could endure; and, before his words could cross the Atlantic, the question that he asked had been answered by the appeal to arms. The hoof beats of Paul Revere's horse along the Lexington road had announced, as the yeomanry of Middlesex, Essex, and Worcester sprang to arms to meet the movement of the British on the evening of April 18, from Boston, that the lull was over, and that the storm had come in all its majesty.

The day that followed had changed the relation of the contending parties forever; but the battle of Bunker Hill is also one of the definite steps which mark the progress of the American Revolution. It was not the resistance only of those who will not submit to be oppressed, it was the result of a distinctly aggressive movement on the part of those who claim the right to levy and maintain armies; nor can I better discharge the duty which has fallen on me, by the deeply regretted absence of the distinguished scholar and orator[1] who it was hoped would have addressed you, than by recalling its events. Even if to some extent I shall seem to trespass upon the domain of the historian or the annalist, the deeds of brave men are their true eulogy; and from a calm contemplation of them we may draw an inspiration and encouragement greater than could be derived from labored argument or carefully studied reflection.

Lexington and Concord had been immediately followed by the gathering of the militia of New-England for the siege of Boston, where Gage, now reinforced by Clinton, was compelled to rest, sheltered by the cannon of the ships of war, in command of the garrison of a beleaguered town. The force by which he was thus surrounded was an irregular one, sprung from the ardor and enthusiasm of the people, which far exceeded the means in their power; nor had it any distinctly recognized commander; for while a precedence was accorded to General Ward, on account of his seniority, and because more than two-thirds of those assembled were Massachusetts men,

[1] The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop.

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as no colony could claim authority over another, it was an army of allies, the troops of each colony being commanded by its own officers, while all the general officers formed a council of war.

The occupation of Bunker Hill was resolved on at the suggestion of the Committee of Safety of Massachusetts, made with a knowledge that General Gage was about to take possession of the heights of Dorchester; and on the evening of the 16th of June the force destined for this formidable movement assembled upon the Common at Cambridge. It consisted of some seven or eight hundred men, drawn from the regiments of Prescott, Frye, and Bridge, and some two hundred men of Connecticut, from the regiment of Putnam, under Captain Thomas Knowlton, the whole under the command of Colonel William Prescott. As they formed for their march, Langdon, the President of Harvard College, came from his study, and implored the blessing of God upon their then unknown and dangerous expedition.

So always may the voice of this great institution of learning, which, among their earliest acts and in their day of weakness, our fathers dedicated to the cause of sound learning, seem to be uplifted in solemn invocation above their sons in every struggle, whether in the forum or the field, for progress, for liberty, and for the rights of man! From her halls, then converted into barracks, had come forth the men who, within the thirty-five years that had preceded, had more largely than any others controlled and conducted the great debate between England and her colonies, which, beginning distinctly in 1764 by the proposed passage of the Stamp Act, was now to be settled by the arbitrament of arms. In 1740 had graduated Samuel Adams, and in his thesis for the Master's degree had maintained the proposition which was the foundation of the Revolution, that it was lawful to resist the supreme magistrate, if the commonwealth could not otherwise be preserved. He had been followed, among others hardly less distinguished, by James Otis, by Cooper and Bowdoin, Hancock and John Adams, by Warren and Quincy. Differing in ages and occupations, in personal qualities and mental characteristics, this remarkable group had been drawn together by common enthusiasm. To their work they had brought every energy of mind and heart; and they had so managed their share of the controversy, in which all the leading statesmen of Britain had participated, as to have commanded the respect of their opponents, while they inspired and convinced their own countrymen. Many lived to see their hopes fulfilled, yet not all. Already Quincy, the youngest of this illustrious circle, had passed away, appealing with his dying words to his countrymen to be prepared "to seal their faith and constancy to their liberties with their blood." Already the gloomy shadow of mental darkness had obscured for ever the splendid powers of Otis; and the hour of Warren was nearly come.

It was nine o'clock in the evening, as the detachments, with Prescott at their head, moved from Cambridge. On arriving at Charlestown, a consultation was held, in which it is believed that Putnam, and perhaps Pomeroy, joined; and it was determined to fortify Breed's Hill, not then known by the distinctive name it has since borne. Connected with Bunker Hill by a high ridge, these two eminences might not improperly be considered as peaks of the same hill; and, for the purpose of annoyance to the British at Boston, Breed's Hill was better adapted. Together they traverse a large portion of the peninsula of Charlestown, which, connected to the main land by a narrow neck and broadening as it approaches Boston, is

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washed on the northern side by the Mystic, and on the eastern and southern by Charles River. As the line of retreat to the Neck, which was the only approach, was long, Breed's Hill could not be safely held, however, without fortifying Bunker Hill also.

At midnight work on the redoubt began; and at dawn the intrenchments, as they were discovered by the British fleet in Charles River, which opened upon them at once, were about six feet high. Well sheltered within them, the men, under a terrific cannonade from the ships and floating batteries, aided by a battery on Copp's Hill opposite, continued to labor at the works until about eleven o'clock, when they were substantially finished. At about this time General Putnam reached the field, and recommended that the intrenching tools be sent to Bunker Hill, where he directed the throwing up of a breastwork, which, in the confusion of the day, was never completed.

Oppressed by their severe labor, the terrific heat, and their want of water and provisions, some urged upon Prescott that he should send to General Ward that they might be relieved; but this he resolutely refused, saying that the men who had raised the works were best able to defend them. At Cambridge, however, much anxiety prevailed; and General Ward, who was of opinion that General Gage must attack at once, and would make his principal attack at Cambridge, was unwilling to weaken the main army until his intentions should be developed, but yielding partially to the energetic remonstances of the Committee of Safety, through Mr. Richard Devens, consented to order to Charlestown the regiments of Stark and Read, which were under his control.

The consultation at Boston, begun at the announcement made by the cannonade from the British ship, was spirited and long. It was the opinion of Sir Henry Clinton that troops should be landed at the Neck, and the evidently small force upon the hill, then taken in reverse, would easily be captured. But this plan had been rejected by General Gage, as the force thus landed might be placed between two forces of the enemy, in violation of the military axiom that troops should be compelled to deal only with an enemy in front. While the rule is sound, its application to this case might well be doubted, as, by concentrating the fire of the British ships and batteries, it would have been impossible that any organized force could have crossed the Neck, had the British forces been landed near this point, and thus imprisoned the Americans in the peninsula.

To attack the works in front, to carry them by main force, to show how little able the rabble that manned them was to compete with the troops of the King, and to administer a stern rebuke that should punish severely those actually in arms and admonish those whose loyalty was wavering, was more in accordance with the spirit that prevailed in the British army. Its officers were smarting under the disgraceful retreat from Lexington and Concord, and would not yet believe that they had before them foemen worthy of their steel.

It was soon after twelve o'clock when the troops commenced their movements from the North Battery and Long Wharf of Boston, landing at about one o'clock without molestation at the extreme point of the peninsula, known as Moulton's Point. On arriving, Major-General Howe, by whom they were commanded, finding the work more formidable than he had anticipated, determined to send for reinforcements. This delay was unwise; for the interval, although it brought him additional troops, proved of far more advantage to the Americans.

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When the news of the actual landing arrived at Cambridge, a considerable body of Massachusetts troops was ordered toward Charlestown, while General Putnam ordered forward those of Connecticut. Of all these, however, comparatively few reached the line before the action was decided. Many never reached Charlestown at all; others delayed at Prospect Hill, appalled at the tremendous fire with which the British swept the Neck; while others came no further than Bunker Hill.

It was nearly three o'clock in the afternoon when, reinforcements having arrived, all was ready in the British line for the attack; and it is time to consider the character of the defences erected, and their position, as well as the forces by which they were then manned. The redoubt, which would inclose the spot where the monument now stands, was upon the crest of Breed's Hill, an eminence about seventy feet in height. It was about eight rods square, with its front toward the south, overlooking the town and Charles River. Its south-eastern angle directly faced Copp's Hill, while its eastern side fronted extensive fields which lay between it and Moulton's Point; Moulton Hill, then about thirty feet in height, but now levelled with the surface of the ground, was situated between it and Moulton's Point. The eastern side of the redoubt was prolonged by a breastwork detached by a sally-port, which extended for about one hundred yards toward a marsh; while the northern side overlooked the Mystic River, from which it was distant about five hundred yards.

For this work the conflict was now about to take place. It had, however, been strengthened upon the side toward the Mystic by a protection without which it would have been untenable; and this addition had been made while General Howe was waiting for reinforcements, by the forethought of Prescott, the skilful conduct of Knowlton, and the fortunate arrival of Stark. Immediately upon the first landing, observing the intention on the part of the British general of moving along the Mystic, and thus attempting to outflank the Americans, Prescott had directed Knowlton, with the Connecticut detachment and with two field-pieces, to oppose them. Captain Knowlton, with his men, who, it will be remembered, were of the original command of Prescott, moved about six hundred feet to the rear of the redoubt upon the side toward the Mystic, and took a position there near the base of Bunker Hill, properly so called, finding a fence which extended toward the Mystic, the foundation of which was of stone, and upon it two rails. Rapidly making, with the materials he found, another fence a few feet distant, he filled the interval with grass from the fields which the mower of yesterday had passed over, but upon which the great reaper was to gather to-day a rich harvest. While thus engaged, Stark (a part of whose men were detained at Bunker Hill by Putnam on his proposed works there), followed closely by Read, arrived, and, perceiving instantly the importance of this position for the defence of the intrenchments,—for the way, as he says, for the enemy was "so plain he could not miss it,"—extended the line of Knowlton by rails and stones taken from adjoining fences until it reached the river, making on the extreme left on the beach a strong stone wall. As the rail-fence was so far to the rear of the redoubt, there was of course an interval which some slight attempt had been made to close, and where also was posted the artillery of the Americans, which, nowever, insufficient of itself and feebly served, was of little importance during the action.

In the mean time, few although the reinforcements were, there had now arrived some fresh men to inspire with confidence those who had toiled with

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Prescott through the weary night and exhausting day without food, drink, or rest. Just before the battle actually commenced, detachments from the Massachusetts regiments of Brewer, Nixon, Woodbridge, Little, and Major Moore reached the field. Most of these took their place at the breastwork on the left of the eastern front of the redoubt, and a similar breastwork more hastily made by using a cart-way upon the right.

Upon the extreme right were posted a few troops, extending toward the base of the hill, while two flanking parties were thrown out by Prescott to harass the enemy.

A portion of the Massachusetts troops who arrive endeavor to fill the gap which exists between the breastwork and the rail-fence, while yet a few take their stand at the rail-fence. Notably among these latter is the veteran General Pomeroy, of Northampton, too old, as he thinks a few days later, when he is chosen a brigadier by the Continental Congress, to accept so responsible a trust, yet not so old that he cannot fight yet in the ranks, although the weight of seventy years is upon him. Later in the day, when his musket is shattered by a shot, he waves the broken stock in his strong right hand as he directs the men; a leader's truncheon that tells its own story of the bravery by which it was won. All know the brave old man; and as, declining any command, he takes his place as a volunteer, he is greeted with hearty cheers. To the redoubt has now come Warren in that spirit of a true soldier, who, having advised against a plan which has been adopted, feels the more called upon to make every effort that it shall succeed. The enthusiasm with which he is received indicates at once the inspiration and encouragement that the men all feel in that gallant presence; but when Prescott offers him the command, he having three days before been appointed a major-general by the Provincial Congress, he declines it, saying, "I come as a volunteer to serve under you, and shall be happy to learn from a soldier of your experience."

The peninsula where the struggle was to take place was in full view across the calm waters of the harbor, and of the Charles and Mystic Rivers, whose banks were lined with people, who with mournful and anxious hearts awaited the issue, while each house-top in the town was covered with eager spectators. From Copp's Hill, General Gage, with Burgoyne and Clinton, surrounded by troops, ready themselves to move at an instant's warning, watches the onset of his forces.

The champions are not unworthy of the arena in which they stand. To those who love the pomp and circumstance of war, the British troops present a splendid array. The brilliant light flashes back from the scarlet uniforms, the showy equipments, the glittering arms; and, as they move, there is seen the effect of that discipline whose object is to put at the disposal of the one who commands the strength and courage of the thousands whom he leads. They are of the best and most tried troops of the British army; and some of the regiments have won distinguished honor on the battle-fields of Europe, in the same wars in which the colonies had poured out their blood on this side of the Atlantic in hearty and generous support of the British Crown. Their veteran officers are men who have seen service in Europe and America; and their younger officers, like Lord Rawdon and Lord Harris, bear names afterwards distinguished in the chronicles of British warfare. The second in command is Brigadier-General Pigot, slight in person, but known as an officer of spirit and judgment; and their leader, Major-General Howe, bears a name which has been loved and honored in America. The monument which Massachusetts reared in Westminster Abbey to his elder

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brother, Lord Howe, who fell while leading a column of British and Americans at Ticonderoga in 1758, stands still to inscribe his name among the heroes of England, whose fame is guarded and enshrined within that ancient pile. Above their lines waves the great British ensign, to which the colonies have always looked as the emblem of their country, and with them is the "King's name," which even yet is a tower of strength in the land. As nearly as we can estimate, they number about four thousand men. General Gage's report indicates sufficiently that he does not intend to state the number engaged when he is compelled later to acknowledge the casualties of the day.

Upon the other side a different scene presents itself. As the battle is about to open, at the redoubt and upon its flanks are the troops of Massachusetts; at the rail-fence are the troops of Connecticut and those of New-Hampshire, with a few men of Massachusetts. How many there were in all cannot be determined with accuracy. Regiments that are frequently spoken of as being present at the engagement were represented by but weak detachments. Towards the close of the battle a few more arrive, but not more than enough to make the place good of the losses that have in the mean time occurred. No judgment can be formed more accurate than that of Washington, who was so soon after with the army, when many of the circumstances were investigated, and whose mature and carefully considered opinion was that at no time upon our side were more than fifteen hundred men actually engaged.

As we look down the line, there are symptoms everywhere of determination; for such has been the confusion, and so little has been the command which, in their movements, the officers have been able to exercise, that no man is there who does not mean to be there. A few free colored men are in the ranks, who do good service; but it is a gathering almost exclusively of the yeomanry of New-England, men of the English race and blood, who stand there that day, because there has been an attempt to invade their rights as Englishmen, rights guaranteed by their charters, and yet older than the Magna Charta itself. There are no uniforms to please the eye; but, as the cowl does not make the monk, so the uniform does not make the soldier, and in their rustic garb they will show themselves worthy of the name before the day is done. No flag waves above their heads; for they are this day without a country, and they fight that they may have one, although they could not have dreamed that the emblem of its sovereignty should float as it now does over millions of freemen from the Atlantic to the far Pacific. The equipments and arms are of all description; but those who carry them know their use, and all, more or less skilled as marksmen, mean in their stern economy of powder, which is their worst deficiency, that every shot shall tell. There is little discipline; but it is not an unwarlike population, and among the men are scattered those who do not look for the first time on the battle-field, and with all is that sense of individual responsibility and duty which to some extent takes its place, that proud self-consciousness that animates those who know that their own right hands must work their own deliverance. Poorly officered in some respects, for haste and bad management have put many important posts into inefficient hands, there are also with them officers who from experience and ability might be well counted as leaders on any field. They are New-England men, fully understanding those they command, and exercising an influence by force of their own characters, by their self-devotion and enthusiasm, which cause all around them to yield respectful and affectionate obedience.

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Roughly done, the works they have hastily made are yet formidable, the weakest part lying in the imperfectly closed gap between the breastwork and the rail-fence.

At the rail-fence, and on the extreme left, is Stark, distinguished afterward by the battle of Bennington; he has shown the quick eye and ready hand of the practised soldier by the celerity with which he has extended this line to the Mystic River. Knowlton is there also, still with the Connecticut men, as yet but little reinforced, whose resolute conduct of this day deserves the same eulogy which it received, when, a year later, he fell gloriously fighting on Harlem Heights at the head of his regiment, from Washington, that "it would have been an honor to any country." General Putnam, an officer of tried courage and of energetic character, has come to share in the danger of the assault, now that it is evidently approaching, and is everywhere along this portion of the line, inspiring, encouraging, and sustaining the men. All these, like Pomeroy, are veteran soldiers, who have served in the wars with France and her savage allies; and it is a sundering of old ties to see the British flag upon the other side.

At the redoubt, sustained by Warren, stands the commander of the expedition which has fortified Breed's Hill. He has himself served in the provincial forces of Massachusetts, under the British flag, and that so bravely that he has been offered a commission in the regular army, but has preferred the life of a farmer and magistrate in Middlesex. His large and extensive influence he has given to the patriotic cause, and has been recognized from the first as one of those men qualified to command. Powerful in person, with an easy humor which has cheered and inspired with confidence all who are around him, he waits, with a calmness and courage that will not fail him in the most desperate moment, the issue. The hour that he has expected has come; and the gage of battle, so boldly thrown down by the erection of the redoubt, has been lifted.

As the British army moved to the attack, it was in two wings; the first arranged directly to assail the redoubt, and led by Pigot, while the other, commanded by General Howe in person, was divided into two distinct columns, one of which, composed of light infantry, was close to the bank of the river, and intended to turn the extreme left of our line, and with the column in front of the rail-fence to drive the Americans from their position, and cut off the retreat of those in the redoubt.

In the opinion of General Burgoyne, General Howe's "arrangements were soldier-like and perfect;" but the conduct of the battle does not, in a military point, deserve such high commendation. It was clearly an error on the part of General Howe to divide his forces, and make two points of attack instead of one, and an equal error to move up and deploy his columns to fire, in which his troops were at obvious disadvantage from their want of protection, instead of making an assault without firing. He had failed also to recognize the weak point in the line between the breastwork and the rail-fence, easier to carry than any other point, and, if carried, more certain to involve the whole American force. He had sluggishly permitted the erection of the formidable field-work of the rail-fence, the whole of which had been constructed without any interference subsequent to his arrival on the peninsula; nor, when constructed, does it seem to have occurred to him that by a floating battery or gunboat stationed in the Mystic River, both of which were within his control, it could have been enfiladed, and the force there dislodged at once.

As the British are seen to advance, the orders are renewed along the

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whole American line in a hundred different forms not to fire until the enemy are within ten or twelve rods, and then to wait for the word, to use their skill as marksmen, and to make every shot tell. For, although those at the intrenchments and rail-fence act without immediate concert, the scarcity of powder, and the fact that they are without bayonets and can rely only upon their bullets, is known to all. It had been intended to cover the movement of the British by a discharge of artillery; but the balls were, by some mistake of the ordnance officer, found too large for the guns, and afterward, when loaded with grape, it was found impossible to draw them through the miry ground, so that they afforded, in the first assault, no substantial assistance.

The forces of Pigot moved slowly forward, impeded by the heavy knapsacks they had been encumbered with, and by the fences which divided the fields, and continued to fire as they thus advanced. As they got within gun-shot, although their fire had done but little damage, our men could not entirely restrain their impatience; but, as some fired, Prescott, sternly rebuking the disorder, appealed to their confidence in him, and some of his officers, springing upon the parapet, kicked up the guns that rested upon it that they might be sure to wait. This efficient remonstrance had its effect, and the enemy were within ten or twelve rods of the eastern front of the breastworks when the voice of Prescott uttered the words, for which every ear was listening, and the stream of fire broke from his line which, by its terrible carnage, checked at once the advance. The attacking lines were old troops, and well led; it was at once sternly returned, but they did not rush on, and in a few moments, wavering and staggering under a fire which was murderous, while their own did little execution, Pigot orders his men to fall back.

In the mean time General Howe, after unsuccessfully endeavoring with a column of light infantry to turn the extreme left of our line on the Mystic, advanced with the grenadiers directly in front of the rail-fence, and somewhat annoyed by the artillery between the breastwork and the rail-fence, which here, directed by Putnam, did its best service, as he approached within eighty or one hundred yards, deployed his forces into line. As at the redoubt, in eagerness, some of our men fired, when the officers threatened to cut down the first man who disobeyed, and, thus rebuked, they restrain themselves until the prescribed distance is reached, when their fire is delivered with such telling effect that, broken and disarranged, the attacking force, alike that directly in front and that upon the banks of the river, recoils before it, while many of the British officers have felt the deadly result of the superiority which the Americans possess as marksmen.

Some minutes, perhaps fifteen, now intervene before the second assault, which are moments of enthusiastic joy in the American lines. All see that they are led by men capable of directing them, that they have rudely hurled back the first onset, and that they are not contending against those who are invincible. As they have seen their enemy turn, some of them at the rail-fence in their eagerness have sprung over it to pursue, but have been restrained by the wisdom of their officers. At the redoubt, Prescott, certain that the enemy will soon reform and again attack, while he commends the men for their courage and congratulates them for their success, urges them to wait again for his order before they fire. Putnam hastens from the lines, his object being to forward reinforcements, and to arrange, if possible, a new line of defence at Bunker Hill, properly so called, where

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all was in confusion, the men who had reached there being for the most part entirely disorganized.

The horror of the bloody field is now heightened by the burning of the prosperous town of Charlestown. This had been threatened as early as April 21 by General Gage, if the American forces occupied the town; and the patriotic inhabitants had informed General Ward that they desired him to conduct his military operations without regard to it. Complaining of the annoyance which the sharp-shooters posted along its edges gave to his troops upon the extreme left, General Howe has requested that it be fired, which was done by the cannon from Copp's Hill. It may be also, as was afterwards said, under the impression that his assaulting columns would be covered by its smoke. The smoke was drifted, however, in the other direction; and the provincials beheld without dismay a deed which indicated the ruthless mode in which the war was to be prosecuted. As the enemy advanced to the second assault, their fire was more effective. At the redoubt, Colonels Buckminster, Brewer, and Nixon are wounded; Major Moore mortally. No general result is produced; and again, as they reach the distance prescribed, the fire of the Americans, directed simultaneously along the whole length of the line, alike of the redoubt and breastwork as well as the rail-fence, is even more destructive than before. Standing the first shock, the enemy continue to advance and fire still; but against so rapid and effective a wave as they now receive, it is impossible to hold their ground, and although their officers, themselves the worst sufferers, are seen frantically summoning them to their duty, all is in vain; they are swept back in complete confusion. General Howe, opposite the rail-fence, is in the fiercest and thickest; left almost alone, as his officers are struck down around him, he is borne along by the current of the retreat rather than directs it.

This time the repulse was terrific. "In front of our works," says Prescott, "the ground was covered with the killed and wounded, many of them within a few yards," while before the rail-fence "the dead," in the homely phrase of Stark, "lay thick as sheep in a fold." Disorder reigned in the British ranks; to stay the rout was for the moment impossible, as many of the companies had entirely lost their officers, and for a short time it seemed that they could not rally again. Had there been a reserve of fresh troops now to advance (which there might have been, had it been possible to organize the scattered detachments which had already reached Bunker's Hill), or even proper support and reinforcement, the conflict would have ended by a victory so complete that perhaps it would have been accepted as putting an end to the British power in America.

Before the third assault some reinforcements reached the rail-fence, especially three Connecticut companies under Major Durkee, and a portion of Gardner's regiment from Middlesex, the colonel of which was killed during the engagement. A part of this regiment was detained by Putnam on his proposed work at Bunker Hill. The company of Josiah Harris, of Charlestown, took its post at the extreme left of our line at the rail-fence, and won for its native town the honor, when the retreat commenced, of being the last to leave the field.

To the redoubt and breastwork no reinforcements came; and, although the determined and remarkable man who conducted its defence may well have been disappointed at this failnre, no word of discouragement escaped his lips. He knew well the duty which as an officer he owed his men, and at another time might have felt that he ought to retreat from a position,

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the chance of holding which was so slight; yet there was still a chance, and he comprehended fully that on that day it was not a question of strategy or manœuvre, but of the determination and courage of the American people in the assertion of their freedom, which was there bloodily debated. Calm and resolute, cheerful still in outward demeanor, he moved around his lines, assuring his men, "If we drive them back again, they cannot rally;" and inspired by their confidence in him, they answer enthusiastically, "We are ready."

No supplies of powder have been received, and there are not in his whole command fifty bayonets, so that if the fire shall slacken, and the enemy force their way through it, resistance is impossible. No man has over three rounds of ammunition, and many only two; and, when a few artillery cartridges are discovered, the powder in them is distributed, with the injunction that not a kernel should be wasted.

Discipline, which at such moments will always tell, in perhaps half an hour has done its work among the British troops; and no longer self-confident, but realizing the terrible work before them, the men are throwing off knapsacks for a final desperate assault. Some have remonstrated; but Sir William, less attractive than his brother, General Lord Howe, less able than his brother, Admiral Lord Howe, who now bears the family title, is a stern soldier, and in personal courage and determination in no way unworthy of the martial race to which he belongs. He feels that his own reputation and that of the soldiers he commands is ruined forever if they sustain defeat at the hands of a band of half-armed rustics. Victory itself will now be attended with mortification enough, after such severe repulses and such terrible losses.

From the other side of the river General Clinton has seen the discomfiture, and, bringing some reinforcements, comes to aid him in rallying his men. Howe has seen, too, what Clinton has also observed, the error of the former disposition of his force, and that the weak point of the American line is between the breastwork and the rail-fence. Toward this and against the redoubt and breastwork he now arranges his next attack. Cannon are brought to bear so as to rake the inside of the breastwork; and, making a demonstration only against the rail-fence that may check the movement upon the flank of his troops, he divides them into three columns.

The two at the left are commanded respectively by Clinton and Pigot, while the right he leads in person. They are to assault together, Clinton upon the left, at the south-eastern angle, and Pigot upon the eastern front of the redoubt, while Howe's own force is to carry the breastwork, and striking between it and the rail-fence bar the way of retreat. Against this formidable array no other preparation could be made by Prescott than to place at the angles of his redoubt the few bayonets at his disposal, and to direct that no man should fire until the enemy were within twenty yards.

The fire of the British artillery, now rendered effective, sweeps the inside of the breastwork, and, no longer tenable, its defenders crowd within the redoubt. Again the voice of Prescott is heard as the attacking columns approach and are now only twenty yards distant, giving the order to fire. So telling and deadly is the discharge that the front ranks are almost prostrated by it; but, as the fire slackens, the British columns, which have wavered for an instant, move steadily on without returning it. Almost simultaneously upon the three points which are exposed to the assault the enemy reach the little earth-work which so much brave blood has been spent to hold and to gain; and, while they are now so near that its sides already cover them, its commander, determined to maintain it to the last ex-

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tremity, orders those of his men who have no bayonets to retire to the rear and fire upon the enemy as they mount the parapet.

Those who first ascend are shot down as they scale the works, among them Pitcairn, whose rashness (even if we give him the benefit of the denial he always made of having ordered his soldiers to fire at Lexington) still renders him responsible for the first shedding of blood in the strife. In a few moments, however, the redoubt is half filled by the storming columns; and, although a fierce conflict ensues, it is too unequal for hope, and shows only the courage which animates the men, who, without bayonets, use the butts of their muskets in the fierce effort to stay the now successful assault. As the enemy are closing about the redoubt, if the force is to be extricated from capture, the word to retreat must be given, and reluctantly the brave lips which have spoken only the words of cheer and encouragement utter it at last. Already some are so involved that they hew their way through the enemy to join Prescott, and he himself is again and again struck at by the bayonet, of which his clothes give full proof afterward, but defends himself with his sword,—the use of which he understands. As our forces leave the redoubt by the entrance on the northern side, they come between the two columns which have turned the breastwork, and the southeastern angle of the redoubt. These are, however, too much exhausted to use the bayonet effectually, and all are so mingled together that for a few moments the British cannot fire; but as our men extricate themselves the British re-form, and deliver a heavy fire upon them as they retreat.

In the mean time the attack has been renewed upon the rail-fence, but its defenders know well that, if they would save their countrymen at the redoubt, they must hold it resolutely for a few moments longer, and they defend it nobly, resisting every attempt to turn the flank. They see soon that Prescott has left the hill, that the intrenchments are in the hands of the enemy at last; and, their own work gallantly done, they retreat in better order than could have been expected of troops who had so little organization, and who looked for the first time on a battle-field. Upon the crest of Bunker Hill (properly so called) General Putnam, with the confused forces already there, gallantly struggles to organize a line and make a new stand, but without success. Our forces recross the Neck and occupy Ploughed Hill, now Mount Benedict, at its head; but there is no disposition on the part of the British to pursue, for the terrible slaughter too well attests the price at which the nominal victory has been obtained.

The loss of the British, according to General Gage's account, was in killed and wounded 1,054, and it was generally believed that this was understated by him. There was inducement enough to do this; for so disastrous was his despatch felt to be that the Government hesitated to give it to the public, until forced to do so by the taunts of those who had opposed the war, and the method by which it had been provoked.

Sir William Howe seemed to have borne that day a charmed life; for, while ten officers of his staff were among the killed and wounded, he had escaped substantially uninjured. His white silk stockings draggled with the crimson stain of the grass, wet with the blood of his men, attested that he had kept the promise made to them on the beach, that he should ask no man to go further than he was prepared to lead.

On the American side, the loss, as reported by the Committee of Safety, was in killed and wounded 449, by far the larger part of these casualties occurring in the capture of the redoubt, and after the retreat commenced. Prescott, who, in the hours that had passed since he left Cambridge, had

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done for the independence of his country work that the greatest might well be satisfied with doing in a life-time, was unhurt; but as the retreat commenced had fallen Warren, than whom no man in America could have been more deeply deplored.

Massachusetts in her Congress, and the citizens of all the colonies, united in doing honor to his heroic self-sacrifice, and pure, noble fame; but no eulogy was more graceful than that of Mrs. John Adams, herself one of the most interesting figures of the Revolution, or more touching than that of the warm-hearted Pomeroy, who lamented the caprice of that fortune which had spared him in the day of battle, an old war-worn soldier whose work was nearly done, and taken Warren in the brightness of his youth, and with his vast capacity to serve his country. Yet for him who shall say it was not well; there are many things in life dearer than life itself: honor in its true and noble sense, patriotism, duty, all are dearer: to all these he had been faithful. His position is forever among the heroes and martyrs of liberty,—his reward forever in the affection of a grateful people. As the dead always bear to us the image which they last bore when on earth, and as by the subtle power of the imagination we summon before us the brave who stood here for their country, that noble presence, majestic in its manly beauty, seems to rise again, although a hundred years are gone, with all the fire of his burning eloquence, with all the ardor of his patriotic enthusiasm, with all the loftiness of his generous self-devotion. So shall it seem to rise, although centuries more shall pass, to inspire his countrymen in every hour of doubt and trial with a valor and patriotism kindred to his own.

The story I have told, fellow-citizens, has been often related before you far more vividly; nor has it been in my power to add any thing to the facts which patient and loving investigation has long since brought to light. Tested by the simple rule that whoever holds or gains the ground fought for wins the victory, the battle was, of course, at its close, a defeat for the provincial forces; but it was a defeat that carried and deserved to carry with it all the moral consequences of a victory. As General Burgoyne gazed from Copp's Hill on the scene which he so graphically describes in a letter to Lord Stanley, he was saddened, he says, "by the reflection that a defeat would be perhaps the loss of the British empire in America;" but, although in his eyes a victory, it was one which equally marked the loss of that empire.

The lesson drawn from it was the same both in Europe and America. "England," wrote Franklin, "has lost her colonies for ever;" and Washington, as he listened with intense interest to the narrative, and heard that the troops he was coming to command had not only withstood the fire of the regulars, but had again and again repulsed them, renewed his expressions of confidence in final victory.

In England, the news was received with mortification and astonishment; no loss so serious in proportion to the number engaged had ever been known; and in the excited debates of the Parliament it was afterward alleged to have been caused by the misbehavior of the troops themselves. The charge was certainly unjust; for, whatever may be thought of his own management, the troops he had directed deserved the praise that General Gage gave them when he said, "British valor had never been more conspicuous than in this action." From his eyes the scales seemed to have fallen at last; and closely beleaguered still, even after the victory he claimed, he acknowledged that the people of New-England were not "the despicable rabble they had sometimes been represented," and recognized that an offensive campaign here was not possible.

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The shrewd Count Vergennes, who, in the hour of the humiliation of France by the loss of her colonial possessions, had predicted that she would be avenged by those whose hands had largely wrought it, and that as the colonies no longer needed the protection of Great Britain, they would end by shaking off all dependence upon her, was now the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, and keenly remarked that "if it won two more such victories as it had won at Bunker Hill, there would be no British army in America."

The battle of Bunker Hill had consolidated the Revolution. Had the result been different; had it been shown that the hasty, ill-disciplined levies of New-England could not stand before the troops of the King (or the ministerial troops, as our official documents called them); had the easy victory over them, which had been foolishly promised, been weakly conceded,—the cause of independence might have been indefinitely postponed. Nay, it is not impossible that armed resistance might for the time have ended, and that other colonies not so deeply involved in the contest might have extricated themselves, each making such terms as it pleased or as it could. But the coolness and splendid valor with which the best troops then known had been met, the repulses which they had again and again encountered, the bloody and fearful cost at which they had finally carried the coveted point that their opponents had yielded only when ammunition utterly failed, had shown that the yeomanry of New-England were the true descendants of that race who, on the battle-fields of England, had stood against and triumphed over King Charles and his cavaliers. "New-England alone," said John Adams, "can maintain this war for years." He was right; the divisions that existed elsewhere were practically unknown here; no matter what colonies hesitated or doubted, her path was straightforward, and her goal was independence. While her colonies deferred to the Continental Congress the form of government they should adopt, each had taken into its own hands all the powers that rightfully belong to sovereign States, and exercised them through its provincial Congress and its committees. Heartily desiring and eagerly looking forward to a union of the colonies, she had settled that in her local affairs she was competent to govern herself: this she had maintained that day in arms, and her period of vassalage was over.

Willingly would I pursue the theme further, but the limits which custom prescribes for an address of this nature are too narrow to permit this; you know well the years of doubt, anxiety, and struggle that succeeded, but before we part something should be said of those that have passed since their triumphant close.

I have forborne to speak of the causes which led to the American Revolution. They have recently been so carefully and ably analyzed by the distinguished orators who aided in the celebrations at Concord and Lexington, that I have preferred to devote a few moments to a consideration of some of its effects, by which the propriety and wisdom of such a movement in human affairs must always be eventually tested.

That the formation and adoption of the Constitution of the United States has been to us, since our independence was finally achieved, the great event of the century, must be universally conceded. It was the great good fortune and the crowning triumph of the statesmen who guided us through the Revolution, that they lived long enough to embody its results in a permanent and durable form, for it is harder to secure the fruits of a victory than to win the victory itself. Many a day of triumph upon the field has been but

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a day of carnage and of empty glory, barren in all that was valuable; and the victories that have been won upon the political field are no exceptions to the rule, with which history teems with illustrations.

Our ancient ally, whose services during the last years of our war were of so much value to our exhausted treasury and armies, and whose gift of the generous and chivalric Lafayette at its opening was almost equally precious, passed a few years later than we through its own desperate struggle; yet, although that fierce tide swept in a sea of fire and blood over all the ancient institutions of the monarchy, how impossible it has proved to this day for France to supply the place of the government which it so sternly overthrew with one thoroughly permanent, giving peace and security! Republic, Directory, Consulate, Empire, Kingdom, have had their turn; dynasty after dynasty, faction after faction, have asserted their sway over her.

For a government under the constitutions of the several States, and under that of the United States, this people was prepared alike by its previous history and by that which followed its separation from Britain. It was the legitimate outgrowth of experience, and not a government framed, like those of the Abbé Siéyes at the end of their Revolution, for the French, by the aid of philosophic speculation, and on the basis of that which should be, and not of that which was. While the colonies, by means of their representative and legislative systems, had been accustomed to deal with their local affairs, and impose their local taxation, and had successfully resisted the attempt to interfere with these rights, yet, from the relation they had also been accustomed to sustain toward Britain, it was not to them a novel idea that two governments, each complete and supreme within its sphere, might coexist, the one controlling the local affairs of each individual State, while the other exercised its powers over all in their intercourse with each other and with foreign nations.

Painfully conscious of their weakness, the desire for a union of all had gone hand in hand with the desire of each to preserve its own separate organization. The first Continental Congress had not exercised political authority; it had assembled only on behalf of the United Colonies to petition and remonstrate against the various arbitrary acts of the British Government. Those which followed, however, with patriotic courage had boldly seized the highest powers; yet, as they could exercise such powers only so far as each State gave its assent and sustained them, the necessary result followed that their decrees were often feebly executed, and sometimes utterly disregarded. Later in the war the Confederation had followed, by which it had been sought to fix more definitely the relation of the States by giving more determinate authority to the Congress, and to rescue the country from the financial ruin which had overtaken it.

But the powers of the Congress of the Confederation, like those of the Continental Congress, were such as were consistent only with a league of sovereign and independent States, and were in their exercise less efficacious, because they had been carefully defined and limited. The Confederation did not constitute a government; it did not assume to act upon the people, but upon the several States; and upon them no means existed of enforcing its requisitions and decrees, or of compelling them to the performance of the treaties it might make or the obligations it might incur. Among allied powers, from the nature of the case, there is no mode of enforcing the agreement of alliance except by war.

The great work of achieving independence had, however, been completed by the Confederation in spite of all its weakness and inherent defects.

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These were, however, more clearly seen when the sense of an immediate and common danger, and the cohesive pressure of war, were withdrawn. A mere aggregation of States could not take its place among the peoples of the world. A national sovereignty was needed, capable of establishing a financial system of its own, of raising money for its own support by taxation or regulations of trade, of forming treaties with sufficient power to execute them, of insuring order in every State, of bringing each State into proper relations with the others, and able, if need be, to declare war or maintain peace,—a sovereignty which should act directly on the people themselves in the exercise of all its rightful powers, and not through the intervention of the States.

The years of unexampled depression which followed peace with Britain were not attributable only to the exhaustion of war: the impossibility of establishing a financial or a commercial system, the sense of insecurity that prevailed, paralyzed industry and enterprise. Already jarrings and contests between the several States presaged the danger which had destroyed the republics of Greece and those of Italy during the Middle Ages; already civil discord, which, although suppressed, had thrown the State temporarily into confusion, had made its appearance in Massachusetts; already doubts began to be expressed, even by some who had been ardent in the patriotic cause, whether they had been wise to separate from a government which, even if monarchical, was strong and able to defend and protect its subjects; and it had come to be realized that there must be somewhere a controlling power competent to maintain peace between the States, and to guarantee to each the security of its own government.

The Convention which met at Philadelphia in 1787, gave these States a government, and made them a nation; and while I know to that which is impersonal there is wanting much of the ardor that personal loyalty inspires, yet, so far as there may be warmth in the devotion we cherish for an institution, it should awaken at the mention of the Constitution of the United States. The noble preamble declares by whom it is made, and defines its purposes: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." In the largest measure it has fulfilled these objects; and the judgment and far-seeing wisdom with which its founders met the difficulties before them more and more challenges our admiration as the years advance and the republic extends.

Formed by men who differed widely in their views,—some who clung resolutely still to the idea that it was dangerous to the liberties of the States to constitute an efficient central power, and others who, like Hamilton, preferred a consolidated government whose model should be the British Constitution,—it might easily have been that a government so framed should have been a patchwork of incongruities, whose discordant and irreconcilable provisions would have revealed alternately the influence of either opinion. Yet, differing although they did, they were statesmen still, and, educated in the rough school of adversity and trial, they realized that a government must be constructed capable alike of daily efficient practical operation, and of adapting itself to the constantly varying exigencies in which sovereign States must act. How doubtful they were of their success, how nobly they succeeded in the government they made, to-day we know.

We have seen its vast capacity for expansion as it has received under the

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shield, on which are emblazoned the arms of the Union, State after State, as it has arisen in what was on the day of its formation the untrodden wilderness, and advanced to the blessings of liberty and civilization; we have recognized the flexibility it possesses in leaving to the States materially differing in local characteristics and interests the control and management of their immediate affairs; and we have known its capacity to vindicate itself in the wildest storm of civil commotion.

Let us guard this Union well; for as upon it all that is glorious in the past is resting, so upon it all our hopes in the future are founded. Let us demand, of those who are to administer its great powers, purity, disinterestedness, devotion to well-settled, carefully considered principles and convictions. Let us cherish the homely but manly virtues of the men who for it met the storm of war in behalf of a government and a country, their simple faith in what was just and right, that found its root in their unswerving belief in something higher than mere human guidance. Let us encourage that universal education, that diffusion of knowledge, which everywhere oppose themselves as barriers, steadily and firmly, alike to plunder and fraud, to disorder and turbulence. Above all let us strive to maintain and renew the fraternal feeling which should exist between all the States of the Union.

We will not pretend that the trial through which we have passed has faded either from our hearts or memories; yet no one will, I trust, believe that I would rudely rake open the smouldering embers that all would gladly wish to see extinguished forever, or that, deeply as I feel our great and solemn obligations to those who preserved and defended the Union, I would speak one word except with respect and in kindness even to those who assailed it, yet who have now submitted to its power.

In the Union two classes of States had their place differing radically in this, that in the one the system of slavery existed. It was a difficulty which the fathers could not eliminate from the problem before them. They dealt with it with all the wisdom and foresight they possessed. Strongly impressed in their belief of the equal rights of man, for their discussions had compelled them to deal with fundamental principles, they were not so destitute of philosophy that they did not see that what they demanded for themselves should be accorded to others; and, believing that the whole system would fade before the noble influence of free government as a dark cloud melts and drifts away, they watched, and with jealous care, that when that day came the instrument they signed should bear no trace of its existence. It was not thus to be, and the system has passed away in the tempest of battle and amid the clang of arms.

The conflict is over, the race long subject is restored to liberty, and the nation has had "under God a new birth of freedom." No executions, no harsh punishments have sullied the conclusion; day by day the material evidences of war fade from our sight, the bastions sink to the level of the ground which surrounded them, scarp and counter-scarp meet in the ditch which divided them. So let them pass away forever. The contest is marked distinctly only by the changes in the organic laws of the Constitution, which embody in more definite forms the immortal truths of the Declaration of Independence. That these include more than its logical and necessary results cannot fairly be contended. Did I believe that they embraced more than these, did I find in that great instrument any changes which should place or seek to place one State above another, or above another class of States, so as to mark a victory of sections or localities, I

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could not rejoice, for I should know that we had planted the seeds of "unnumbered woes."

To-day it is the highest duty of all, no matter on what side they were, but, above all, of those who have struggled for the preservation of the Union, to strive that it become one of generous confidence, in which all the States shall, as of old, stand shoulder to shoulder if need be, against the world in arms. Toward those with whom we were lately in conflict, and who recognize that the results are to be kept inviolate, there should be no feeling of resentment or bitterness. To the necessity of events they have submitted; to the changes in the constitution they have assented; we cannot and we do not think so basely or so meanly of them as to believe that they have done so except generously and without mental reservation.

We know that it is not easy to readjust all the relations of society when one form is suddenly swept away, that the sword does its work rudely, and not with that gradual preparation which attends the changes of peace. We realize that there are difficulties and distrusts not to be removed at once between those who have been masters and slaves; yet there are none which will not ultimately disappear. All true men are with the South in demanding for her peace, order, honest and good government, and encouraging her in the work of rebuilding all that has been made desolate. We need not doubt the issue; she will not stand as the "Niobe of nations," lamenting her sad fate; she will not look back to deplore a past which cannot and should not return; but with the fire of her ancient courage she will gird herself up to the emergencies of her new situation, she will unite her people by the bonds of that mutual confidence which their mutual interests demand, and renew her former prosperity and her rightful influence in the Union.

Fellow-citizens, we stand to-day on a great battle-field in honor of the patriotism and valor of those who fought upon it. It is the step which they made in the world's history we would seek to commemorate; it is the example which they have offered us we would seek to imitate. The wise and thoughtful men who directed this controversy knew well that it is by the wars personal ambition has stimulated, by the armies whose force has been wielded alike for domestic oppression or foreign conquest, that the sway of despots has been so widely maintained. They had no love for war or any of its works, but they were ready to meet its dangers in their attachment to the cause of civil and religious liberty. They desired to found no Roman republic, "whose banners, fanned by conquest's crimson wing," should float victorious over prostrate nations, but one where the serene beauty of the arts of peace should put to shame the strifes that have impoverished peoples and degraded nations. To-day let us rejoice in the liberty which they have gained for us; but let no utterances but those of peace salute our ears, no thoughts but those of peace animate our hearts.

Above the plains of Marathon, even now, as the Grecian shepherd watches over his flocks, he fancies that the skies sometimes are filled with lurid light and that in the clouds above are re-enacted the scenes of that great day when, on the field below, Greece maintained her freedom against the hordes who had assailed her. Again seem to come in long array, "rich with barbaric pearl and gold," the turbaned ranks of the Persian host, and the air is filled with the clang of sword and shield, as again the fiery Greek seems to throw himself upon and drive before him his foreign invader; shadows although all are that flit in wild, confused masses along the spectral sky.

Above the field where we stand, even in the wildest dream, may no such scenes offend the calmness of the upper air, but may the stars look forever

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down upon prosperity and peace, upon the bay studded with its white-winged ships, upon the populous and far extending city, with its marts of commerce, its palaces of industry, its temples, where each man may worship according to his own conscience; and, as the continent shall pass beneath their steady rays, may the millions of happy homes attest a land where the benign influence of free government has brought happiness and contentment, where labor is rewarded, where manhood is honored, and where virtue and religion are revered!

Peace forever with the great country from which the day we commemorate did so much rudely to dissever us! If there were in that time, or if there have been since, many things which we could have wished otherwise, we can easily afford to let them pass into oblivion. But we do not forget in the struggle of the Revolution how many of her statesmen stood forth to assert the justice of our cause, and to demand for us the rights of which we had been deprived until the celebrated address was passed which declared that the House of Commons would consider as enemies to the King and country all those who would further attempt the prosecution of a war on the continent of America for the purpose of reducing the American colonies to obedience.

From her we have drawn the great body of laws which, modified and adapted to our different situation, protect us to-day in our property, its descent, possession, and transmission, and which guard our dearer personal rights by the *habeas corpus* and the trial by jury. They were our countrymen who from the days of King John to those of George III. have made of her a land in which "freedom has broadened slowly down from precedent to precedent."

It was she that had placed her foot upon the "divine right of kings," and solemnly maintained that governments exist only by consent of the governed, when in 1688 she changed the succession to the British crown, and caused her rulers to reign thereafter by a statute of Parliament.

From her we learned the great lessons of constitutional liberty which as against her we resolutely asserted. There was no colony of any other kingdom of Europe that would have dreamed of demanding as rights those things which our fathers deemed their inheritance as Englishmen, none that would not have yielded unhesitatingly to any injunction of the parent State. Whatever differences have been or may hereafter come, let us remember still that we are the only two great distinctly settled free governments, and that the noble English tongue in which we speak alike is "the language of freemen throughout the world."

Above all, may there be peace forever among the States of this Union! "The blood spilt here," said Washington upon the place where we stand, "roused the whole American people, and united them in defence of their rights,—that Union will never be broken." Prophecies may be made to work their own fulfilment; and, whatever may have been our trials and our difficulties, let us spare no efforts that this shall be realized. Achieving our independence by a common struggle, endowed to-day with common institutions, we see even more clearly than before that the States of this Union have before them a common destiny.

We have commenced here in Massachusetts the celebration of that series of events which made of us a nation; and let each, as it approaches in the centennial cycle, serve to kindle anew the fires of patriotism. Let us meet on the fields where our fathers fought, and where they lie, whether they fell with the stern joy of victory irradiating their countenances, or in the gloomy

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hours of disaster and defeat. Alike in remembrance of Saratoga and Yorktown, and of the dreary winter of Valley Forge, at Trenton and Princeton, and at the spots immortalized in the bloody campaign of the Jerseys, at King's Mountain and Charleston, at Camden and Guilford Court House, and along the track of the steadily fighting, slowly retreating Greene through the Carolinas.

Above all, at the city from which went forth the Declaration that we were, and of right ought to be a free and independent nation, let us gather, and, by the sacred memories of the great departed, pledge ourselves to transmit untarnished the heritage they have left us.

The soldiers of the Revolution are gone, the statesmen who embodied their work in the Constitution of the United States have passed away. With them, too, sleep those who in the earlier days watched the development of this wondrous frame of government.

The mighty master of thought and speech,[1] by whose voice fifty years ago was dedicated the Monument at whose base we stand, and whose noble argument that the Constitution is not a compact, but a law, by its nature supreme and perpetual, won for him the proud name of the Expounder of the Constitution, rests with those whose work he so nobly vindicated, happy at least that his eyes were not permitted to behold the sad sight of States "discordant, belligerent, and drenched in fraternal blood."

The lips of him[2] who twenty-five years ago commemorated this anniversary with that surpassing grace and eloquence all his own, and with that spirit of pure patriotism in which we may strive at least to imitate him, are silent now. Throughout the cruel years of war that clarion voice, sweet yet far resounding, summoned his countrymen to the struggle on which our Union depended; yet the last time that it waked the echoes of the ancient hall dedicated to liberty, even while the retiring storm yet thundered along the horizon, was, as he would have wished it should have been, in love and charity to the distressed people of the South.

But, although they have passed beyond the veil which separates the unseen world from mortal gaze, the lessons which they have left remain, adjuring us whatever may have been the perils, the discords, the sorrows of the past, to struggle always for that "more perfect Union" ordained by the Constitution. Here, at least, however poor and inadequate for an occasion that rises so vast and grand above us our words may be, none shall be uttered that are not in regard and love to all of our fellow-citizens, no feelings indulged except those of anxious desire for their prosperity and happiness.

Beside those of New-England, we are gratified to-day by the presence of military organizations from New-York and Pennsylvania, from Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina, as well as by that of distinguished citizens from these and other States of the Union. Their fathers were ancient friends of Massachusetts; it was the inspiration they gave which strengthened the hearts and nerved the arm of every man of New-England. In every proper and larger sense the soil upon which their sons stand to-day is theirs as much as ours; and, wherever there may have been estrangement, here at least we have met upon common ground. They unite with us in recognition of the great principles of civil and religious liberty, and in pious memory of those who vindicated them; they join with us in the wish to make of this regenerated Union a power grander and more august than its founders dared to hope.

[1] Daniel Webster. [2] Edward Everett.

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Standing always in generous remembrance of every section of the Union, neither now nor hereafter will we distinguish between States or sections in our anxiety for the glory and happiness of all. To-day upon the verge of the centuries, as together we look back upon that which is gone in deep and heartfelt gratitude for the prosperity so largely enjoyed by us, so together will we look forward serenely and with confidence to that which is advancing. Together will we utter our solemn aspirations in the spirit of the motto of the city which now incloses within its limits the battle-field and the town for which it was fought: "As God was to our fathers, so may He be to us!"

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AN ORATION

ON THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF WASHINGTON'S TAKING COMMAND OF THE CONTINENTAL ARMY, JULY 3, 1775.

By Prof. ANDREW P. PEABODY, D.D., LL.D., of Cambridge, Mass.

WHEN it was proposed to give a place to this epoch in the series of centennials, my first thought was that Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill, in so recent memory, and the already glowing work of preparation for the country's hundredth birthday, would so dwarf and chill our celebration here as to make it merely a heartless municipal parade. But the occasion has grown upon me. I see and feel that it holds the foremost place in the series. It has paramount claims, not on us or our State, but on our whole people. We might rightfully have made our arrangements, not for a local, but for a national festival. We commemorate the epoch but for which Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill would have left in our history hardly a trace, probably not a single name, and the centennial of our independence would remain for a generation not yet upon the stage to celebrate.

Cambridge was the first capital of our infant republic, the cradle of our nascent liberty, the hearth of our kindling patriotism. Before the 3d of July, 1775, there were tumults, conflicts, bold plans, rash enterprises; but there was no coördinating and controlling will, purpose, or authority. On and from that day the colonies were virtually one people. Before, they had nothing in common but their grievances. They were as yet British provinces,—though wrenching the cords that held them, still undetached, and with no mode of action upon or with one another. By adopting the army and choosing its head they performed their first act, not of alliance, but of organic unity, and became a nation unawares, while they thought themselves still wronged and suppliant dependencies of the British crown. They thus decided the question between a worse than unsuccessful rebellion and revolution.

That the rebellion, as such, would have been an utter failure, is only too certain. The American party in England had on its side eloquence, indeed, and wisdom, but neither numerical force in Parliament, nor the power to mollify ministerial obstinacy, or to penetrate with a sense of right the crass stupidity on the throne. Boston was held by disciplined, thoroughly armed and well-fed troops, under officers of approved skill and prowess, strongly

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entrenched and fortified at accessible points, and sustained by a formidable naval force. Hardly one in fifty of the colonial army had had any experience in war, and I doubt whether there was a single man among them, officer or private, who was a soldier by profession. They had come from the farm and the forge, with such arms and equipments as they could bring; they had no bureau of supply, no military chest, no organized commissariat, and their stock of ammunition was so slender that it was ordered by the Provincial Congress that no salute should be fired on the reception of the commander-in-chief. They were from four different provinces, under as many generals, with sectional jealousies which the common cause could hardly keep at bay; and harmonious counsels could be maintained or expected only and scarcely at moments of imminent peril. At Bunker Hill they had shown both their strength and their weakness, their unsurpassed courage and their poverty of resource. Superior in the conflict, overwhelming the enemy with the shame and disaster of a signal defeat, they had been compelled to yield the ground on which they had won imperishable glory, and to see the heights they had so bravely defended occupied by a hostile battery. They held Boston beleaguered by the prestige of that day, too feeble to press the siege, yet, as they had well proved, too strong to be dislodged and scattered, but by the disintegrating elements in their own unorganized body. These elements were already at work, and the secession of even a single regiment would have been the signal for speedy dissolution and submission to the royal government.

This precarious condition of affairs was beyond the remedial authority of the individual provinces. Massachusetts could choose a general for her own troops, but could not place the forces of New Hampshire, Connecticut and Rhode Island under his control. Still less could any efficient system of sustenance or armament have been arranged by separate legislatures. A central authority alone could carry forward the resistance so nobly begun. The Continental Congress would in vain have passed patriotic resolutions, protests against tyranny, votes of sympathy; in vain would they have aroused popular indignation and multiplied centres of resistance through the land. The one decisive act in the struggle, the seal of what had been achieved, the presage and pledge of all that should ensue in the coming years, was that the consummation of which we now celebrate.

Cambridge was for obvious geographical reasons the only place where the provincial troops could have their head-quarters,—lying near enough to the enemy to watch and check his movements, yet protected from sudden or insidious attack by the intervention of the then unbridged arm of the sea which separates it from Boston. There was, at the same time, an intrinsic fitness that the opening scenes of the great drama should be enacted here, where so many of the leaders in counsel and arms had learned to loathe oppression and to hold the cause of liberty sacred.

From its earliest days our university had always been on the side of freedom. Its first two presidents were far in advance of their times in their views of the right of the individual man to unrestricted liberty of thought, opinion, speech and action. Increase Mather, when president, took the lead in the opposition to the tyrannical acts of Andros and Randolph, sailed for England as the unofficial agent of the aggrieved colonists, was appointed to an official agency on the news of the revolution of 1688, bore an important part in the construction of the new provincial charter and in securing its acceptance, and nominated to the royal court the governor, council and principal officers under it. His successors were of a like spirit, and there is on

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record no instance in which the college succumbed to usurpation, stooped to sycophancy, or maintained other than an erect position before the emissaries of the royal government. The culture of the students was in great part classical, and in the last century the classics were the text-books of all lovers of freedom. A sceptical criticism had not then cast doubt on any of the stories of ancient heroism, nor had a minute analysis laid bare the excesses and defects of the early republics, whose statesmen and warriors were deemed the peerless models of patriotic virtue, and whose orators thrilled the hearts of their New-England readers, as they had the Athenian *demos*, the senate in the capitol, or the dense masses of Roman citizens in the forum.

Almost all the Massachusetts clergy, perhaps the major part of those of New-England, had been educated here. The Tories among them were very few, and nearly the whole of their number were ardent patriots. The pulpit then sustained in affairs of public moment the part which is now borne by the daily press; its utterances during the eventful years of our life-struggle had no uncertain sound; and the champions, deeds of prowess and war-lyrics of the Hebrew Scriptures gave the frequent key-note to sermon, prayer and sacred song.

Among the pioneers and guiding spirits of the Revolution, who were graduates of the college, when I have named the Adamses, Otises, Quincys, Warrens, Pickering, Hancock, Trumbull, Ward, Cushing, Bowdoin, Phillips, I have but given you specimens of the type and temper of those who for many years had gone from Cambridge to fill the foremost places of trust and influence throughout and beyond our Commonwealth. That they carried with them hence their liberal views of government and of the rights of man, we well know in the case of those of whose lives we have the record. Thus we find John Adams, just after graduating here, more than twenty years before the declaration of independence, writing to a friend his anticipations for America, not only of her freedom from European sway, but of her becoming the chief seat of empire for the world. Year after year, on the commencement platform in the old parish church, had successive ranks of earnest young men rehearsed to greedy ears the dream of liberty which they pledged faith and life to realize.

In the successive stages of the conflict of the colonies with the mother country, the college uniformly committed itself unequivocally on the patriotic side. When the restrictions on the colonial trade called forth warm expressions of resentment, the senior class unanimously resolved to take their degrees in what must then have been exceedingly rude apparel,—home-spun and home-made cloth. When tea was proscribed by public sentiment, and some few students persisted in bringing it into commons, the faculty forbade its use, alleging that it was a source of grief and uneasiness to many of the students, and that banishing it was essential to harmony and peace within the college walls. After the day of Lexington and Concord all four of the then existing college buildings were given up for barracks, and the president's house for officers' quarters. When the commander-in-chief was expected, this house was designated for his use, with the reservation of a single room for President Langdon's own occupancy. Though the few remaining students were removed to Concord, the president, an ardent patriot, seems to have still resided here, or at least to have spent a large portion of his time near the troops; for we find frequent traces of his presence among them, and on the eve of the battle of Bunker Hill he officiated as their chaplain. In connection with the prevailing spirit of the university, it is worthy

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of emphatic statement that the commander-in-chief was the first person who here received the honorary degree of doctor of laws.

To Harvard graduates the country was indebted for the choice of the illustrious chieftain. The earliest mention that we can find of Washington's name in this connection is in a letter of James Warren to John Adams, bearing date the 7th of May. Adams seems at once to have regarded him as the only man fitted for this momentous service. Though the formal nomination was made by Mr. Johnson of Maryland, Mr. Adams on a previous day first designated Washington as "a gentleman whose skill and experience as an officer, whose independent fortune, great talents, and excellent universal character would command the approbation of all America, and unite the cordial exertions of all the colonies better than any other person in the Union." There were, however, objections on sectional grounds and personal ambitions that required the most delicate treatment, and it was mainly in consequence of Mr. Adams's strong will, untiring effort and skilful handling of opposing wishes and claims that the final ballot was unanimous. On the 5th of June the election was made. It was formally announced to Washington by Hancock, the president of Congress, and was accepted on the spot.

The commander, impressed with the imminence of the crisis, denied himself the sad privilege of a farewell in person to his own household, took leave of his wife in a letter equally brave and tender, and on the 21st commenced his northward journey. Twenty miles from Philadelphia he met a courier with tidings of the battle of Bunker Hill. Eagerly inquiring as to the details of the transaction, and learning the promptness, skill and courage that had made the day forever memorable, he exclaimed, "The liberties of the country are safe!" A deputation from the Provincial Congress met him at Springfield, and volunteer cavalcades gave him honorable attendance from town to town, till, on the 2d of July, he arrived at Watertown, received and returned the congratulatory address of the Congress there assembled, and was then escorted by a company of horse and a goodly body of mounted civilians to the president's house, now known as Wadsworth House. The rapid journey on horseback from Philadelphia to Cambridge, and that in part over rough roads—an enterprise beyond the easy conception of our time—must have rendered the brief repose of that midsummer night essential to the prestige of the morrow, when on the first impressions of the hour may have been poised the destiny of the nation.

There were reasons why Washington not only might have been, but would inevitably have been ill received, had he not been made to win men's confidence and love. Several of the officers already on the ground had shown their capacity for great things, and had their respective circles of admirers, who were reluctant to see them superseded by a stranger; and had not the officers themselves manifested a magnanimity equal to their courage, the camp would have been already distracted by hostile factions. Then, too, the Virginian and New-England character, manners, style of speech, modes of living, tastes, aptitudes, had much less in common at that time of infrequent intercourse than half a century later, when, as we well know, apart from political divergence, mere social differences were sufficient to create no little mutual repugnancy. Washington was also well known to be an Episcopalian, and Episcopacy, from the first offensive on Puritan soil, was never more abhorred than now, when its Northern professors, with hardly an exception, were openly hostile to the cause of the people,—when in Cambridge almost every conspicuous dwelling from Fresh Pond to the

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Inman House in Cambridgeport had been the residence of a refugee royalist member of the English Church.

The morning of the third of July witnessed on the Cambridge Common, and at every point of view in and upon the few surrounding houses, such a multitude of men, women and children as had never been gathered here before, and perhaps has never since assembled till this very day. Never was the advent or presence of mortal man a more complete and transcendent triumph. Majestic grace and sweet benignity were blended in countenance and mien. He looked at once the hero, patriot, sage. With equal dignity and modesty he received the thunders of acclamation, in which every voice bore part. His first victory, the prestige of which forsook him not for a moment during the weary years that followed, was already gained when under yon ancient elm he drew his sword as commander-in-chief. He had conquered thousands of hearts, that remained true to him to their last throb. The wife of John Adams writes of his appearance at that moment, "Those lines of Dryden instantly occurred to me,—

> 'Mark his majestic fabric! He 's a temple
> Sacred by birth, and built by hands divine;
> His soul 's the deity that lodges there;
> Nor is the pile unworthy of the God.'"

Never indeed can the temple have been more worthy of the tenant. He was forty-three years of age, in the prime of manly vigor and beauty, tall and commanding, symmetrical and graceful, unsurpassed as an accomplished equestrian, with the bearing and manners of a high-bred gentleman. His countenance—in later years, and in many of the portraits and engravings of him, fearfully distorted by one of the first rude essays of American manufacturing dentistry—still bore the perfect outlines which nature gave it, and betokened the solemn grandeur of soul, loftiness, gentleness, simplicity, benevolence, which dwelt within. Peale's portrait of him, taken a year or two earlier, and engraved for the second volume of Irving's "Life of Washington," fully justifies the enthusiastic admiration which welcomed his appearance here, and in subsequent years made his mere presence an irresistible power.

With characteristic promptness he lingered not to satisfy the eyes that feasted on him, but immediately made his inspection of the encampments scattered in a semicircle from Winter Hill to Dorchester Neck, and reconnoitred the British troops from all available points of observation. On the British side he saw every token of military science, skilful engineering and strict discipline; within the American lines, an aggregation rather than an army,—bodies of raw, untrained militia, a sad deficiency of arms, accoutrements and even necessary clothing, rudely constructed works, extensive, too, beyond the capacity of the troops to maintain and defend them. Only among the Rhode-Island regiments, under General Greene, did he discover aught of military order, system, discipline and subordination. The greater part of the forces consisted of Massachusetts men, and these were the most destitute. The commander's large-hearted sympathy did ample justice to their need and to their patriotism. "This unhappy and devoted province," he writes to the president of Congress, "has been so long in a state of anarchy, and the yoke has been laid so heavily on it, that great allowances are to be made for troops raised under such circumstances. The deficiency of numbers, discipline and stores can only lead to this conclusion, that their spirit has exceeded their strength."

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How long Washington remained in the president's house cannot be ascertained,—probably but a few days. The house, considerably smaller than it now is, was insufficient for the accommodation of his military family, and arrangements were early made for his removal to the Vassall house, now Mr. Longfellow's, which had been deserted by its Tory owner, and occupied by the Marblehead troops. Here he resided till the following April.

I have described the acclamations of joy, trust and hope that hailed our chieftain's arrival. With the shouts of the multitude ascended to heaven the last breath of a Cambridge patriot. Colonel Gardner—a member of the Provincial Congress, a man universally honored and beloved, a pillar in Church and State, one of the bravest officers at Bunker Hill—received his fatal wound at the head of his regiment, rallied strength to urge them to valiant and vigorous resistance, lingered death-bound till the morning that gave the troops their leader and the country its father, and left the charge of a gallant officer's obsequies for the commander's first official duty. We have the general order bearing date July 4, for the rendering of the usual military honors at the funeral of one, who—so the document reads—"fought, bled and died in the cause of his country and mankind,"—words then first used, and which have become too trite for repetition, simply because they are in themselves, beyond comparison, comprehensive, appropriate, majestic, worthy of the great heart that sought expression in them.

Washington's life here has left few records except those which belong to the history of the war and of the country. He lived generously, though frugally,—receiving often at dinner his generals, the foremost personages in civil office and influence, delegates from the Continental Congress, and distinguished visitors to the camp. His own habits were almost abstemious; and when, according to the invariable custom of the time, a long session at table seemed inevitable, he left his guests in charge of some one of his staff more disposed than himself to convivial indulgence. During the latter portion of his sojourn here his wife relieved him in part from the cares of the hospitality which she was admirably fitted to adorn. He generally attended worship at the church of the First Parish. I well remember the site of the square pew, under the shadow of the massive pulpit, which he was said to have statedly occupied; and the mention of it recalls to my recollection a couplet of a hymn written by Rev. Dr. Holmes and sung in the old church on the Fourth of July, fifty years ago, in which he describes that house of worship as the place

> "Where, in our country's darkest day,
> Her war-clad hero came to pray."

Once, perhaps oftener, service was performed in Christ Church, whose rector and most of his leading parishioners had become exiles on political grounds.

It is impossible to overestimate the importance of these nine months in Cambridge. Washington himself was impatient of the delay. But for the prudent counsels of the generals who knew their men better than he could know them thus early, he would have made a direct assault on the British troops, and attempted to force their surrender or retreat; and it was here that he learned to wait, to curb his native impetuousness of temper, and to make discretion the trusty satellite of valor.

Meanwhile, the army was constantly increasing in numbers, and was largely recruited from the Middle and Southern States, while in New-England, as the term of service for which enlistments had been made expired,

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the soldiers either reënlisted, or were replaced or more than replaced by men of equal zeal and courage. There were sufficiently frequent alarms and skirmishes to keep alive the practice of arms; while the long line of outposts, more or less exposed to sudden assault, demanded incessant vigilance, and formed a training school in strict discipline, prompt obedience, and those essential habits of camp-life which the citizen-soldier, however brave in battle, finds most uncongenial, harassing and burdensome.

The power of a single organizing mind was never more fully manifested than in the creation of a regular and disciplined army from the raw recruits, the materials heterogeneous to the last degree, to all appearance hopelessly incongruous, which now came under the commander's shaping hand. Confusion crystallized into order; discord resolved itself into harmony; jarring counsels were reconciled; rivalries vanished, as every man found his abilities recognized, his fitting place and due honor accorded to him, and his services utilized to their utmost capacity.

Never in the history of military achievements was there a more signal triumph than in the termination of the siege of Boston. On the morning of the 5th of March, when General Howe saw the four strong redoubts which had risen on Dorchester Heights while he slept, he exclaimed, "The rebels have done more work in one night than my whole army could have done in one month." In the evening the British were secure within their lines, and counted on the speedy dispersion of the besieging army; in the morning they saw surrender or flight as their only alternative. The siege was made complete and impregnable. But for the ships at anchor in the harbor the entire British army would have been prisoners of war.

Thus closed the first act of the great drama,—here, where we stand, initiated, matured, directed, borne on to its glorious and ever memorable issue. Ours, then, is more than a battle ground,—a soil hallowed by those wise, stern, self-denying counsels, without which feats of arms were mere child's play, made sacred by the presence of such a constellation of patriots as can hardly ever, elsewhere upon earth, have deliberated on the destiny of a nation in its birth-throes,—Putnam, Greene, Stark, Prescott, Ward, Read, and their illustrious associates,—men who staked their all in the contest, and deemed death for their country but a nobler and more enduring life.

Enough of history. Let us now gather up, as we may, some few traits of the character of him on whom our central regard is fixed in these commemorative rites.

The Washington of the popular imagination, nay, of our gravest histories, is a mythical personage, such as never lived or could have lived among men. The figure is too much like that of the perfect goddess born from the brain of Jupiter. Washington undoubtedly grew as other men grow, was not exempt from human passions and infirmities, was shaped and trained by the Providence whose chosen instrument he was. It was his glory that he yielded to the plastic hand, obeyed the heavenly vision, followed without halting the guiding spirit. The evident coldness of the Virginia delegates in Congress with regard to his appointment shows that up to that time, notwithstanding his early military experience, they had seen little in him to distinguish him from other respectable gentlemen of faultless lineage, fair estate and unblemished reputation. But from the moment when he accepted the command of the army he gave himself entirely and irrevocably to his country. Such singleness of purpose as his is the essence of genius, whose self-creating law is, "This one thing I do." From that

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moment no collateral interest turned him aside; no shadow of self crossed his path; no lower ambition came between him and his country's cause; he had no hope, no fear, but for the sacred trust devolved upon him. His disinterestedness gave him his clear and keen vision, his unswerving impartiality, his uncompromising rectitude, his power over other minds. The self-seeking man sees double; and we learn from the highest authority that it is only when the eye is single that "the whole body is full of light." The secret of influence, also, lies here. The man who can be supposed to have personal ends in view, even though in his own mind they are but secondary, is always liable to be judged by them, and the good that is in him gains not half the confidence it deserves. But self-abnegation, when clearly recognized, wins not only respect, but assent and deference; its opinions have the validity of absolute truth; its will, the force of impersonal law. The professed philanthropists and reformers who have swarmed in the social history of the last half-century furnish a manifold illustration of this principle. The few of them who have carried large numbers along with them and have moved the world have not been the greatest and most gifted among them, but those who have cared not, if the wheel would only turn, whether it raised them to fame or crushed them to powder. So men believed and trusted in Washington, not merely because he was a wise and prudent man, but because they knew him to be as utterly incapable of selfish aims and motives as the Liberty whose cause he served.

I have spoken of a sort of mythical, superhuman grandeur, in which Washington has been enshrined in much of our popular speech and literature. I think that, on the other hand, there has been in some quarters a disposition to underrate him. For this there is ample reason, yet no ground. He seems the less, because he was so great. A perfect sphere looks smaller than one of the same dimensions with a diversified surface. We measure eminences by depressions, the height of mountains by the chasms that yawn beneath them. Littlenesses of character give prominence to what there is in it of greatness. The one virtue looms up with a fascinating grandeur from a life full of faults. The patriot who will not pay his debts or govern his passions often attracts more homage than if he led a sober and honest life. The single traits of erratic genius not infrequently gain in splendor from their relief against a background of weaknesses and follies.

We might enumerate in Washington various traits of mind and character, either of which in equal measure would suffice for the fame of a man who had little else that challenged approval. But what distinguishes Washington preëminently is that it is impossible to point out faults or deficiencies that marred his work, detracted from his reputation, dishonored his life. The most observed and best known man in the country for the eight years of the war and for the other eight of his presidency, even jealousy and partisan rancor could find no pretence for the impeachment of his discretion or his virtue. His biographers have seemed to revel in the narrative of some two or three occasions on which he was intensely angry, as if, like the vulnerable heel of Achilles, they were needed to show that their hero was still human.

But let it not be forgotten that this roundness of moral proportions, this utter lack of picturesque diversity in his character, must have been the outcome of strenuous self-discipline. His almost unruffled calmness and serenity were the result, not of apathy, but of self-conquest. It was the fierce warfare and decisive victory within that made him the cynosure for all eyes, and won for him the homage of all hearts that loved their country. We

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know but little of the details of his private life for the first forty years or more; but even the reverence of posterity has not succeeded in wholly veiling from view the undoubted fact that he was by nature vehement, impulsive, headstrong, impatient, passionate,—a man in whose blood the fiery coursers might easily have run riot, and strewed their way with havoc. By far the greater honor is due to him who so held them under bit, rein and curb that masterly self-control under intensest provocation became his foremost characteristic,—that disappointment, delay, defeat, even treachery, so seldom disturbed his equanimity, spread a cloud over his brow, or drew from him a resentful or bitter word.

We admire, also, in him the even poise with which he bore his high command in war and in the counsels of the nation. In mien, manner, speech, intercourse, he was never beneath, and never above his place. Dignity without haughtiness, firmness without obstinacy, condescension without stooping, gentleness without suppleness, affability without undue familiarity, were blended in him as in hardly any other historical personage. No one who could claim his ear was repelled; yet to no one did he let himself down. He sought and received advice, gave its full weight and worth to honest dissent, yet never for a moment resigned the leader's staff. The more thoroughly we study the history of the war, the more manifest is it that on this one man more than on all beside depended its successful end. Congress lacked equally power and promptness; the State legislatures were dilatory and often niggardly in provision for their troops; exposure and privation brought portions of the army to the very brink of revolt and secession; cabals were raised in behalf of generals of more brilliant parts and more boastful pretensions; success repeatedly hovered over his banner only to betray him in the issue; yet in every emergency he was none the less the tower of strength, or rather the guiding pillar of the nation by day and night, in cloud and fire. Heart and hope never once forsook him, and his elastic courage sustained failing hearts and rekindled flickering hope.

His judgment of men, his keen insight into character, has also its prominent place among the sources of his power. In Arnold, indeed, and to some degree in Gates, he was deceived; but of the many in whom he reposed confidence it is hard to add to the list of those who betrayed his trust. He recognized instantly the signal merit of Greene, and employed him constantly in the most arduous and responsible service. Putnam, and the other brave and devoted, but untrained generals whom he found here on his arrival, lost nothing in his regard by their rusticity of garb and mien. Pickering, than whom the annals of our State bear the name of no more ardent patriot or more honorable man, was successively his secretary, commissary general and quartermaster, and held in his presidency, at one time or another, the chief place in almost every department of the public service. In Hamilton's very boyhood he discovered the man, who eclipsed his own military fame by repairing the nation's shattered credit and establishing her financial safety and efficiency. He understood every man's capacity, and knew how to utilize it to the utmost. Rarest gift of all,—he knew what he could not do, and what others could do better than himself; and he in no respect appears greater than in committing to the most secure and efficient agency the several portions of his military and civil responsibility, in accepting whatever service might redound to the public good, and in the unstinted recognition of such service.

Time fails me, and so it would were my minutes hours, to complete the picture. Nor is there need; for lives there an American who owns not his

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primacy, in war, in peace, in command, in service, in uncorrupt integrity, in generous self-devotion, in loyalty to freedom, his country and his God? Among the dead, the heroes and statesmen of all times and lands, his mighty shade rises preëminent,—his name the watchword of liberty, right and law, revered wherever freedom is sought or cherished, the tyrant's rebuke, the demagogue's shame, the patriot's synonyme for untarnished fame and unfading glory.

This season of commemoration has its voices, not only of gratitude and gladness, but equally of admonition, it may be, of reproach. Our nation owes its existence, its constitution, its early union, stability, progress and prosperity, under the Divine Providence, to the great, wise and good men who built our ship of state, and stood at its helm in the straits and among the shoals and quicksands through which it sailed into the open sea. Where are now our Washingtons, Adamses, Hamiltons, Jays, Pickerings,—the men whom a sovereign's ransom could not bribe, or a people's adulation beguile, or the lure of ambition dazzle and pervert? Nature cannot have grown niggardly of her noble births, God of his best gifts. But where are they? Unset jewels, for the most part, and incapable of finding a setting under our present political régime. Of what avail is it that we heap honors on the illustrious fathers of our republic, if we are at no pains to seek for their succession, heirs of their talents and their virtues? Yet, were Washington now living,—the very man of whose praise we are never weary,—does any one suppose it possible for him to be chosen to the chief magistracy? Would he answer the questions, make the compromises, give the pledges, without which no national convention would nominate him? Could he creep through the tortuous mole-paths, through which men now crawl into place and grovel into power? Would he mortgage, expressly or tacitly, the vast patronage of Government for the price of his election?

We sometimes hear the cry, "Not men, but measures." But if there be any one lesson taught us by our early history, it is that men, not measures, created, saved, exalted our nation. Corrupt men vitiate, mean men debase, dishonest men pervert, incompetent men neutralize the best measures, if such measures be even possible, except as originated, directed, actualized by the best men. Our rowers have now brought us into waters where there are no soundings. It is impossible to know, in the absence of a definite standard of value, whether our national wealth is increasing or declining,—whether we are on the ninth wave of towering prosperity, or on the verge of general bankruptcy. It is an ominous fact that an immense proportion of individual wealth is public debt. Never was there so much need as now of the profoundest wisdom and an integrity beyond bribe, to crystallize our chaos, to disentangle the complexities of our situation, to disenthrall our industries from legislation which protects by cramping and crippling, to retrench the spoils of office, enormous when not exceeding legal limits, unmeasured beyond them, and through the entire hierarchy of place and trust to establish honesty and competency, not partizan zeal and efficiency, as the essential qualifications.

There is a sad and disheartening element in the pomp and splendor, the lofty panegyric and fervent eulogy of these centennial celebrations. It was once said in keen reproach by him who spake as never man spake, "Ye built the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous." It is, in general, not the age which makes history that writes it,—not the age which builds monuments that merits them. It is in looking back to a past better than the present that men say, "There were giants in those days."

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Reverence and gratitude for a worthy ancestry characterize, indeed, not unworthy descendants; praise and adulation of ancestors beyond reason or measure denote a degenerate posterity. Our fathers have done little for us, if their equals do not now fill their places. Unless their lineage be undebased, their heritage is of little value.

Fellow-citizens, let us praise our fathers by becoming more worthy of them. Let this season of commemoration be a revival-season of public and civic virtue. Let the blessed memories which we rejoice to keep ever green be enwreathed afresh with high resolve and earnest endeavor to transmit the liberty so dearly purchased to centuries yet to come. When another centennial rolls round, let there be names identified with this, our country's second birth-time, that shall find fit place in the chaplet of honor which our children will weave. Some such names will be there,—Lincoln, Andrew, the heroes of our civil conflict, the men whose prudent counsels and diplomatic skill in that crisis warded off worse perils than those of armed rebellion. Let these be reënforced by yet other names that shall be written indelibly on the pillars of our reconstructed Union. Fellow-citizens, heirs of renowned fathers, look to it that in your hands their trust be fulfilled,—that the travail of their soul have the only recompense they sought.

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AN ORATION

ON THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE MEETING OF THE FIRST CONTINENTAL CONGRESS IN PHILADELPHIA, SEPT. 5, 1774.[1]

By the Hon. HENRY ARMITT BROWN, of Philadelphia.

WE have come here to-day in obedience to that natural impulse which bids a people do honor to its past. We have assembled to commemorate a great event,—one of the most famous in our history. In the midst of prosperity and profound peace, in the presence of the honorable and honored Vice-President of the United States, of the chosen rulers of the people, of the members of the present and other Congresses,—the successors of the statesmen of 1774,—of the representatives of the learned professions, and of every department of human enterprise and industry and skill, we have gathered beneath this roof to celebrate, with reverent and appropriate services, the one hundredth anniversary of the meeting of the First Continental Congress.

It is a great privilege to be here, and we have to thank the Carpenters'[2] Company for it. The Carpenters' Company of Philadelphia has always been a patriotic body. In the months which preceded the Revolution it freely offered its hall for the meetings of the people; and besides the high honor of having entertained the Congress of 1774, it can point to its having sheltered the Committees of Safety and the Provincial Committee for a long time beneath this roof. The Carpenters' Company of Philadelphia is a very ancient body. It came into existence when George the First was king, when Benjamin Franklin was a printer's lad, and Samuel Johnson was a boy at school. It was founded fifty years before an American Congress met, and it is now half as old again as American independence. And more than this, it is a very honorable body. Its members have been counted

[1] In explanation of the fact that Mr. Brown's oration appears in this connection, out of its true chronological order, it is proper to state that, owing to our limited space, it was at first the intention of the committee on publication to confine this issue of the REGISTER to centennial orations delivered in New-England; but, after these had been printed, it was deemed best to enlarge the number still further and include the admirable oration of Mr. Brown. — EDITOR.

[2] "The Carpenters' Company of the city and county of Philadelphia" was founded in the year 1724, and has continued to the present moment in activity and vigor. It is made up entirely of Master Carpenters, who, at the time of their election, have been actively engaged in business, and numbers now 90 members.

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among our best citizens for industry and character. Both this hall, in which the nation may be said to have been born, and that other, where in 1776 its articles of apprenticeship were cancelled, are the monuments of its earlier skill, and there are few houses in this City of Homes in which its members have not had a hand. And, after all, how fitting does it seem that the hall of the Carpenters' Company should have been the scene of that event which we have assembled to commemorate! The men of the First Congress were architects themselves; the master-builders of a Republic founded on the equality of man,—the highest types of which, in the two struggles through which it has had to pass, have been Benjamin Franklin, the mechanic, and the farmer's lad whose name was Abraham Lincoln. They represented among themselves every rank of life,—the lawyer, the merchant, the farmer, the mechanic,—and they did more to dignify Labor and advance the cause of Humanity in the seven weeks during which they sat in this place than all the parliaments of the world have done in twice as many centuries. If there be anything good, if there be anything noble, if there be anything precious in the American Revolution, it is just this,—that it secured for every man an equal chance. Far wiser than those who have attempted a similar work beneath other skies, the men who achieved that Revolution attacked no vested rights, set up no false notions of equality, nor the oppression of the many for the tyranny of the few, nor did they break the chain that bound them to an honorable past. They sought rather to make Virtue and Intelligence the test of manhood,—to strike down Prerogative and Privilege and open the gates of happiness to all alike. And as I contemplate their glorious struggle at this distance of time, and think of the national life which it has blessed us with,—a century of which is surely a great achievement for any people,[1]—I cannot but think it to have been a happy omen that it was inaugurated here. It is impossible, in the time which I can allow myself, to attempt a description of the causes of the Revolution. The duty which I have to discharge is sufficiently difficult. I shall tax your patience, at any rate; I fear (for the trial is rather how little than how much to say), but the story must needs be long, and the occasion seems one of historic dignity.

It was only a month ago that the inhabitants of a little island in the northern corner of the Atlantic Ocean met on their Law Mount and celebrated, with song and saga, their one thousandth anniversary. That hardy race, which counts among its achievements the first discovery of this continent, has witnessed many memorable and strange events. Locked up in snow and ice, protected by the warring elements, it has watched the growth and decay of empires, the rise and fall of nations, the most wonderful changes in every quarter of the globe. But it has seen no spectacle more extra-

[1] The historian Freeman, writing in 1862, says (*Hist. of Fed. Govt.*, vol. i. p. 112): "At all events, the American Union has actually secured, for what is really a long period of time, a greater amount of combined peace and freedom than was ever before enjoyed by so large a portion of the earth's surface. There have been, and still are, vaster despotic empires, but never before has so large an inhabited territory remained for more than seventy years in the enjoyment at once of internal freedom and of exemption from the scourge of internal war."

Prof. Hoppin, of Yale College, writes me of a conversation he had some years ago with Prof. Karl von Raumer, of Berlin: "I asked him what was his opinion as to the perpetuity of republican institutions. He said: Under certain conditions fulfilled, they would be more permanent than any other form. 'But,' said he, starting up from his chair with great energy, 'if they should fail, fifty years of American freedom would be worth a thousand years of Siberian despotism!'"

A similar thought is expressed by Freeman in page 52 of the volume above quoted: "The one century of Athenian greatness, from the expulsion of the Thirty Tyrants to the defeat of Aigospotamos, is worth millenniums of the life of Egypt or Assyria."

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ordinary than that which we commemorate to-day, and in all the sterile pages of its thousand years of history it can point to no such achievements as fill up the first century of this younger nation.

The tendency of the American colonies toward union had frequently shown itself before 1774. There was, of course, little sympathy at the outset between the Puritan of New-England and the Virginian cavalier, the Roman Catholic of Maryland and the Pennsylvania Quaker. Each had, in times past, suffered at the other's hands, and the smart of their injuries was not soon forgotten. But Time, that great healer, came after a while to efface its sharpness, and when the third generation had grown up little bitterness remained. For, after all, there is no sympathy like that which is begotten by common suffering. The trials of these men had been much the same. The spirit of persecution had driven forth all alike. Their ideas of liberty,—narrow as they were at first,—did not materially differ, and their devotion to them had led all alike across the seas. They spoke the same language, inherited the same traditions, revered the same examples, worshipped the same God. Nor had the obstacles which they had overcome been different. Heat and cold, fire and sword, hunger and thirst—they had all experienced these. The Frenchman on the North and the Indian along the Western frontier had constantly threatened them with a common danger, and when the news of Braddock's defeat came down the slopes of the Alleghany Mountains it sent a thrill through hearts in Georgia and New-Hampshire, as well as in Pennsylvania and Maryland. As early as the year 1754 the Indian troubles and the necessity for united action had led to the assembling of a convention or council at Albany, at which seven colonies were represented. The scheme for a perpetual union which the genius of Franklin had then devised was not successful, it is true, but the meeting under such circumstances awakened a strong desire for union among his countrymen; and when, in 1765, the times had changed, and the mother-country, victorious over France, turned her hand against her children, the sense of danger found expression in the convention which the Stamp Act brought together in New-York. I pass without comment over the years which intervened between 1765 and 1774. The Stamp Act had been repealed, but a succession of severer measures had brought things from bad to worse. Great Britain was in the zenith of her power. The colonies were thirteen in number, and contained about two millions and a half of inhabitants.[1] Let us, then, in the course of the hour which we are to spend together here, endeavor to go back in imagination to the summer of 1774.

Here in Philadelphia there have been feverish days. The news of the determination of the ministry to shut up the port of Boston, followed, as it is soon after, by the attempt to do away with the ancient charter of Massachusetts, and to remove to Great Britain the trial of offences committed in America, has aroused the patriotic resistance of the whole country. In every town and hamlet, from New-Hampshire to the southern boundary of Georgia, bold protests are recorded by the people, and Boston is declared to be suffering in the common cause. The first day of June, when the Port Bill goes into effect, is everywhere kept as a day of fasting and humiliation. Flags are lowered to half-mast, shops shut up, and the places of worship crowded with thoughtful men. Nine-tenths of the houses in Philadelphia are closed in mourning, and the famous bells of Christ Church are muffled

[1] Bancroft, *Hist. U. S.*, vol. vii. page 128.

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in distress. Nor are the fellow-countrymen of the Bostonians content with this manifestation of their sympathy. From every part of the colonies come contributions for the suffering poor. Money, provisions, and articles of clothing pour in from every side. There is but one sentiment in the great majority of the people,—a determination to support the men of Massachusetts to the end. They were not unconscious of the dangers of such a course. The disparity between the power of Great Britain and their own was far more apparent to them than it can ever be to us. They saw her the first power of the age,—fresh from the memorable wars in which she had destroyed the naval and colonial power of France. The air still rang with the cheers with which they had greeted her successive triumphs, each of which they had come to look upon as their own. Her armies had been victorious in every land, her fleets triumphant on the most distant seas, and whatever of spirit, of courage, and of endurance they might believe themselves to possess they had inherited from her. "We have not fit men for the times," wrote one of the leading actors in the drama that was about to begin; "we are deficient in genius, in education, in travel, in fortune, in everything. I feel unutterable anxiety.[1] But there is no thought of yielding in anybody's breast. "God grant us wisdom and fortitude," writes John Adams, in June, and he speaks the universal sentiment of his countrymen. "Should the opposition be suppressed, should this country submit, what infamy and ruin! God forbid! Death in any form is less terrible."[2] It was out of this consciousness of weakness that the strength of the Revolution grew. Had Massachusetts stood alone, had a feeling of strength seduced the colonies to remain divided, the end would have been far different. Singly, they would have offered but a slight resistance,—together, they were invincible. And the blind policy of the English king and ministry steadily fostered this sentiment of union. The closing of the port of Boston was intended by its authors to punish Massachusetts alone, but the merchant of Charleston or New-York saw in the act the attempt to exercise a power which might one day be directed against him, and the Pennsylvanian could have little feeling of security in submitting his valued institutions to the mercy of those who sought, by an act of Parliament, to sweep away the ancient charter of Massachusetts. The cause of one colony became the cause of all. The rights of Massachusetts were the rights of America.

All through the spring and summer there has been earnest consultation. Couriers are riding here and there with messages from the Committees of Correspondence which, thanks to Samuel Adams, have been established in every village. A constant interchange of counsels has soon begotten confidence; with better understanding has come a sense of strength. Each colony seems ready for her share of the responsibility, and no town, however feeble, feels alone. Boston is strengthened in her glorious martyrdom as her sister towns reach forth to clasp her shackled hands, and the cry goes forth, at last, for the assembling of a Continental Congress. "Permit me to suggest a general Congress of deputies from the several Houses of Assembly on the Continent,"[3] John Hancock says on the 4th of March, "as the most effectual method of establishing a union for the security of our rights and liberties." "A Congress, and then an Assembly of States,"[4] cries Samuel Adams, in April, 1773. Here is a call for a general Congress in the newspaper which I hold in my hand,—a journal published in Phila-

[1] *Works of John Adams*, vol. ii. p. 338.
[2] *Idem.*
[3] Bancroft's *Hist. U. S.*, vol. vi. p. 508.
[4] *Ibid.*, p. 456.

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delphia on the 11th of October, 1773. "A Congress," suggest the Sons of Liberty of New-York in the spring of the following year, and in all parts of the country the cry meets with a response. The first official call comes from Virginia, dated May 28, 1774. On the 20th of that month the Whigs of Philadelphia have met, to the number of three hundred, in the long room of the City Tavern on Second Street, and, after consultation, unanimously resolved that the Governor be asked at once to call a meeting of the Assembly of this Province, and a Committee of Correspondence be appointed to write to the men of Boston, "that we consider them as suffering in the general cause;" "that we truly feel for their unhappy situation;" "that we recommend to them firmness, prudence, and moderation;" and that "we shall continue to evince our firm adherence to the cause of American liberty."[1]

The messenger who bears this letter finds the country all alive. The Boston Committee sends southward a calm statement of the situation, and asks for general counsel and support. Rumor follows rumor as the days go by, and presently a courier comes riding down the dusty King's Highway from the North, and never draws rein till he reaches the Merchants' Coffee House, where the patriots are assembled in committee. The intelligence he brings is stirring, for men come forth with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. And soon it is on every lip. Behold, great news! Bold Sam Adams has locked the Assembly door on the king's officers at Salem, and the General Court has named Philadelphia and the first of September as the place and time for the assembling of a Congress of Deputies from all the colonies. Twelve hundred miles of coast is soon aflame. Nor is the enthusiasm confined to youth alone. Hopkins and Hawley in New-England, and Gadsden in Carolina, are as full of fire as their younger brethren, and far away, in a corner of the British capital, a stout old gentleman in a suit of gray cloth, with spectacles on his nose, and a bright twinkle in his eye, is steadily preparing for the struggle which he,—wise, far-sighted, great-souled Franklin,—has long foreseen and hoped for. One by one the colonies choose delegates. Connecticut first, Massachusetts next, Maryland the third, New-Hampshire on the 21st of July, Pennsylvania on the 22d, and so on until all but Georgia have elected representatives. Yet still king and Parliament are deaf and blind, royal governors are writing: "Massachusetts stands alone; there will be no Congress of the other colonies." Boston lies still, the shipping motionless in her harbor, the merchandise rotting on her wharves; and elsewhere, as of old, the dull routine of provincial life goes jogging on. The creaking stages lumber to and fro. Ships sail slowly up to town, or swing out into the stream waiting for a wind to take them out to sea. Men rise and go to work, eat, lie down and sleep. The sun looks down on hot, deserted streets, and so the long days of summer pass until September comes.

With the first days of the new month there is excitement among the Philadelphia Whigs. All through the week the delegates to Congress have been arriving. Yesterday, Christopher Gadsden and Thomas Lynch, Esquires, landed at the wharf, having come by sea from Charleston, South Carolina; to-day, Colonel Nathaniel Folsom and Major John Sullivan, the

[1] *Pennsylvania Packet* for June 6, 1774. The reply to the Bostonians was written by the Rev. Dr. William Smith, first Provost of the University of Pennsylvania (who did service afterward as one of the Provincial Convention of 1774). An interesting account of this will be found on pages forty-one and forty-two of the valuable *Memoir of the Rev. William Smith, D.D.*; for a copy of which I am indebted to its author, Charles J. Stillé, Esq., LL.D., the present Provost of the University.

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delegates from New-Hampshire, ride into town.[1] The friends of liberty are busy. The great coach-and-four[2] of John Dickinson rolls rapidly through the streets as he hastens to greet the Virginian gentlemen who have just arrived, and in the northern suburbs a company of horsemen has galloped out the old King's Road to welcome the delegates from Massachusetts, who have arrived at Frankford, with Sam Adams at their head.[3] With Saturday night they are all here, save those from North Carolina, who were not chosen till the 25th, but are on their way.

Sunday comes—the last Sabbath of the old provincial days. The bells of Christ Church chime sweetly in the morning air, and her aisles are crowded beyond their wont; but the solemn service glides along, as in other days, with its prayer for king and queen, so soon to be read for the last time within those walls; and the thought, perhaps, never breaks the stillness of the Quaker's meeting-house that a thing has come to pass that will make their quiet town immortal. Then the long afternoon fades away and the sun sinks down yonder over Valley Forge.

The fifth day of September dawns at last. At ten in the morning the delegates assemble at the Merchants' Coffee House.[4] From that point they march on foot along the street until they reach the threshold of this hall. And what a memorable procession! The young men cluster around them as they pass, for these are their chosen leaders in the struggle that has come. The women peep at them, wonderingly, from the bowed windows of their low-roofed houses, little dreaming, perhaps, that these are the fathers of a republic for the sake of which their hearts are soon to be wrung and their homes made desolate. Here a royalist—"Tory" he is soon to be called—turns out for them to pass, scarcely attempting to hide the sneer that trembles on his lips, or some stern-browed Friend, a man of peace, his broad-brimmed hat set firmly on his head, goes by, with measured footsteps, on the other side. Yonder urchin, playing by the roadside, turns his head suddenly to stare at this stately company. Does he dream of the wonders he shall live to see? Men whose names his children shall revere through all descending generations have brushed by him while he played, and yet he knows them not. And so along the street, and down the narrow court, and up the broad steps the Congress takes its way.

The place of meeting has been well chosen. Some of the Pennsylvanians would have preferred the State House, but that is the seat of Government, and the Assembly, which has adjourned, has made no provision for the meeting of Congress there. Here, too, have been held the town meetings at which the people have protested against the acts of Parliament, and the Carpenters' Company, which owns the hall, is made up of the friends

[1] *Pennsylvania Packet* for Aug. 29, 1774.

[2] "Mr. Dickinson, the farmer of Pennsylvania, came in his coach, with four beautiful horses, to Mr. Ward's lodgings to see us."—*J. Adams's Works*, vol. ii. p. 360.

[3] *J. Adams's Works*, vol. ii. p. 357, "After dinner we stopped at Frankford, about five miles out of town. A number of carriages and gentlemen came out of Philadelphia to meet us. . . . We were introduced to all these gentlemen, and cordially welcomed to Philadelphia. We then rode into the town, and, dirty, dusty, and fatigued as we were, we could not resist the importunity to go to the tavern, the most genteel one in America." The important consequences of this meeting at Frankford are set forth in a letter of Adams to T. Pickering in 1822, printed in a note on page 512 of the same volume. *Vide*, also, vol. i. p. 151.

[4] Then called the City Tavern. It stood on the west side of Second Street, above Walnut, at the corner of Gold Street (or Bank Alley), and had been recently opened by Daniel Smith. It was already the rendezvous of the Whigs, as the London Coffee House (still standing), at Front and Market, had long been of the Tory party.—*Vide* WESTCOTT's *Hist. of Phila.*, Philadelphia Library copy, vol. ii. p. 364.

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of liberty. It has offered its hall to the delegates, and the place seems fit. It is "a spacious hall," says one of them,[1] and above there is "a chamber, with an excellent library," "a convenient chamber opposite to this, and a long entry where gentlemen may walk." The question is put whether the gentlemen are satisfied, and passed in the affirmative; the members are soon seated and the doors are shut. The silence is first broken by Mr. Lynch, of South Carolina. "There is a gentleman present," he says, "who has presided with great dignity over a very respectable society, and greatly to the advantage of America;" and he "moves that the Hon. Peyton Randolph, Esquire, one of the delegates from Virginia, be appointed chairman." He doubts not it will be unanimous. It is so, and yonder[2] "large, well-looking man," carefully dressed, with well-powdered wig and scarlet coat, rises and takes the chair. The commissions of the delegates are then produced and read, after which Mr. Lynch nominates as secretary Mr. Charles Thomson, "a gentleman," he says, "of family, fortune, and character." And thereupon, with that singular wisdom which our early statesmen showed in their selection of men for all posts of responsibility, the Congress calls into his country's service that admirable man, "the Sam Adams of Philadelphia and the life of the cause of liberty."[3] While the preliminaries are being despatched, let us take a look at this company, for it is the most extraordinary assemblage America has ever seen. There are fifty delegates present, the representatives of eleven colonies. Georgia has had no election, the North Carolinians have not yet arrived, and John Dickinson, that "shadow, slender as a reed, and pale as ashes," that Pennsylvania farmer who has sown the seeds of empire, is not a member yet.[4] Directly in front, in a seat of prominence, sits Richard Henry Lee. His brilliant eye and Roman profile would make him a marked man in any company. One hand has been injured, and is wrapped, as you see, in a covering of black silk, but hen whe speaks his movements are so graceful and his voice so sweet that you forget the defect of gesture, for he is an orator,—the greatest in America, perhaps, save only one. That tall man with the swarthy face and black, unpowdered hair, is William Livingston of New-Jersey,—"no public speaker, but sensible and learned." Beside

[1] John Adams, from whose *Journal* or *Correspondence* I have taken the personal descriptions in nearly every instance.

[2] During the delivery of this address an original portrait of Mr. Randolph hung above the chair in which he sat during the sessions of Congress.

[3] The Hon. Eli K. Price has kindly sent me the following interesting account of the manner in which this was made known to Mr. Thomson. The allusion in the address "reminded me," writes a lady of Mr. Price's family, Miss Rebecca Embree, "of the great simplicity of that appointment, as I have heard it related by Deborah Logan, wife of Dr. George Logan of Stenton, viz.: 'Charles Thomson had accompanied his wife on a bridal visit to Deborah Logan's mother, Mary Parker Norris, who resided on Chestnut Street above Fourth, where the Custom House now stands. Whilst there a messenger arrived inquiring for Mr. Thomson, and informed him that he was wanted at Carpenters' Hall. Being introduced to the company there assembled, he was requested to act as their secretary, which he accordingly did.'"

[4] Justice is not done now-a-days to the patriotic labors of John Dickinson. The effect of his *Farmer's Letters* in preparing the minds of his countrymen for resistance to Great Britain can hardly be exaggerated, and to him they owed the phrase "No taxation without representation." When the Congress of 1774 assembled no man in the colonies was more prominent than the Farmer, and his influence upon its deliberations was very great. On page 13 of the valuable *Early History of the Falls of Schuylkill, etc. etc.*, by Charles V. Hagner, Esq., will be found an interesting account, taken partly from the *Pennsylvania Gazette* of May 12, 1768, of the presentation of a laudatory address to Mr. Dickinson by the Society of Fort St. Davids. Other similar addresses were sent to him from various parts of the colonies,—one especially worthy of note being signed by Dr. Benjamin Church, John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Dr. Joseph Warren, and John Rowe, and inclosing resolutions adopted at a town-meeting held in Boston.

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him, with his slender form bent forward, and his face lit with enthusiasm, sits his son-in-law, John Jay, soon to be famous. He is the youngest of the delegates, and yonder sits the oldest of them all. His form is bent, his thin locks fringing a forehead bowed with age and honorable service, and his hands shake tremulously as he folds them in his lap. It is Stephen Hopkins, once Chief Justice of Rhode-Island. Close by him is his colleague, Samuel Ward, and Sherman of Connecticut,—that strong man whose name is to be made honorable by more than one generation. Johnson of Maryland is here, "that clear, cool head," and Paca, his colleague, "a wise deliberator." Bland of Virginia is that learned-looking, "bookish man" beside "zealous, hot-headed" Edward Rutledge. The Pennsylvanians are grouped together at one side,—Morton, Humphreys, Mifflin, Rhoads, Biddle, Ross, and Galloway, the Speaker of the Assembly. Bending forward to whisper in the latter's ear is Duane of New York,—that sly-looking man, a little "squint-eyed" (John Adams has already written of him), "very sensible and very artful." That large-featured man, with the broad, open countenance, is William Hooper; that other, with the Roman nose, McKean of Delaware. Rodney, the latter's colleague, sits beside him, "the oddest-looking man in the world,—tall, thin, pale, his face no bigger than a large apple, yet beaming with sense, and wit, and humor." Yonder is Christopher Gadsden, who has been preaching independence to South Carolina these ten years past. He it is who, roused by the report that the regulars have commenced to bombard Boston, proposes to march northward and defeat Gage at once, before his reinforcements can arrive; and when some one timidly says that in the event of war the British will destroy the sea-port towns, turns on the speaker, with this grand reply: "Our towns are built of brick and wood; if they are burned down we can rebuild them; but liberty once lost is gone forever." In all this famous company perhaps the most noticed are the Massachusetts members. That colony has thus far taken the lead in the struggle with the mother-country. A British army is encamped upon her soil; the gates of her chief town are shut; against her people the full force of the resentment of king and parliament is spent. Her sufferings called this Congress into being, and now lend sad prominence to her ambassadors; and of them surely Samuel Adams is the chief. What must be his emotions as he sits here to-day,—he who "eats little, drinks little, and thinks much,"[1]—that strong man whose undaunted spirit has led his countrymen up to the possibilities of this day? It is his plan of correspondence, adopted, after a hard struggle, in November, 1772, that first made feasible a union in the common defence. He called for union as early as April, 1773. For that he had labored without ceasing and without end, now arousing the drooping spirits of less sanguine men, now repressing the enthusiasm of rash hearts, which threatened to bring on a crisis before the time was ripe, and all the while thundering against tyranny through the columns of the Boston *Gazette*. As he was ten years ago he is to-day, the master-spirit of the time,—as cool, as watchful, as steadfast, now that the hour of his triumph is at hand, as when, in darker days, he took up the burden James Otis could no longer bear. Beside him sits his younger kinsman, John Adams, a man after his own heart,—bold, fertile, resolute, an eloquent speaker, and a leader of men. But whose is yonder tall and manly form? It is that of a man of forty years of age, in the prime of vigorous

[1] *Historical and Political Reflections on the Rise and Progress of the American Rebellion*, by JOSEPH GALLOWAY, London, 1780.

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manhood. He has not spoken, for he is no orator, but there is a look of command in his broad face and firm-set mouth that marks him among men, and seems to justify the deference with which his colleagues turn to speak with him. He has taken a back seat, as becomes one of his great modesty,—for he is great even in that,—but he is still the foremost man in all this company. This is he who has just made in the Virginia Convention that speech which Lynch of Carolina says is the most eloquent that ever was made: "I will raise a thousand men, subsist them at my own expense, and march with them at their head for the relief of Boston." These were his words,—and his name is Washington. Such was the Continental Congress assembled in Philadelphia.

Its members were met by a serious difficulty at the very outset. The question at once arose, How should their votes be cast—by colonies, by interest, or by the poll? Some were for a vote by colonies; but the larger ones at once raised the important objection that it would be unjust to allow to a little colony the same weight as a large one. "A small colony," was the reply of Major Sullivan of New Hampshire, "has its all at stake, as well as a large one." Virginia, responded the delegates from the Old Dominion, will never consent to waive her full representation; and one of them went so far as to intimate that if she were denied an influence in proportion to her size and numbers, she would never again be represented in such an assembly. On the other hand, it was confessed to be impossible to determine the relative weight which should be assigned to each colony. There were no tables of population, of products, or of trade, nor had there been a common system in the choice of delegates. Each province had sent as many as it liked,—Massachusetts four, South Carolina five, Virginia seven, Pennsylvania eight. In one case they had been chosen by a convention of the people, in another by a general election, in most by the Assembly of the province. There was no rule by which the members could be guided. Nor was this the only point of difference among the delegates. On no one thing did they seem at first sight to agree. Some were for resting their rights on a historical basis,—others upon the law of nature. These acknowledged the power of Great Britain to regulate trade,—those denied her right to legislate for America at all. One would have omitted the Quebec bill from the list of grievances,—another held it to be of them all the very worst. Some were for paying an indemnity for the destruction of the tea,—others cried out that this were to yield the point at once. One was defiant, a second conciliatory; Gadsden desired independence; Washington believed that it was wished for by no thinking man.

It was with a full sense of the diversity of these views, of the importance of a speedy decision, and of the danger of dissension, that the Congress re-assembled the next morning.

When the doors had been closed, and the preliminaries gone through with, it is related that an oppressive silence prevailed for a long time before any man spoke. No one seemed willing to take the lead. It was a season of great doubt and greater danger. Now, for the first time perhaps, when the excitement of the assembling had passed away, and reflection had come to calm men's minds, the members realized completely the importance of their acts. Their countrymen watched and waited everywhere. In the most distant hamlet beyond the mountains, in the lonely cabin by the sea, eyes were turned to this place with anxious longing, and yonder, in the North, the brave town lay patient in her chains, resting her hopes for deliverance upon them. And not Boston only, nor Massachusetts, depended upon them.

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The fate of humanity for generations was to be affected by their acts. Perhaps in the stillness of this morning hour there came to some of them a vision of the time to come. Perhaps to him, on whose great heart was destined so long to lie the weight of all America, it was permitted to look beyond the present hour, like that great leader of an earlier race when he stood silent, upon a peak in Moab, and overlooked the Promised Land. Like him, he was to be the chosen of his people; like him, soldier, lawgiver, statesman. Like him, he was destined to lead his brethren through the wilderness; and, happier than he, was to behold the fulfilment of his labor. Perhaps, as he sat here in the solemn stillness that fell upon this company, he may have seen, in imagination, the wonders of the century that is complete to-day. If he had spoken, might he not have said: I see a winter of trouble and distress, and then the smoke of cannon in the North. I see long years of suffering to be borne, our cities sacked, our fields laid waste, our hearths made desolate; men trudging heavily through blood-stained snow, and wailing women refusing to be comforted. I see a time of danger and defeat, and then a day of victory. I see this people, virtuous and free, founding a government on the rights of man. I see that government grown strong, that people prosperous, pushing its way across a continent. I see these villages become wealthy cities, these colonies great States, the Union we are about to found a power among the nations, and I know that future generations shall rise up and call us blessed.

Such might have been his thoughts as these founders of an empire sat for a while silent, face to face. It was the stillness of the last hour of night before the morning breaks; it was the quiet which precedes the storm.

Suddenly, in some part of this hall a man rose up. His form was tall and angular, and his short wig and coat of black gave him the appearance of a clergyman. His complexion was swarthy, his nose long and straight, his mouth large, but with a firm expression on the thin lips, and his forehead exceptionally high. The most remarkable feature of his face was a pair of deep-set eyes, of piercing brilliancy, changing so constantly with the emotions which they expressed that none could tell the color of them. He began to speak in a hesitating manner, faltering through the opening sentences, as if fully convinced of the inability, which he expressed, to do justice to his theme. But presently, as he reviewed the wrongs of the colonies through the past ten years, his cheek glowed and his eye flashed fire and his voice rang out rich and full, like a trumpet, through this hall. He seemed not to speak like mortal man, thought one who heard him ten years before in the Virginia House of Burgesses; and a recent essayist in a leading English Review has spoken of him as one of the greatest orators that ever lived.[1] There was no report made of his speech that day, but from the notes which John Adams kept of the debate we may learn what line of argument he took. He spoke of the attacks made upon America by the king and ministry of Great Britain, counselled a union in the general defence, and predicted that future generations would quote the proceedings of this Congress with applause. A step in advance of his time, as he had ever been, he went far beyond the spirit of the other delegates, who, with the exception of the Adamses and Gadsden, did not counsel or desire independence. "An entire new government must be founded," was his cry; "this is the first in a never-ending succession of Congresses," his prophecy. And gathering up, as it was the gift of his genius to do, the

[1] Essays, by A. Hayward, Esq., Q. C., 3d series, p. 50.

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thought that was foremost in every mind about him, he spoke it in a single phrase: "British oppression has effaced the boundaries of the several colonies; I am not a Virginian, but an American."

My countrymen, we cannot exaggerate the debt we owe this man. The strength of his intellect, the fervor of his eloquence, the earnestness of his patriotism, and the courage of his heart placed him in the front rank of those early patriots, and he stands among them the model of a more than Roman virtue. His eloquence was one of the chief forces of the American Revolution,—as necessary to that great cause as the intelligence of Franklin, the will of Samuel Adams, the pen of Thomas Jefferson, or the sword of Washington. In such times of a nation's trial there is always one voice which speaks for all. It echoes the spirit of the age,—proud or defiant, glad or mournful, now raised in triumph, now lifted up in lamentation. Greece stood on the Bema with Demosthenes; indignant Rome thundered against Catiline with the tongue of Cicero. The proud eloquence of Chatham rang out the triumphs of the English name, and France stood still to hear her Mirabeau. Ireland herself pleaded for liberty when Henry Grattan spoke, and the voice of Patrick Henry was the voice of America, struggling to be free!

Rest in peace, pure and patriotic heart! Thy work is finished and thy fame secure. Dead for three-quarters of a century, thou art still speaking to the sons of men. Through all descending time thy countrymen shall repeat thy glowing words, and, as the pages of their greatest bard kept strong the virtue of the Grecian youth, so from the grave shalt thou, who "spoke as Homer wrote,"[1] inspire in the hearts of men to be that love of liberty which filled thine own!

Great as were at first the differences of interest and opinion among the members of the Congress of 1774, there were none which their patriotic spirits could not reconcile. It was the salvation of the Americans that they had chosen for their counsellors men who believed, with Thomas Jefferson, that "the whole art of government consists in the art of being honest,"[2] and who were enthusiastic lovers of their country. No matter how strong had been their individual opinions, or how dear the separate interests involved, there seemed to these men no sacrifice too great to make for the common cause. As the debates progressed different views were reconciled and pet theories sacrificed to the general judgment. Day after day they became more united and confidence increased. "This," wrote John Adams on the 17th of September, "was one of the happiest days of my life. In Congress we had noble sentiments and manly eloquence. This day convinced me that America will support the Massachusetts or perish with her."[3] After a full and free discussion, in which the subject was considered in all its aspects, it was decided that each colony was entitled to a single vote. By this means the integrity of the provinces was preserved, and out of it grew the theory, so familiar to us, of the sovereignty of the State. It was next agreed upon to rest the rights of the colonies on a historical basis. By this wise determination the appearance of a revolution was avoided, while the fact remained the same. Nor was there a sudden break in the long chain of the nation's history; the change was gradual, not abrupt. The common law of England, under the benign influence of which the young colonies had grown up, remained unchanged, and when, in less than two years, the Declaration of

[1] *Memoir of Thomas Jefferson*, vol. i. p. 115.
[2] *Memoir of Thomas Jefferson*, vol. i. p. 3.
[3] *Journal of John Adams*, vol. ii. p. 380

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Independence created a new government, the commonwealth quietly took the place of king. The revolution was then complete; the struggle which followed was merely to secure it; and the American grew strong with the belief that it was his part to defend, not to attack,—to preserve, not to destroy; and that he was fighting over again on his own soil the battle for civil liberty which his forefathers had won in England more than a century before. We cannot too highly prize the wisdom which thus shaped the struggle.

Having decided these points, the Congress agreed upon a declaration of rights. First, then, they named as natural rights the enjoyment of life, liberty, and fortune. They next claimed, as British subjects, to be bound by no law to which they had not consented by their chosen representatives (excepting such as might be mutually agreed upon as necessary for the regulation of trade). They denied to Parliament all power of taxation, and vested the right of legislation in their own assemblies. The common law of England they declared to be their birthright, including the rights of a trial by a jury of the vicinage, of public meetings, and petition. They protested against the maintenance in the colonies of standing armies without their full consent, and against all legislation by councils depending on the Crown. Having thus proclaimed their rights, they calmly enumerated the various acts which had been passed in derogation of them. These were eleven in number, passed in as many years,—the Sugar Act, the Stamp Act, the Tea Act, those which provided for the quartering of the troops, for the supersedure of the New-York Legislature, for the trial in Great Britain of offences committed in America, for the regulation of the government of Massachusetts, for the shutting of the port of Boston, and the last straw, known as the Quebec Bill.

Their next care was to suggest the remedy. On the 18th of October they adopted the articles of American Association, the signing of which (on the 20th) should be regarded as the commencement of the American Union. By its provisions, to which they individually and as a body solemnly agreed, they pledged the colonies to an entire commercial non-intercourse with Great Britain, Ireland, the West Indies, and such North American provinces as did not join the Association, until the acts of which America complained were all repealed. In strong language they denounced the slave-trade, and agreed to hold non-intercourse with all who engaged therein. They urged upon their fellow-countrymen the duties of economy, frugality, and the development of their own resources; directed the appointment of committees in every town and village to detect and punish all violators of the Association, and inform each other from time to time of the condition of affairs; and bound themselves, finally, to carry out the provisions of the Association by the sacred ties of "virtue, honor, and love of country."

Having thus declared their rights, and their fixed determination to defend them, they sought to conciliate their English brethren. In one of the most remarkable state papers ever written, they called upon the people of Great Britain, in a firm but affectionate tone, to consider the cause for which America was contending as one in which the inhabitants of the whole empire were concerned, adroitly reminding them that the power which threatened the liberties of its American might more easily destroy those of its English subjects. They rehearsed the history of their wrongs, and "demanded nothing but to be restored to the condition in which they were in 1763." Appealing at last to the justice of the British nation for a Parliament which should overthrow the "power of a wicked and corrupt

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ministry," they used these bold and noble words: "Permit us to be as free as yourselves, and we shall ever esteem a union with you to be our greatest glory and our greatest happiness; we shall ever be ready to contribute all in our power to the welfare of the empire; we shall consider your enemies as our enemies, your interests as our own. But if you are determined that your ministers shall sport wantonly with the rights of mankind,—if neither the voice of justice, the dictates of the law, the principles of the constitution, nor the suggestions of humanity can restrain your hands from shedding blood in such an impious cause,—we must then tell you that we will never submit to be hewers of wood or drawers of water for any ministry or nation in the world."

In an address to the people of Quebec they described the despotic tendency of the late change in their government effected by the Quebec Bill, which threatened to deprive them of the blessings to which they were entitled on becoming English subjects, naming particularly the rights of representation, of trial by jury, of liberty of person and *habeas corpus*, of the tenure of land by easy rents instead of oppressive services, and especially that right so essential "to the advancement of truth, science, art, and morality," "to the diffusion of liberal sentiments" and "the promotion of union,"—"the freedom of the press." "These are the rights," said they, "without which a people cannot be free and happy," and "which we are, with one mind, resolved never to resign but with our lives." In conclusion, they urged the Canadians to unite with their fellow-colonists below the St. Lawrence in the measures recommended for the common good. They also prepared letters to the people of St. John's, Nova Scotia, Georgia, and East and West Florida, who were not represented in this Congress, asking for their coöperation and support.

Nor was anything omitted by these men which could soften the hearts of their oppressors. Declining to petition Parliament, they had addressed themselves to the people, recognizing in them for the first time the sovereign power. They now decided to petition the king. In words both humble and respectful, they renewed their allegiance to his crown, detailed the injuries inflicted on them by his ministers, and besought his interference in their behalf. "We ask," they said, "but for peace, liberty, and safety. We wish not a diminution of the prerogative, nor do we solicit the grant of any new right in our favor. Your royal authority over us and our connection with Great Britain we shall always carefully and zealously endeavor to support and maintain." Solemnly professing that their "counsels were influenced by no other motive than a dread of impending destruction," they earnestly besought their "Most Gracious Sovereign" in the name of his faithful people in America," "for the honor of Almighty God," "for his own glory," "the interest of his family," and the good and welfare of his kingdom, to suffer not the most sacred "ties to be further violated" in the vain hope "of effects" which, even if secured, could "never compensate for the calamities through which they must be gained."

There remained now for the Congress but one thing to do,—to render to its countrymen an account of its stewardship. In a long letter to their constituents, the delegates gave a summary of their proceedings, of the difficulties they had encountered, the opinions they had formed, the policy they had agreed to recommend, and, with a mournful prophecy of the trials that were at hand, urged their fellow-countrymen "to be in all respects prepared for every contingency." Such were, in brief, the memorable state papers issued by the First Continental Congress. And, terrible as were

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the dangers which seemed to threaten them from without, its members were to be subjected to a trial from within. On the 28th of September, Joseph Galloway of Pennsylvania submitted to the Congress his famous plan.[1] A man of talent and address, at one time high in the opinion and confidence of Franklin, he stood at the head of the Pennsylvania delegation. The Speaker of the House of Assembly, he had wielded great influence in the policy of the province. Cold, cautious, and at heart a thorough royalist, he determined, if possible, to nip the patriotic movement in the bud. Seconded by Duane of New-York, he moved that the Congress should recommend the establishment of a British and American government, to consist of a President-General, appointed by the king, and a Grand Council, to be chosen by the several Legislatures; that the Council should have co-ordinate powers with the British House of Commons, either body to originate a law, but the consent of both to be necessary to its passage; the members of the Council to be chosen for three years, the President-General to hold office at the pleasure of the king. Here, then, was an ingenious trap in the very path of the infant nation. Some men, and good ones, too, fell into it. The project was earnestly supported by Duane. The younger Rutledge thought it "almost perfect," and it met with the warm approbation of the conservative Jay. But wiser men prevailed. The Virginian and Massachusetts members opposed it earnestly. Samuel Adams saw in it the doom of all hope for liberty, and Henry condemned in every aspect the proposal to substitute for "a corrupt House of Commons" a "corruptible" legislature, and intrust the power of taxation to a body not elected directly by the people. His views were those of the majority, and the dangerous proposition met with a prompt defeat. The Suffolk County resolutions, adopted on the 9th of September at Milton, Massachusetts, had reached Philadelphia and the Congress on the 17th, and awakened in every breast the warmest admiration and sympathy. Resolutions were unanimously adopted, expressing these feelings in earnest language, recommending to their brethren of Suffolk County "a perseverance in the same firm and temperate conduct," and urging upon the people of the other colonies the duty of contributing freely to the necessities of the Bostonians. There now came a still more touching appeal from Massachusetts. "The governor," it said, "was suffering the soldiery to treat both town and country as declared enemies;" the course of trade was stopped; the administration of law obstructed; a state of anarchy prevailed. Filled with the spirit which, in olden times, had led the Athenians to leave their city to the foe and make their ships their country, this gallant people promised to obey should the Congress advise them to "quit their town;" but if it is judged, they added, that "by maintaining their ground they can better serve the public cause, they will not shrink from hardship and danger."[2] Such an appeal as this could not have waited long for a worthy answer from the men of the First American Congress. The letter was received upon October 6th. Two days later the official journal contains these words: "Upon motion it was resolved that this Congress approve the opposition of the inhabitants of the

[1] *Vide* TUCKER'S *Hist.*, vol. i. p. 111. SABINE'S *American Loyalists*, vol. i. p. 309. JOHN ADAMS'S *Works*, vol. ii. p. 389.

[2] The spirit of this people is reflected in a letter from Boston printed in the *Pennsylvania Packet* for Oct. 10, 1774, describing a conversation which the writer had with a fisherman. "I said: 'Don't you think it time to submit, pay for the tea, and get the harbor opened?' 'Submit? No. It can never be time to become slaves. I have yet some pork and meal, and when they are gone I will eat clams; and after we have dug up all the clam-banks, if the Congress will not let us fight, I will retreat to the woods; I am always sure of acorns!'"

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Massachusetts Bay to the execution of the late acts of Parliament; and if the same shall be attempted to be carried into execution, all America ought to support them in their opposition." "This," says the historian, "is the measure which hardened George the Third to listen to no terms."[1] In vain conciliation and kind words; in vain all assurance of affection and of loyalty. The men of Massachusetts are traitors to their king, and the Congress of all the colonies upholds them in rebellion. "Henceforth," says Bancroft, "conciliation became impossible."

Having thus asserted their rights to the enjoyment of life, liberty, and fortune; their resistance to taxation without representation; their purpose to defend their ancient charters from assault; having denounced the slave trade in language which startled the world, and recognized, for the first time in history, the people as the source of authority; having laid the firm foundations of a Union based upon Freedom and Equality,—the First Congress passed out of existence on the 26th of October, after a session of two and fifty days. Half a hundred men, born in a new country, bred amid trials and privations, chosen from every rank of life, untried in diplomacy, unskilled in letters, untrained in statecraft, called suddenly together in a troubled time to advise a hitherto divided people, they had shown a tact, a judgment, a self-command, and a sincere love of country hardly to be found in the proudest annals of antiquity. And their countrymen were worthy of them. If the manner in which they had fulfilled their duties had been extraordinary, the spirit with which their counsels were received was still more remarkable. In every part of the country the recommendations of the Congress were obeyed as binding law. No despotic power in any period of history exercised over the minds and hearts of men a more complete control. The Articles of Association were signed by tens of thousands, the spirit of Union grew strong in every breast, and the Americans steadily prepared to meet the worst. The stirring influence of this example penetrated to the most distant lands. "The Congress," wrote Dr. Franklin from London in the following winter, "is in high favor here among the friends of liberty."[2] "For a long time," cried the eloquent Charles Botta, "no spectacle has been offered to the attention of mankind of so powerful an interest as this of the present American Congress."[3] "It is impossible," says the Scotch writer, Grahame, "to read of its transactions without the highest admiration."[4] "There never was a body of delegates more faithful to the interests of their constituents," was the opinion of David Ramsay, the historian.[5] "From the moment of their first debates," De Tocqueville says, "Europe was moved."[6] The judgment of John Adams declared them to be, "in point of abilities, virtues, and fortunes, the greatest men upon the continent."[7] Charles Thomson, in the evening of his well-spent life, pronounced them the purest and ablest patriots he had ever known;[8] and, in the very face of king and parliament, the illustrious Chatham spoke of them the well-known words: "I must avow and declare that in all my reading of history,—and it has been my favorite study; I have read Thucydides and

[1] Bancroft's *Hist. of the U. S.*, vol. vii. p. 145.
[2] *Letter to Charles Thomson*, 5th Feb. 1775; Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia*, vol. i. p. 421.
[3] Otis's *Botta*, vol. i. p. 128.
[4] *Hist. of the U. S.*, by James Grahame, LL.D., vol. ii. p. 496.
[5] *Hist. of the American Revolution*, by David Ramsay, M.D., vol. i. p. 174.
[6] *La Democratie en Amerique*, by Alexis de Tocqueville, vol. iii. p. 182.
[7] *John Adams's Letters to his Wife*, vol. i. p. 25.
[8] *Field-Book of the Revolution*, by B. J. Lossing, vol. ii. p. 60, note.

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admired the master states of the world,—that for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the General Congress assembled in Philadelphia."[1] Long years have passed, and there have been many changes in the governments of men. The century which has elapsed has been crowded with great events, but the calm judgment of posterity has confirmed that opinion, and mankind has not ceased to admire the spectacle which was once enacted here. "But that you may be more earnest in the defence of your country," cried the great Roman orator, speaking in a vision with the tongue of Scipio, "know from me that a certain place in heaven is assigned to all who have preserved, or assisted, or improved their country, where they are to enjoy an endless duration of happiness. For there is nothing which takes place on earth more acceptable to the Supreme Deity, who governs all this world, than those councils and assemblies of men, bound together by law, which are termed states; the founders and preservers of these come from heaven, and thither do they return."[2] The founders and preservers of this Union have vanished from the earth, those true lovers of their country have long since been consigned into her keeping, but their memory clings around this place, and hath hallowed it for evermore. Here shall men come as to a sanctuary. Here shall they gather with each returning anniversary, and as the story of these lives falls from the lips of him who shall then stand where I stand to-day, their souls shall be stirred within them and their hearts be lifted up, and none shall despair of the Republic while she can find among her children the courage, the wisdom, the eloquence, the self-sacrifice, the lofty patriotism, and the spotless honor of those who assembled in this hall an hundred years ago.

The conditions of life are always changing, and the experience of the fathers is rarely the experience of the sons. The temptations which are trying us are not the temptations which beset their footsteps, nor the dangers which threaten our pathway the dangers which surrounded them. These men were few in number, we are many. They were poor, but we are rich. They were weak, but we are strong. What is it, countrymen, that we need to-day? Wealth? Behold it in your hands. Power? God hath given it you. Liberty? It is your birthright. Peace? It dwells amongst you. You have a government founded in the hearts of men, built by the people for the common good. You have a land flowing with milk and honey; your homes are happy, your workshops busy, your barns are full. The school, the railway, the telegraph, the printing-press have welded you together into one. Descend those mines that honeycomb the hills! Behold that commerce whitening every sea! Stand by your gates and see that multitude pour through them from the corners of the earth, grafting the qualities of older stocks upon one stem, mingling the blood of many races in a common stream, and swelling the rich volume of our English speech with varied music from an hundred tongues. You have a long and glorious history, a past glittering with heroic deeds, an ancestry full of lofty and imperishable examples. You have passed through danger, endured privation, been acquainted with sorrow, been tried by suffering. You have journeyed in safety through the wilderness and crossed in triumph the Red Sea of civil strife, and the foot of Him who led you hath not faltered nor the light of His countenance been turned away! It is a question for us now, not of the founding of a new government, but of the preservation of one already old;

[1] *Speech in Favor of the Removal of Troops from Boston*, Jan. 20, 1775.
[2] Cicero, *De Re Publica*, lib. vi.; *Somnium Scipionis*, § iii.

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not of the formation of an independent power, but of the purification of a nation's life; not of the conquest of a foreign foe, but of the subjection of ourselves. The capacity of man to rule himself is to be proven in the days to come,—not by the greatness of his wealth, not by his valor in the field, not by the extent of his dominion, not by the splendor of his genius. The dangers of to-day come from within. The worship of self, the love of power, the lust for gold, the weakening of faith, the decay of public virtue, the lack of private worth,—these are the perils which threaten our future; these are the enemies we have to fear; these are the traitors which infest the camp; and the danger was far less when Catiline knocked with his army at the gates of Rome than when he sat smiling in the Senate House. We see them daily face to face,—in the walk of virtue, in the road to wealth, in the path to honor, on the way to happiness. There is no peace between them and our safety. Nor can we avoid them and turn back. It is not enough to rest upon the past. No man or nation can stand still. We must mount upward or go down. We must grow worse or better. It is the Eternal Law,—we cannot change it. Nor are we only concerned in what we do. This government, which our ancestors have built, has been "a refuge for the oppressed of every race and clime," where they have gathered for a century. The fugitive of earlier times knew no such shelter among the homes of men. Cold, naked, bleeding, there was no safety for him save at the altars of imagined gods. I have seen one of the most famous of those ancient sanctuaries. On a bright day in spring-time I looked over acres of ruin. Beside me the blue sea plashed upon a beach strewn with broken marble. That sacred floor, polished with the penitential knees of centuries, was half hidden with heaps of rubbish and giant weeds. The fox had his den among the stones, and the fowl of the air her nest upon the capitals. No sound disturbed them in their solitude, save sometimes the tread of an adventurous stranger, or the stealthy footfall of the wild beasts and wilder men that crept down out of the surrounding hills under cover of the night. The god had vanished, his seat was desolate, the oracle was dumb. Far different was the temple which our fathers builded, and "builded better than they knew." The blood of martyrs was spilled on its foundations, and a suffering people raised its walls with prayer. Temple and fortress, it still stands secure, and the smile of Providence gilds plinth, architrave, and column. Greed is alone the Tarpeia that can betray it, and vice the only Samson that can pull it down. It is the Home of Liberty, as boundless as a continent, "as broad and general as the casing air;" a "temple not made with hands;" a sanctuary that shall not fall, but stand on forever, founded in eternal truth!

My countrymen: the moments are quickly passing, and we stand like some traveller upon a lofty crag that separates two boundless seas.

The century that is closing is complete. "The past," said your great statesman, "is secure." It is finished, and beyond our reach. The hand of detraction cannot dim its glories nor the tears of repentance wipe away its stains. Its good and evil, its joy and sorrow, its truth and falsehood, its honor and its shame, we cannot touch. Sigh for them, blush for them, weep for them, if we will; we cannot change them now. We might have done so once, but we cannot now. The old century is dying, and they are to be buried with him; his history is finished, and they will stand upon its roll forever.

The century that is opening is all our own. The years that lie before us are a virgin page. We can inscribe it as we will. The future of our coun-

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try rests upon us,—the happiness of posterity depends on us. The fate of humanity may be in our hands. That pleading voice, choked with the sobs of ages, which has so often spoken unto ears of stone, is lifted up to us. It asks us to be brave, benevolent, consistent, true to the teachings of our history,—proving "divine descent by worth divine." It asks us to be virtuous, building up public virtue upon private worth; seeking that righteousness which exalteth nations. It asks us to be patriotic,—loving our country before all other things; her happiness our happiness, her honor ours, her fame our own. It asks us in the name of Justice, in the name of Charity, in the name of Freedom, in the name of God!

My countrymen: this anniversary has gone by forever, and my task is done. While I have spoken the hour has passed from us; the hand has moved upon the dial, and the Old Century is dead. The American Union hath endured an hundred years! Here, on this threshold of the future, the voice of Humanity shall not plead to us in vain. There shall be darkness in the days to come; Danger for our Courage; Temptation for our Virtue; Doubt for our Faith; Suffering for our Fortitude. A thousand shall fall before us and tens of thousands at our right hand. The years shall pass beneath our feet, and century follow century in quick succession. The generations of men shall come and go; the greatness of Yesterday shall be forgotten To-day, and the glories of this Noon shall vanish before To-morrow's sun; but America shall not perish, but endure, while the spirit of our fathers animates their sons!

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PROCEEDINGS

AT

CENTENNIAL COMMEMORATIONS,

1874–5.

In Philadelphia, Saturday, September 5, 1874.

The one hundredth anniversary of the meeting of the congress of 1774 was this day celebrated by the Carpenters' Company of Philadelphia, in Carpenters' Hall, the same edifice in which that congress met one hundred years ago.

Carpenters' Hall was built by the company whose name it bears, in the year 1770. It stands in a small open space at the head of a narrow court leading southward from Chestnut street, about half way between Third and Fourth. It is constructed of imported bricks, alternately black and red, and bears a general resemblance, in the style of its architecture, to the State House, on Independence square. The building is cruciform. The lower floor is occupied (with the exception of a vestibule and stairway) by a hall about fifty feet long by forty wide, the walls of which are pierced by twelve windows, and by a door leading into a garden at the rear. At the southern side, opposite the main entrance, is a recess, twenty-five feet wide and half as deep, at the entrance of which are two handsome columns of painted wood. The floor is covered with tiles, and the walls and ceilings frescoed. On both sides of a long entry which runs through the second story are large chambers; one of which (on the west) contains the company's library, consisting chiefly of works on architecture and mechanics. The lower room, in which the congress of 1774 held its memorable sessions, has been restored, as nearly as possible, to its original condition, and the whole building is jealously kept in perfect order and repair.

In the summer of 1873 the Carpenters' Company determined to offer to the congress of the United States the use of the old hall for a celebration by that body of the one hundredth anniversary of the assembling of the first continental congress, and memorials to that effect were accordingly prepared, taken to Washington by a committee of the company, and presented to the senate and house of representatives during the following winter. Both bodies, however, adjourned without taking action upon them, and the company, therefore, decided to celebrate the occasion on its own account.

About the middle of August invitations were sent to the president and vice-president of the United States, to members of the cabinet, judges of the courts, the governors of all the states, senators and members of the house, and to many other distinguished persons in all parts of the country, as well as in Philadelphia.

At two o'clock on Saturday, the 5th of September, 1874, a great crowd assembled in the neighborhood of Carpenters' Hall. Admission to the exercises was by ticket, but the hall was densely packed before two o'clock, even the windows being filled, and a large throng occupying the court and the garden around the building. At half-past two the committee of arrangements, accompanied by the officers for the day and other guests, who had assembled in the library, entered and took their seats upon a platform which filled the recess at the southern part of the hall, John Welsh, Esq. (who had been selected to preside in the absence of the governor of

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Pennsylvania), and the Hon. Henry Wilson, vice-president of the United States, sitting, in the centre, between the columns, in two of the original chairs which had been used by the continental congress.

The hall was quaintly decorated with relics given to the company or loaned for the occasion. A likeness of the Rev. Dr. Duché, who made the first prayer in the congress of 1774, in one place; one of Thomas Mifflin, a member of that body, in another; and, at the end of the room, an original portrait in oil of its president, Peyton Randolph, of Virginia.

The meeting was called to order by John M. Ogden, the venerable chairman of the committee of arrangements, who nominated for presiding officer John Welsh, Esq., the president of the centennial board of finance; and, on motion of Walter Allison, of the committee, Charles S. Ogden was chosen secretary. The exercises, which were extremely simple, opened with a prayer by the Rev. Thomas F. Davies, D.D., who had been asked to perform that duty as the successor of Dr. Duché in the rectorship of St. Peter's Church. Mr. Welsh then made an address, at the close of which he introduced the Hon. Henry Armitt Brown, who proceeded to deliver his oration.

The singing of a hymn written for the occasion closed the exercises, and the audience, at about half-past five o'clock, dispersed.

In Salem, Monday, October 5, 1874.

The one hundredth anniversary of the meeting of the Provincial Legislature in Salem, Oct. 5, 1774, was this evening celebrated by the Essex Institute. Henry Wheatland, M.D., president of the Essex Institute, took the chair, and a double quartette choir, under the direction of M. Fenollosa, who played a piano-forte accompaniment, sang some patriotic pieces. The exercises were opened with the singing of a song adapted for the occasion, to the tune of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled:" beginning—

"Men that dare with wrong to fight."

Dr. Wheatland then introduced Abner C. Goodell, Jr. Esq., vice-president of the Historical Department, who proceeded to deliver his Address.

On the conclusion of the Address, the choir sang a German National Hymn, from Mendelssohn's Four Part Songs, commencing

"Thro' the deepest gloom the night wind cold," &c.

In conclusion the choir sang Julius Eichberg's National Hymn,

"To thee, O country."

The President then invited the company to partake of a basket collation which had been provided in the ante-rooms, and a pleasant season of social enjoyment terminated this interesting commemoration.

In Lexington, Monday, April 19, 1875.

The anniversary of the Battle of Lexington opened with a salute of 100 guns, at sun-rise, fired from Prosser's Hill, by the right platoon of Battery C (M. V. M.), Lieut. C. B. Boyd commanding the platoon.

The decorations were profuse and beautiful in their effect. Nearly every house had its display of colors, while in many cases there were extensive exhibitions of bunting and patriotic devices. Historic localities and buildings were marked by appropriate sign boards.

Main Street—South Side. The front of the house of Benjamin Hadley bore the inscription:—"1775—Private Hadley—1875." Above this was a shield on which

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was painted an eagle, from which radiated flags and streamers. The fence was festooned with bunting. Thomas Choate decorated the bay window and piazza of his house with pennants. Joshua Hobart, member of the Lancers, displayed on the piazza of one of his houses effigies of a "Lancer" and an "Ancient," with the inscriptions, "Head-quarters." "We still live," which was greeted with cheers by the numerous delegations as they passed. Over the entrance to his residence arches were erected, bearing the inscriptions, "1775—America, Now and Then—1875." "Welcome." The estate of Charles Brown was conspicuous for the variety of the decorations. Two arches spanned the entrances, on one of which was the motto, "Men do not die who fall in a just cause—April 19, 1775." "First blood shed at Lexington." "Eighty against 800." The front of each arch was decorated with handsome shields and festooned with bunting. Streamers were stretched from tree to tree, and the front of the house was tastefully draped with flags. Some distance from this, on a side street, stands the residence of Capt. Crone, late of the U. States Army, which was decorated with a profusion of flags and bunting. Near by is the residence of Oliver Brown, which was decorated. In front of the estate of Madam Stone stands a pedestal of ancient mill stones, on which was an urn, and in this was displayed uniforms worn by minute-men and a soldier of the late war. At this point the first Provincial captured in arms by the British was taken prisoner. The Adams School House was decorated and bore the motto "The Sure Foundations of American Liberty." The home of Mrs. Augusta Smith was decorated with flags and the painting of an eagle. Under the piazza of Alonzo Goddard was hung a red coat, inscribed "Worn by Josiah Smith, the veteran fifer, in the war of 1812." One of the most conspicuous mottoes on the line of march was the following on the front of the residence of John Hazeltine: "1775—May all the Battles Fought in Liberty's Cause be repaid with Freedom and Peace—1875." P. P. Pierce erected in front of his house a standard on which were displayed several clapboards perforated with bullet holes, which bore the inscription—"Made by British bullets, April 19, 1775." An old musket was also exhibited. The house was decorated. We now arrive at Bryant's Corner, which derives its name from an old blacksmith shop which occupied the place. Directly in front, approaching the centre of the town, on an elevation, stands the residence of Mr. Charles Nunn, which was decorated by a combination of flags, shields, streamers and bunting. Higher up and beyond stands the residence of Wm. A. Tower, chief marshal of the day, whose mansion was rendered conspicuous by a display of national flags arranged over the main entrance.

Munro's Tavern. This historical structure which, under its present occupancy, has been modernized by the introduction of plate glass in the place of the old four-by-six panes, and is at present occupied by James S. Munro, Esq., was trimmed with flags on the front and eastern end, and bore the following inscription furnished by the Town Committee: "The Munro Tavern, 1775, Lord Percy's Headquarters and Hospital for the Regulars, April 19." Upon an ancient elm beneath whose branches possibly the retreating regulars rested in their march, was displayed the original tavern sign which hung there 100 years ago. It was a plain board, in the centre of which the visitor could discern the figure of a punch bowl faintly traced. Over the bowl was the word "Refreshments," and below, "By William Munro." On the rising ground opposite the residence of J. J. Rayner, Esq., was displayed the inscription: "Here Lord Percy planted his cannon April 19, 1775." From this point the regulars threw shot into Lexington Common, the only effect of which was to shatter the old meeting-house. The first residence west of the Munro tavern is that of Warren Sherburne, upon the façade of which was displayed the date of the battle flanked with bannerets illuminating the figure of the national eagle. Flags and streamers were festooned over the main entrance, and a line of flags was suspended across the street. R. B. Sherburne displayed the word "Welcome," and his house was decorated with festoons, &c. The residence of Levi Prosser was also decorated. The piazza was draped with the red, white and blue, and the same bright hues were blended in the designs in the upper story. From each of the chimneys flags were displayed. The house occupied by William Viles, Esq., bore the following inscription: "The home of Benjamin Merriam, 1775, and hospital for the regulars, April 19." The eastern end was almost covered by a large American flag, while the front was beautified by a shield and other appropriate adornments. The residence of Charles Butters, on the rising ground beyond, displayed flags from the piazza. Asa Cottrell displayed a line of French flags across the street from his residence, which was decorated. The mottoes "To Arms," "Peace," Victory," were displayed on the piazza, in the centre of which was exhibited the figure of a

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minute-man, with shields and historic dates on either side. Beneath, upon an arch, was the word "Liberty." The residences of C. C. Hannaford and Mrs. S. R. Goddard were decorated. Isaac N. Damon, town clerk of Lexington, displayed the stars and stripes and decorated the entrance to his house with bunting. Horace Davis displayed a shield flanked by the star-spangled banner; and C. T. Worthley decorated his residence with an eagle, the bird having streamers in its beak, the ends of which were fastened to the corners of the house; and a handsome combination of flags and festoons of streamers completed the design. William Smith displayed the motto, "I will never turn my back on them—Parker;" also a portrait of Washington, old muskets and red coats, knapsacks, a Revolutionary hat and Revolutionary flags, the motto "True to our Revolutionary principles," being conspicuous. He also displayed a silk flag bearing thirteen stars and the figure of an eagle. Capt. W. D. Phelps decorated his residence with a profusion of flags and mottoes, displaying, among other features, a banner of the Lexington Whig Association with the inscription, "Abundant labor, adequate reward." Over one door was a portrait of Washington, and over the other, "The result, April 19, what a glorious morning for America." The Monument-House was elaborately decorated in front with flags, medallions and national escutcheons. Over the door was hung a painting of Liberty, and "Liberty, 1775," was inscribed over the main arch. The balcony of Whitcher & Saville's grocery store was fitted up for the accommodation of a band which was stationed there during the forenoon. The residences of the Misses Farnsworth, Samuel B. Rindge, Luke Wright and L. Saville were also decorated. The Press Headquarters, which were in the house of a Revolutionary patriot, were also draped with the national ensign. The residences of Mr. Charles Bisbee, on Main street, was ornamented with small flags. Mr. Richard Blin's residence, a short distance to the west of the above, was decorated with bunting and streamers. Over the front entrance to the house was the inscription, "Welcome, Veterans," and over this was suspended a shield bearing the words, "What a Glorious Morning for America." Two arches were erected at the right and left gateways to the house, the former bearing the inscription, "Warren," and the latter, "Washington." The house of the Rev. H. Westcott, a short distance farther on, was decorated. Across Main street from the residence of Mrs. Henry Mulliken to the house of Mr. George B. Dennett on Parker street was stretched a line, on which were suspended numerous flags of all nations and patterns. Both the residences of Mr. Dennett and Mrs. Mulliken were decorated, the former bearing the inscription, "God speed the day—1875." The residence of Mr. C. Robinson on Main street was ornamented with flags and bunting, while suspended in the doorway to the house were two large and beautiful baskets of flowers.

The North Side of Main Street.—The old Cutler tavern, H. C. Hewins, proprietor, was very tastefully decorated, and the arrangement of flags was very effective. The houses of Messrs. A. F. Alderman and P. Mitchell were adorned with bunting, and from the latter swinging flags were suspended to the trees. Mr. Elias Dupee had in addition to a display of flags an arch upon which was the following inscription: "1875. The glorious memory of our ancestors who fought for our liberty. 1775." "May every brave man who met his death in that glorious action meet an eternal reward." The residence of Mr. George O. Smith presented a combination of American flags and those of other republics, personally arranged by Mr. Smith. The residence of Mrs. Ellen Stone bore simply the following inscription: "A greater war now in progress, the rights of woman, 1875." The houses of Mr. Daniel Rogers and Mr. Otis H. Dana were draped with flags, arranged in festoons, as was also the store of R. W. Holbrook. The Church of the Redeemer, a historic point, had a simple shield over the porch containing the words, "Welcome,—Rev. Jonas Clarke." Mr. E. W. Holbrook made a fine display, and the familiar words of Samuel Adams, "O what a glorious day for America," were conspicuously displayed. A tablet containing the names of the martyrs who were killed at Lexington was also shown, and a banner beneath the tablet bore the words, "Freedom's first offering." The store of A. W. Child was decorated with flags, and streamers floated from the building. One of the most notable displays was at the house of Mr. T. G. Hovey. The arrangement of the bunting was unique, and panels on the front of the house with blue ground had the following inscriptions: "Here patriots stood bravely before the oppressor, determined for liberty or death." "The great event of Lexington." On the side entrance around the balcony another panel had "Lexington, Charlestown and Philadelphia. The three great events which secured liberty." The conservatory in the rear was adorned, and the grounds were likewise decorated. Mr.

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Loring S. Pierce's residence was draped with flags and streamers, and near the residence of Walter Wellington, next adjoining, an old elm tree was labelled as follows: "This tree was set here in 1735 by the father of Jonathan Harrington, the last survivor of the battle of Lexington." At the house of Mr. John J. Rayner a pleasing effect was produced by the arrangement of flags in a semi-circle, flanked by shields, with 1775 and 1875 on opposite corners of the building. The residence of the Rev. John Pryor was trimmed, and tri-colors ran to the trees upon the lawn, while streamers floated in the breeze. Mr. A. D. Cutler, the Adjutant of the Minute-Men, erected a large staff near his house, and at dawn a large American flag was flying to the breeze. At Monroe Station, over Main street, was suspended a large flag, bearing the words: "From the 19th of April dates the liberty of the American world." The avenue leading from the station to the street was profusely decorated, and it was at this point that the Presidential party alighted from the cars. The High School building, formerly the Town Hall, was ornamented, tri-colors running from the pillars to the trees in front of the building and near the street, while festoons and the draping of the pillars added to the beauty of the building. The following inscriptions were over the main entrance: "Lexington High School, 1775,—British cannon, 1875,—The school book." "On this site Lord Percy planted his cannon, April 19, 1775, to protect the retreating British troops." At the residence of Mr. O. W. Wentworth a large shield formed the centre of the decorations, and from this shield radiated a display of flags completely enveloping the balcony. Next to the residence of Mr. Wentworth were those of Capt. Plummer and Mr. Lord, both of which houses were decorated. The grounds of Mr. David W. Muzzy, with its sloping lawn and oak forest on the east side, presented a fairy scene, the skill of the decorator having enhanced the natural beauty of the grounds by a profuse and elaborate arrangement of bunting. The centre piece on the house was a large sized painting of Washington, surmounted by an eagle, and from this point running to the trees were a variety of flags and streamers. At the bottom of the centre piece were the words "One hundred years ago." The Memorial Hall and Cary Library were marked objects of interest, and a display of decorations was made. A line of flags ran from the building to the street, and at the corners of the building were 1775 and 1875, while in the centre near the top of the building was a large eagle. From the residence of George Nichols a line of flags was suspended across the street, and Norris Block was also decorated. The Bucknam tavern was profusely decorated and attracted much attention.

Hancock Street.—The first house north of the railroad crossing which was decorated was that of James Sumner, who displayed a shield with the inscription:

1775.

LEXINGTON.

1875.

The adjoining house, the residence of Amos Locke, Esq., was very conspicuous, the piazza being heavily draped in folds of bunting, and a handsome tree in the grounds was made attractive by a collection of old muskets which were stacked around its trunk. One of these firearms was labelled "1861," another "April 19, 1775," and were carefully inspected by the curious. George O. Whiting festooned his portico with patriotic colors, and displayed flags at the upper windows. Ainsworth Tuttle exhibited the following original motto: "A grateful country remembers your deeds of noble daring, and will transmit your names to the latest posterity." Upon the edge of the portico were emblazoned the names of the heroes who were killed on the Old Green,—Munroe, Parker, Hadley, Harrington, Muzzy, Harrington, Brown and Porter. Above the piazza and on either side of it, the names of John Hancock and Samuel Adams were encircled with evergreens and the sentence, "Your firmness inspired the patriots throughout the colonies." George O. Davis displayed in front of his residence a drum and musket, and decorated the building with flags, shield and bunting. James H. Bennett posted a guard under the piazza in the form of a life-like effigy of an Ancient and Honorable Artilleryman, and adorned his house with flags and streamers. H. B. Brigham also decorated his house and displayed the word "Welcome" over his bay window. Mrs. S. G. Thayer's cottage, and the residences of George Litchfield and Fletcher Spalding were also handsomely draped. The last house on this elegant thoroughfare, occupied by F. E. Wetherell, was decorated by the owner, the national colors predominating. The Merriam cottage, near

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the railroad crossing, contained the following well-known words of Joseph Warren:

> "When Justice is the standard, Heaven's high power
> Will shield the patriot's arm, though tempests lower,
> But conscious guilt unnerves the strongest arm
> That lifts the sword the innocent to harm."

The residence of Mr. M. H. Merriam was ornamented, and over the entrance to the avenue leading to the grounds was an arch on which were the prophetic words of Samuel Adams, "What a glorious morning for America." The residences of Messrs. Charles Fowle and Oliver Kendall were adorned, together with the adjoining grounds. The Hon. F. B. Hayes made a marked display, arranged in an imposing manner. Over the balcony an eagle was placed, and from this point the bunting was carried to every portion of the extensive house, giving it a cheerful and attractive appearance. The names of Hancock and Adams were prominent over the main entrance, and over the side door was the suggestive word "Welcome." The house of the Hon. B. J. Batchelder was also adorned.

The Hancock Church.—The front of this church was decorated with flags and streamers. Over the entrance to the tower an arch was placed, bearing the inscription, "Martyrs of Lexington," supplemented by a shield at each end of the arch. In the centre appeared on the gathered folds of red and white bunting a brilliant star; over this a glory of flags on a blue ground; and out of each side of the portal hung the "stars and stripes." The same emblem was hung out from the four windows of the belfry, and from the top of the tower to the lower corners of the church were stretched pennants. A shield over each of the side front windows completed the exterior decorations of the edifice. The chancel was festooned with bunting which depended in folds on either side of the pulpit. On the communion table stood a cluster of calla lilies.

Elm Street.—The venerable old mansion on the corner of Elm street and the Bedford road, occupied by Mr. James Gould, in common with other revolutionary houses, was decorated by the Centennial Committee. Over the threshold, upon which the patriot died, was displayed the following inscription:

> "The Home of Jonathan Harrington, Jr.,
> Who was shot on the Battlefield
> And died on his own Threshold."

Above this appeared a shield and glory of flags. The Star-spangled Banner graced the entrance, and was caught up on to the arbor on either side, and streamers hung in festoons along the eaves and fell diagonally to the arbor. Next south on the same street the house which has been occupied by successive generations of the Harrington family, the upper windows of which were shattered by the first volley of the British troops, bore the following inscription:

> "The Home of Daniel Harrington,
> Clerk of Parker's Company,
> April 19, 1775."

An illuminated shield was placed over the door, each side of which was draped with flags. Lines of signal flags were displayed, extending from the corners of the house to two of the venerable old elms, and festoons of streamers completed the design. The residence of Mr. George D. Harrington and Mr. Swan was tastefully trimmed. Over the porch on an arch of blue ground was inscribed in gilt letters the date of the battle, April 19, 1775—1875. The pillars were covered with bunting, and flags and streamers were displayed above the entrance.

Waltham Street.—The residence of the Rev. E. G. Porter on Waltham street was decorated, and several other residents displayed flags and decorated their houses.

The Streets Blockaded.—Not many hours had passed before the main street of the village was crowded with vehicles to such an extent as to render it next to impossible for even men to force a passage. All the streets surrounding the Common were packed with carriages, whose occupants, enveloped in furs and lap robes, sat

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shivering in the chilly air. The multitude were in the best possible spirits, otherwise in such a mob serious disturbances might have occurred. Every available space which commanded a view of the route was sought for and occupied, and thousands were unable to get in sight of the procession.

THE PAVILION occupied a large area, contiguous to the main entrance to the Common and adjoined the dinner tent. At the summit of the flag-staff hung a banner thirty feet long, and from each side of the staff a line of smaller flags extended across the two latter streets.

On the large American and central flag was inscribed, on one side, "Don't fire unless fired upon, but if they mean to have war, let it begin here,—Capt. Parker;" the reverse bearing the words, "Too few to resist, too brave to fly." There were four lines of streamers festooned from the top of the staff, and a pagoda for the sale of mementoes, near the pole. Immediately in rear of the flag staff was a large triumphal arch bearing the inscription, in conspicuous letters: "Welcome to the birthplace of American liberty." Passing under the arch, the visitors traversed a short walk, environed with pine trees, to the entrance to the pavilion.

In the centre and front of the stand in the pavilion a framework covered with bunting so as to form a canopy, had been erected, on which were fastened relics of the revolutionary war, with explanatory cards attached thereto. They comprise an old three-cornered hat; a gun loaned by F. H. Rindge, which was used at the battle of Lexington; a pair of stirrups used on the 19th of April, 1775, by Jonathan Smith, who was killed at that time; swords owned by Henry Smith and used at the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill; a Chandler musket; a gun used by Capt. John Parker in the battle 100 years ago; the first gun captured by the Americans in the war of independence; the musket taken from the dead body of a British soldier at Lincoln after the retreat; a sword worn by William Reed, representative in the Legislature of 1775; and a sword used by John Paul Jones of the Bon Homme Richard.

The edge of the platform was fringed with flowers and exotic plants in pots, the boarding being covered with green cloth fringed with gold. At the extreme right hand corner of the platform reposed the statue of Sam Adams, covered with bunting, and the palmetto tree from South Carolina spread its fourteen branches over the area between the speakers and the statue. The left hand side was adorned with John Hancock's statue and the pine tree from Massachusetts, the two trees being typical of the union between South Carolina and this Commonwealth. In the centre of the canopy was an old flag formed of red and white bars, with twelve blue stars and the inscription: "Flag of the Bon Homme Richard." And on the opposite side of the tent, facing the orator and dividing the encircling bunting, were banners containing the names of the patriots killed in the battle of Lexington, and also the following mottoes:

"Seven men of Lexington were killed; nine wounded; a quarter part of all who stood in arms on our green."

"Their names are held in grateful remembrance."

"They gave their lives in testimony to the rights of mankind."

The floor of the tent was smoothly laid, so that every facility was afforded for dancing. The dimensions of this canvas are 200 by 80 feet, and afford sufficient accommodation for seven thousand people. At 9 A.M. the public were admitted, and a great crowd surged in and took possession of the settees and chairs. By 10 o'clock all the available space was disposed of, and the Germania Band took its station in front of the Hancock statue and played the overture to "Le Roi d'Yvetot." The first to arrive on the platform was the "New-England Veteran Association of Officers and Soldiers of the War of 1812," marshalled by Col. Henry Little, and these aged men received great attention at the hands of the spectators. Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks, the Rev. Benton Smith of the Universalist Church, and Josiah Rutter, Esq., the Committee from the town of Waltham, preceded their cavalcade, and took central seats on the platform.

The Rev. Henry Westcott, Mrs. Cary and Miss Alice Cary, Messrs. James H. Danforth, Marshall P. Wilder and Wyzeman Marshall, John B. Alley, Samuel M. Johnson, William A. Simmons, the Rev. Dr. Rollin H. Neale, ex-Gov. Walter Harriman, of New-Hampshire, Col. William B. Mann and the delegation from Philadelphia, were also furnished chairs on the platform.

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The opening address was made by Thomas Meriam Stetson, Esq., president of the day. After which prayer was offered by the Rev. Henry Westcott.

The Boylston Club of Boston then sang Eichberg's national hymn,—

"To thee, O country, great and free."

After which Scripture selections were read by the Rev. John Wesley Churchill, from an old copy of the Bible presented to the Lexington church by Gov. Hancock.

The ceremony of the unveiling of the statues of Hancock and Adams followed, accompanied with an address by the Hon. Charles Hudson, who spoke as follows:

Every nation owes its birth and its preservation to the gallantry of its soldiers and the wisdom of its statesmen. Impressed with this truth and the obligation it imposes, the people of Lexington have placed in their Memorial Hall the statues of two soldiers, — one a minute-man of the revolution, the other a union soldier of the late war. In this way we have testified our just appreciation of the military and the value of their services.

But we feel that our duty is but half done. We have two vacant niches in our hall, which we purpose to fill with the statues of two illustrious statesmen, in grateful acknowledgment of their worth. We desire that the gallantry of the soldier and the wisdom of the statesman should shed their combined lustre in our consecrated hall, and so teach the rising generation that the civil and the military power are both essential to the preservation of the republic.

Nor have we hesitated in the selection of our subjects. Two names came to us unsought. We could not overlook the men whose ardent devotion to human rights had excited the wrath of the king, the ministry, and the royal governor. These proscribed patriots, known and honored throughout the country, were particularly identified with Lexington, and were here on the famous 19th of April. Returning from the provincial congress, over whose deliberations one had presided and whose counsels the other had controlled, they had taken up their abode with their friend and compeer, the Rev. Jonas Clark, whose heart beat in unison with theirs, and whose wisdom and patriotism made his house a favorite place of resort to the leading patriots of the day. Here these distinguished statesmen were sojourning to avoid the threatened seizure and transportation recommended by General Gage. Nor was this prompted by mere selfishness. They were moved by prudence rather than by fear, and sought their country's freedom in their own personal safety.

The elder of the two, in the midst of comparative poverty which he might have bartered for boundless wealth, cheerfully devoted the best years of his life to the cause of liberty, and did more to baffle the designs of the ministry and prepare the colonies for self-government than any other man. He was, in fact, the organizer of the American revolution. Far-seeing and sagacious, he early perceived the result of the controversy, and kept the great end of colonial independence constantly in view.

But, while he labored to inculcate the principles of liberty and equal rights with all the steadfastness of a sturdy old puritan, he had the wisdom to avoid those impracticable extremes into which many ardent men are apt to fall. He knew that the colonies must act in unison; that Massachusetts, though goaded on nearly to desperation, must bear and forbear till the other colonies were prepared to meet the crisis. He knew that it would be madness for a single colony to raise the standard of revolt, and attempt alone to withstand the giant power of Great Britain; and so he devoted his best energies to unite the colonies, and thus make common cause in resisting oppression. Though his feelings were ardent, they were restrained by his sound judgment; and his firm religious principles forever bound him to the interest of his country. While he was urging more moderation, and actually holding the people in one section back from overt acts, he used his best efforts in other places to implant the seeds of liberty, and prepare the people for the impending struggle.

Meeting his opponents at every point, he showed them that we stood upon the broad basis of the English constitution, and that they were the rebels and the violators of the law. When taxation was the theme of controversy, they were told that taxation without representation was repugnant to the fundamental principles of *Magna Chartâ*. When troops were sent here to enforce their arbitrary decrees and awe the people into submission, they were told that, by the fundamental law of the realm, the military must be subordinate to the civil power; and that standing armies in times of peace could not be lawfully quartered among us without the

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consent of our legislature. In this way he defeated the designs of the ministry, and laid a firm foundation for colonial independence. Nor was this influence confined to his own town or colony. In every change of affairs, in every new scheme of oppression, he was the first to give the alarm, and state the true ground of opposition; and, taking the cue from him, in a short time his profound axioms became household words in every part of the colonies.

He allowed nothing to divert him from his purpose. Neither elated by success, nor depressed by temporary defeats, he moved steadily onward, and generally turned adversity to his own account. When others hesitated, he was ready for action. Where others faltered, he stood firm, and never appeared more collected or more truly great than when the storm was gathering, and threatening to burst upon his devoted head. He met every crisis with dignity, and rose superior to the occasion. Trusting in the justice of his cause, and leaning upon a righteous providence, when he had taken his position he stood collected and firm, immovable as Mount Atlas,—

"Though storms and tempests thundered on its brow,
And oceans broke in billows at its feet."

No wonder that such a man, with his prophetic ken, should, on hearing the assailing musketry from this common on the day we commemorate, exclaim, "*What a glorious morning for America is this!*"

[At this point the veil was removed.]

Samuel Adams! The patriot and the sage! There he stands in his marble firmness and his marble purity.

And who so fit to be associated with him as his proscribed companion, the generous young merchant of Boston, who laid his princely fortune upon the altar of his country, and was ready to light the offering when the public good should require it! He was an ardent patriot, and unfaltering in his devotion to the cause of his country. With a fortune and a position in society which would have secured to him any place he could reasonably desire, he put his fortune and his all in jeopardy by adhering to the cause of the people. Having enlisted under the banner of freedom, no man was more bold and persevering in his efforts. He presided *fearlessly* over the provincial congress whose meetings the royal governor had forbidden. He was chairman of the committee of safety, appointed by that congress, and clothed with large executive powers, and was, in fact, the chief magistrate of the colony, and, as such, the commander-in-chief of the military, and had power to call them into the field in any emergency. Among other important positions which he occupied, he was called to preside over the continental congress,—a body of men so renowned for prudence, sagacity, and wise statesmanship, as to draw from Lord Chatham the highest eulogium on the floor of parliament.

But there is one event in his life more interesting in itself, and more illustrative of his character, perhaps, than any other. I refer to the fact that he took his pen, and wrote, in a bold—I had almost said a defiant—hand, his name upon a document which, at the time, in the estimation of thousands, was as likely to prove his death-warrant as his passport to fame.

[At this point the veil was removed.]

There is the figure of John Hancock, holding in his hand that immortal scroll which proclaimed us an independent nation, bearing his name, and his *alone*,—the affixing of the other names being an afterthought, induced, in some degree at least, by the prompt example of their president.

Here, fellow-citizens, you have a view of the two distinguished patriots we delight to honor,—patriots who embody the zeal, the firmness, the self-sacrificing spirit of the revolution. If they could speak, they would kindle in our breasts an ardent love of liberty, which would induce us to follow their example, and pledge our *lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor*, to sustain the institutions they labored to establish.

But, thank heaven, they have spoken, and their words have come down to us, teeming with patriotic self-devotion. Adams, in the fulness of his heart, in 1774, uses this expressive language: "I would advise perseverance in our struggle for

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liberty, though it were revealed from heaven that nine hundred and ninety-nine were to perish, and only one in a thousand survive and retain his liberty. One such person must have more virtue and enjoy more happiness than a thousand slaves; and let him propagate his like, and transmit to them what he had nobly preserved."

With equal ardor and self-devotion Hancock declared himself willing, nay, desirous, that Boston, where his large property was situated, should be attacked, and his property destroyed to promote the welfare of his country. In an official letter to Washington, in December, 1775, informing him that congress had given him authority to attack the British in Boston, if he should deem it expedient, Hancock says emphatically, "*I heartily desire it, though, personally, I may be the greatest sufferer.*"

Such was the spirit of our favorite statesmen, and such the spirit we would infuse into our children. Upon such principles was our freedom founded, and upon such alone can it be perpetuated.

Hancock and Adams! Names to be held in everlasting remembrance! We bow with reverence in your imaged presence, and seem to receive patriotic and devout instruction from your marble lips!

At the close of Mr. Hudson's remarks the following poem, "Lexington, 1775," by John G. Whittier, was sung by the Boylston Club:—

No maddening thirst for blood had they,
No battle-joy was theirs who set
Against the alien bayonet
Their homespun breasts in that old day.

Their feet had trodden peaceful ways,
They loved not strife, they dreaded pain;
They saw not, what to us is plain,
That God would make man's wrath his praise.

No seers were they, but simple men:
Its vast results the future hid;
The meaning of the work they did
Was strange and dark and doubtful then.

Swift as the summons came they left
The plough, mid-furrow, standing still;
The half-ground corn-grist in the mill,
The spade in earth, the axe in cleft.

They went where duty seemed to call;
They scarcely asked the reason why:
They only knew they could but die,
And death was not the worst of all.

Of man for man the sacrifice,
Unstained by blood save theirs, they gave:
The flowers that blossomed from their grave
Have sown themselves beneath all skies.

Their death-shot shook the feudal tower,
And shattered slavery's chain as well:
On the sky's dome, as on a bell,
Its echo struck the world's great hour.

That faithful echo is not dumb:
The nations, listening to its sound,
Wait, from a century's vantage-ground,
The holier triumphs yet to come,—

The bridal time of law and love,
The gladness of the world's release,
When, war-sick, at the feet of Peace,
The hawk shall nestle with the dove,—

The golden age of brotherhood,
Unknown to other rivalries
Than of the mild humanities,
And gracious interchange of good,

When closer strand shall lean to strand,
Till meet, beneath saluting flags,
The eagle of our mountain crags,
The lion of our motherland.

After which followed the oration of the Hon. Richard H. Dana, Jr.

When the applause had subsided, the entire audience, led by the Boylston Club, sang to the tune of Old Hundred the following hymn composed by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe:

One hundred years the world hath seen,
Since, bristling on these meadows green,
The British foemen mocked our sires,
New armed beside their household fires.

The troops were hastening from the town
To hold the country for the crown;
But through the land the ready thrill
Of patriot hearts ran swifter still.

Our fathers met at break of dawn:
From many a peaceful haunt they come;
From homely task and rustic care,
Marshalled by faith, upheld by prayer.

The winter's wheat was in the ground,
Waiting the April zephyr's sound;
But other growth these fields should bear
When war's wild summons rent the air.

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Here flowed the sacrificial blood,
Hence sprang the bond of brotherhood;
Here rose, resolved for good or ill,
The nation's majesty of will.

O Thou who victor dost remain,
Above the slayer and the slain,
Not ill we deem that in thy might
That day our fathers held their right.

They knew not that their ransomed land
To free the vassalled earth should stand;
That Thou, through all their toil and pain,
A home of nations didst ordain.

Upon this field of Lexington
We hail the mighty conquest won,
Invoking here thy mightier name,
To keep our heritage from shame.

May peaceful generations turn
To where these ancient glories burn;
And not a lesson of that time
Fade from men's thoughts through wrong and crime.

Beside the hearth let freemen still
Keep their integrity of will,
And meet the treason of the hour
With mind resolved, and steadfast power.

But not in arms be our defence:
Give us the strength of innocence,
The will to work, the heart to dare,
For truth's great battle, everywhere.

So may ancestral conquests live
In what we have and what we give,
And the great boons we hold from Thee
Turn to enrich humanity!

The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Rollin H. Neale, D.D., of Boston.

Immediately after these exercises, the invited guests were escorted to the carriages in waiting, and assigned their place in the procession, which marched over the designated route, and was reviewed by the president of the United States.

The formation of the procession took place on Main street, near Bryant's corner. The several organizations and delegations that participated in the exercises at the pavilion were unable to take the places originally assigned them in the line, but joined the column as it passed over the route of march. At about one o'clock the final signal was given, and the procession moved in the following order:

Brown's Brigade Band. Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company as escort, with the following roster: Captain Major Dexter H. Follett. First Lieutenant, Lieut. Horatio N. Crane. Second Lieutenant, Sergeant Asa Carton. Adjutant, Captain Samuel Hichborn. First Sergeant of Infantry, Gen. Natt Head. Second Sergeant of Infantry, Capt. Wm. B. Sears. Third Sergeant of Infantry, Gen. Samuel H. Leonard. Fourth Sergeant of Infantry, Gen. George B. Drake. Fifth Sergeant of Infantry, Major Charles B. Whittemore. First Sergeant of Artillery, John J. Mann. Second Sergeant of Artillery, Albert T. Whiting. Third Sergeant of Artillery, Capt. Charles Jarvis. Fourth Sergeant of Artillery, Roswell D. Tucker. Fifth Sergeant of Artillery, Capt. Thomas W. Cazmay. Treasurer and Paymaster, Capt. John G. Roberts. Clerk and Assistant Paymaster, Lieut. George H. Allen. Quartermaster, Capt. Charles S. Lambert. Armorer, Capt. Richard M. Barker. The Ancients had 350 men in line, and among the honorary staff were Gen. Banks, Col. John C. Park, Gen. Ebenezer W. Stone and Major George O. Carpenter. Chief Marshal, Wm. A. Tower. Chief of Staff, Gen. Wilmon W. Blackmar. Adjutant General, Capt. Samuel E. Chandler. Aids—Col. D. P. Muzzey, Col. J. N. Lombard, Capt. Hugh Cochrane, Capt. George R. Kelso, Edward W. Kinsley, Esq., Cornelius Wellington, Esq., F. O. Robinson, Esq., Lieut. Col. William Ingalls, M.D., Capt. Wm. Roberts, Capt. T. D. Whitney, Capt. E. L. Giddings, Capt. Jonas F. Capelle, A. E. Scott, Esq., Benj. Poland, Esq.

Right Division.—Gen. Wm. Cogswell, Chief. Aids—Gen. F. S. Nickerson, Maj. W. S. Greenough, Col. J. W. Gilray, Dr. George S. Osborne, Capt. H. W. Putnam, F. V. Butters, Esq. Brockton Band. Lexington Minute Men, Major Loring W. Muzzey commanding, as escort, 97 men. Adjutant, A. D. Cutler. Captain of First Company, George H. Cutter. Captain of Second Company, G. Koffman. Salem Band. Salem Cadets, Major A. P. Browne commanding, 100 men. Major, Samuel Dalton; Adjutant, J. F. Dalton; Surgeon, E. O. Fowler; Paymaster, T. H. Johnson; Quartermaster, E. A. Simonds. First Co., Capt. Hobbs; Second Co., Capt. Masury; Third Co., Capt. Hart; Fourth Co., Capt. Newhall. Mayor Williams and the City Government of Salem. Military Order of the Loyal Legion, United States, General Charles Devens, Jr., commanding, 100 men. Dedham Brass Band. Charles W. Carroll Post No. 144, G. A. R., Edward Sherwin commanding, 40 men, acting as escort to a delegation of 150 citizens of Dedham, Gen. Thomas Sherwin, Marshal. Massachusetts Veteran Association of Survivors of the war of 1812, in carriages. Dartmoor prisoners in carriages. Society of the Cincinnati. President of the Day.

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Orator and Chaplain. Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements. Board of Government of the Massachusetts Charitable Association. Twenty members of the Joseph Warren Monument Association of Roxbury in a barge. Needham Band. Mounted delegation from Needham, Joseph E. Fiske, Marshal. Highlandville Cornet Band. Delegation of citizens from Needham, 100 men. Post 21, G. A. R., Needham, 30 men. Delegation from Quincy, consisting of Hon. Charles Marsh, Chairman; John O. Holden, Wm. B. Wooster and C. C. Johnson. Magoun Battery of Medford, two guns, an escort for S. C. Lawrence Post 66, G. A. R. Captain of Battery, Charles Russell; First Lieutenant, Edwin Burbank; Second Lieut., Wm. Vining. S. C. Lawrence Encampment Post 66, G. A. R., Capt. I. F. R. Hosea, 50 men. Saunders's Cornet Band of Peabody. Peabody Veterans' and Soldiers' and Sailors' Association, 45 men, W. M. Ward commanding. Old Danvers Light Infantry, 60 men, Major D. J. Preston commanding, accompanied by the Union Fife and Drum Corps of Peabody. Delegation of 100 minute men from Billerica, C. H. Hill, Marshal, with banner, "1775–1875, 101 minute men." Delegation of citizens from Chelsea, Melrose, Newton, Acton, Westford, Sudbury, Lincoln and Chelmsford. Nashua Cornet Band, 21 men. Mechanic Phalanx of Lowell, 45 men, Captain, C. W. Brown; Lieutenants, George A. Merrill and A. A. Hanscom. Lowell City Government. Collector of the Port of Boston. Postmaster of the City of Boston. Naval Officer and Surveyor of the Port of Boston. Officers of the United States Army and Navy. Philadelphia Centennial Commission. The City Council of Philadelphia. New York Chamber of Commerce. Bunker Hill Monument Association. Boston Board of Trade.

Centre Division.—Col. William T. Grammer, Chief. Aids—Col. Carroll D. Wright, Col. Lyman Dike, Dr. C. T. Lang, Charles O. Billings, Esq., Alva S. Wood, Esq., N. H. Merriam, Esq. North Woburn Brass Band, C. L. Stetson, leader, 25 pieces. Woburn Mechanic Phalanx, 63 men, Captain A. L. Richardson. Burbank Post No. 33 of Woburn, 77 men, John L. Parker, Commander. A. D. Weld Post No. 148 of Winchester, 30 men, C. H. Moseley, Commander. Winchester Young Men's Association, 32 men, N. F. Marble, Marshal. Delegation of Citizens of the Town of Woburn in five carriages. A. E. Thompson, Chairman of Committee. Carriage driven by Wm. B. Ham of Woburn, West Village, containing relics of the Battle of Lexington. Citizens of Winchester in carriages, S. S. Holton, chairman. Cavalcade of Woburn Citizens, Major E. F. Wyer, Marshal, 101 men. Cavalcade of Burlington citizens, F. E. Ham, Marshal, 50 men. Selectmen and citizens of the town of Burlington in two carriages, Mr. F. E. Marshall, chairman. Stoneham Delegation, W. B. Stevens, Marshal; aids, B. A. Fowler and E. B. Fairchilds. Stoneham Brass Band, 20 pieces; E. Gilbert, leader. J. P. Gould Post 75, G. A. R., of Stoneham, 86 men, John Best, Commander. Carriage containing George W. Dike, Edward Bucknam and B. F. Richardson, descendants of Stoneham minute-men of 1775, with banner. Selectmen and Town Clerk of Stoneham in carriages. Citizens of Stoneham, 125 men. Reading Veteran Association, 30 men, W. W. Davis, Commander. Delegations of the citizens of Reading, 60 men, Charles H. Lang, Marshal. Malden Cornet Band, 20 pieces, A. Moore, leader. Delegation of citizens of Malden, 25 men, A. L. Barrett, Marshal. Maj. Gen. Hiram G. Perry Post No. 40, G. A. R., of Malden, 70 men, M. B. Lakeman, Commander. Selectmen and Town Officers of Malden, in four carriages. Ripley's Wakefield Band, 25 pieces, W. S. Ripley, leader. Richardson Light Guard of Wakefield, 70 men, Capt. J. M. Cate. Warren Post No. 12, G. A. R., of Wakefield, 60 men, J. W. Harnden, Commander. Revere Brass Band, 18 pieces, S. B. Janvrin, leader. Selectmen of Revere in two carriages, and eight barges containing citizens, Col. T. W. Porter, Marshal. Cavalcade of Waltham citizens, 65 men, Capt. Wm. Gibbs, Marshal, escorting Gen. N. P. Banks and the veterans of the war of 1812 of this town, viz.: Samuel Barry and Isaac Farewell. Watertown Brass Band, 25 pieces, Willard Sheldon, leader. Isaac B. Patten Post 81, G. A. R., of Watertown, 52 men, Albert B. Hardwell, Commander. Watertown Minute Men, Charles Potter, Commander, 54 men. Watertown School Guard, 40 men, Capt. John Stevens. Watertown citizens and descendants of Minute Men who fought at Lexington, in 2 carriages. First Regiment Band, 30 pieces. Drum Corps, 10 pieces. Claflin Guards of Newton, 50 men, Capt. A. W. Walworth. Mayor Hyde, Board of Aldermen and Common Council of Newton in 6 carriages.

Left Division.—Col. B. F. Peach, Chief. Aids—Maj. Jos. A. Ingalls, Maj. A. Hun Berry, Capt. Henry C. Cutter, Lieut. Aug. Brown, Lieut. C. C. Frye, A. C.

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Tower, Esq. Gen. Walcutt, Commander of the Cambridge Delegation. Aids—Capts. John Read and G. H. Prior. Bond's Band of Boston (mounted), Alonzo Bond, leader, 11 pieces. Boston Light Dragoons, Capt. David Scott, 100 men. Edmands's Band of Boston (who appeared for the first time in their new uniform), 25 pieces. Fourth Battalion M. V. M Drum Corps, 16 drums, James Clark, Drum Master. Fourth Battalion M. V. M., four companies, Major R. C. Wellington. Staff—Adjutant, George H. Thom; Surgeon, J. A. Hildreth; Quartermaster, D. A. Brown; Paymaster, H. L. Hitchcock, and Lieut. G. D. Whitney. Non-commissioned Staff—Sergt.-Major Lethbridge, Quartermaster Sergeant Wing, and Hospital Steward Brown. Co. A.—Captain, N. N. Noyes; Lieuts., N. N. Noyes and George O. Noyes. Co. B.—Captain, Levi Hawkes; Lieutenants, Dowland and Gowan. Co. C.—Captain, T. L. Harlow; Lieutenants, Pray and Fallon. Co. D.—Captain, H. A. Parkinson; Lieutenants, Harrington and Fitzmire. Germania Band of Cambridge, C. C. Heichman, leader, 21 pieces. Capt. Joseph W. Smith, Battalion Commander of the Cambridge G. A. R. Posts. Aid—Adjutant James Munroe. Encampment W. H. Smart Post 36, G. A. R.; Commander, Wm. B. Livesey—100 men. Encampment Charles Beck Post 56, G. A. R., W. W. Webb, Commander; 50 men. Encampment P. Stearns Davis Post 57, G. A. R., A. M. Lunt, Commander; 60 men. Barouches containing Aldermen J. C. Wellington and William L. Whitney, and Councilmen Kelley, Stone, Nichols and Swan, all of the Cambridge City Council Committee on the Lexington Centennial; Mayor Bradford of Cambridge and ex-Mayors Green, Houghton and Sargent, members of the Cambridge City Council, and a delegation of citizens. Lynn Brass Band, J. C. Norton, leader, 20 pieces. Lynn Light Infantry, Captain, J. G. Warner; Lieutenants, C. M. Sprague and G. A. Fuller. Jr., 57 men. Newton City Brass Band, C. P. Eaton, leader, 25 pieces. Drum Corps, 10 drums. Boston Independent Fusileers, Captain H. W. Snow, 75 men. Staff—Captains McDonald, Aldrich, Sargent and Warner. American Band of Cambridge (mounted), Daniel Bissell, leader, 23 pieces. Cavalcade of Arlington citizens, James Durgan, Marshal, 200 men. Three barouches, containing prominent citizens of Arlington. Delegation of four members of Hiram Lodge F. A. M. of Arlington in barouche. Delegation of four members of Menotomy Royal Arch Chapter of Masons of Arlington in barouche. Delegation of six members of Bethel Lodge I. O. O. F. of Arlington in barouche. Delegation of six members of the Arlington Temperance Society in barouche. Delegation of four members of Metonomy Council, Sovereigns of Industry, of Arlington, in barouche. Lexington Brass Band, McDonald, leader, 25 pieces. Franklin Lodge No. 41, K. of P., of Somerville, Wm. Spring, Commander, 90 men. Encampment W. O. Kingsley No. 139, G.A.R., of Somerville, George W. Burroughs, Commander, 130 men. Eleven barouches containing Mayor Furber of Somerville, members of the City Council and a delegation of citizens. St. Bridget Total Abstinence Society of Lexington, P. Kelley, Marshal, 35 men.

The route was from Bryant's corner through Main to Hancock street, through Hancock to Revere street, through Revere to Bedford street, and thence to the "Old Battle Ground," where the procession was dismissed.

The column extended a distance of nearly two miles, and so dense was the crowd of people at several points that it was with difficulty that the procession could move. On the return down Bedford street, President Grant, escorted by the Lancers, took a position in rear of the Salem Cadets and remained with the column until it was dismissed, when he with other guests proceeded to the "Old Bucknam Tavern," where they rested for a few minutes before entering the dinner tent. The Independent Corps of Cadets with Gov. Gaston and the Legislature did not arrive from Concord in season to take the position assigned them in the line, and other organizations which went to Concord were also too late.

At about half-past three, the review of the procession by President Grant and his party having been completed, the festival in the dinner-tent formally commenced.

The chair was taken by Mr. Stetson, the president of the day; and on his right were seated the president of the United States; Gen. William W. Belknap, secretary of war; the Hon. George M. Robeson, secretary of the navy; Chief-Justice Gray; the orator of the day; Gen. O. E. Babcock; the Hon. Charles Hudson; the Hon. Columbus Delano, secretary of the interior, and other gentlemen.

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On the left, at the same table, sat Vice-President Wilson; the Hon. Hamilton Fish, secretary of state; the Rev. Edward G. Porter; Gov. Chamberlain, of South Carolina; Postmaster-General Jewell; Senator Wadleigh, of New-Hampshire; Col. Joseph A. Harwood, chairman of the legislative committee on the centennial; Commodore Nichols, U. S. N.; Gen. Benham, U. S. A., and other distinguished guests of the town.

His Excellency Gov. Gaston soon after arrived, and took a seat at the same table.

The Rev. Edward G. Porter, of Lexington, officiated as chaplain of the festival.

When the dessert appeared upon the tables, the President requested the attention of the vast audience, and said, —

Ladies and Gentlemen, — The lapse of a century of national life, during which the pageant and insignia of royalty have been unknown to Americans, has brought us together at the spot where American liberty first spoke out its purpose and determination. The nation bends with reverence before the plain gravestone, with its inscription that reads like one of the tablets of eternity, of the first martyrs of the revolution. Their battle, with its calm courage, its personal heroism, its strange, bold, unexpected stand of sixty against eight hundred, was the flower and consummation of principles that were long ripening in the clear-sighted, liberty-loving, Anglo-Saxon mind. The founders of the English commonwealth; the men who advocated liberty more ardently than the slow evolution of English methods would permit; the men who brought Charles to the block; the iron-sides of Naseby and Worcester; the Miltons, Hampdens and Pyms, — spoke and worked through their American representatives better and more wisely than at home. Slow, sure, consistent, the Americans proceeded at every step. They recognized completely the supremacy of law, whether to crush king or protect people. No accidental impulse moved their leaders. Their policy slowly ripened through years of observation. Samuel Adams watched month after month for the maturity of ministerial error as calmly as John Parker stood at his company's head, and told them to receive the British fire first. They knew that the ripeness of events was needed, that the frenzy of the ministry was the statesmanship of fate. The sympathies of Rockingham, Burke, Camden and others were too precious to be imperilled by rashness, or alienated by mistakes. That adoration of the equal administration of justice, which made John Adams and the younger Quincy volunteer to defend Capt. Preston and his soldiers after the Boston massacre, was no mere quixotism. That equal justice was the object and purpose of America then, and their clear vision was undimmed by passion. They did not believe the law to be the mere will of people or of prince, but a rule of loftier and diviner origin.

The Bay Colony was from the beginning a school of jurisprudence, where Selden or Grotius might have learned. Nowhere in the world's history is taught the science of liberty regulated by law, as in the early story of Massachusetts. What great subjects they talked over in town meetings then! Right here in Lexington the Rev. Jonas Clark, unsurpassed as a writer of state papers, taught the solidest views of law; and this township instructed its representative as to his course concerning the obnoxious acts of parliament, "so to vote, that, whether successful or not, succeeding generations may know that we understood our rights and liberties, and were neither ashamed nor afraid to assert and maintain them."

These were the men who answered the drum-beat in the early gray of the morning a hundred years ago to-day. Not many of them were young men. They were sober, considerate heads of families. The glory of Samuel Adams was in Faneuil Hall, but his refuge was in Lexington; and who could teach republicanism so well as he? Their old minister had a grandson whose name stands first and largest on the declaration of independence; and he too was a fugitive from power at Lexington. Here he often visited his cousin, Mr. Clark. At that house we can imagine were discussed the highest themes of government and state. With such guidance, the men of Lexington knew their duty. In earnestness and sobriety they did it. No excitement of martial pomp allured these quiet farmers. No ladies' favors, no military exuberance, were calling the gilded youth and curled darlings of a nation to a tournament or a Balaklava. There were no princes to act, no kingdom for a stage. There was no hope of success against the overpowering numbers of the trained soldiers that were advancing up the road; and, if military skill alone had been consulted, Capt. Parker would have withdrawn his men. But the sixty Lexington statesmen loaded with ball, and stood still to receive the fire and bide the shock of eight hundred soldiers. What words of grave encouragement and cheer rang along their ranks! They knew that, before the fire of the regulars, perhaps half

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their number would go down. Assistance was not to be expected; but they stood there for their country and the law. From the pines of Meriam's Hill, John Hancock and Samuel Adams were looking down upon them. They could not falter nor succeed, but they could die. What were Fontenoy's fantastic and theatrical courtesies to this? These men knew the tremendous responsibility of the hour, and waited for the enemy to fire first, with the immovable steadfastness of the rock of liberty. Nor were they inexperienced. Men of this company had fought the long wars with the Indians, had fought the French at Carillon and Crown Point. Capt. Parker had climbed with Gen. Wolfe to the citadel of Quebec. Robert Munroe, with the standard of England in his grasp, had forced his way over the ramparts of Louisburg; and all the other fourteen Munroes in the company were the same staunch, obstinate Scotch warriors that he was. Joseph Simonds bore the old flag of Massachusetts Bay as proudly against his king as it had been borne to the wintry coasts of Cape Breton. There were no stars and stripes then; but these men were building better than they knew. They were loyal to their king, but more loyal to justice and the law; and from the first shot fired by the grenadiers, to the time when Maximilian fell beneath Mexican bullets, it has been clear that the soil of North America is no place for kings.

Fellow-Citizens,— Since the close of the service at the pavilion, our crowded ranks have been largely recruited by other visitors. We are now honored with the presence of the chief magistrate of the nation, whom I have the privilege to present to you.

[Here President Grant rose, and was received by the immense throng with tremendous cheers.]

And we cordially welcome you, Mr. President, to your place in the day's observance. Beneath your feet is a battle-field smaller and less awful than your field of Vicksburg or Petersburg; less, infinitely less, in number of combatants, and in continuance of strife, than those tremendous battle-plains of the Wilderness: but still one of the crises of history was transacted here. On this consecrated ground we recall with swelling hearts what you too have done for our country. And with the associations of the place and hour to welcome you, not only as the civil head of a united nation, but as the military chief whose strong arm, matchless skill, firmness that moved on to its purpose with the passionless force of a glacier, finished the work that the farmers of Middlesex began; and, after ninety years of growth, consolidated and completed a republic fit for the proud and fervid worship of the free.

With the concurrence of you all, I will now propose the first regular toast of the dinner, to which music will give the response,— "*The President of the United States.*"

As the governor of Massachusetts had not yet arrived, the second regular toast was postponed, and the next toast,— "*The State of South Carolina*,"—was responded to by Gov. Daniel H. Chamberlain.

The next toast,— "*The Commonwealth of Massachusetts*,"—was responded to by Governor Gaston.

The President of the Day then said:—You know, fellow-citizens, that to-day we celebrate along the whole line. I have just received from our brethren at Concord, by the hands of the President of the United States, this sentiment:—

"Concord sends greeting to Lexington on this hundredth anniversary of the glorious morning, by the hand of the President of the United States. The Great Republic, whose thirty-seven States span a continent from ocean to ocean, is the harvest of which the seed was sown on the 19th of April, 1775. E. Rockwood Hoar."

This communication was received with deafening applause and cheers.

In response to the next regular toast,— "*England and America.*—Now true and loyal friends; the two great Anglo-Saxon nations settle their differences with justice, and without the sword," the Rev. Mr. Porter read the following letter from the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone:—

London, March 5, 1875.

Gentlemen,—I have had the honor to receive the letter in which you convey to me a very warm and courteous invitation to attend the banquet which it is proposed to hold at Lexington in commemoration of the attainment of independence by the United States of America.

The circumstances of the war which yielded that result, the principles it illus-

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trates, and the remarkable powers and characters of the principal men who took part, whether as soldiers or civilians, in the struggle, have always invested it with a peculiar interest in my eyes, quite independently of the intimate concern of this country in the events themselves.

On account of these features, that war and its accompaniments seem to me to constitute one of the most instructive chapters of modern history, and I have repeatedly recommended them to younger men as subjects of especial study.

With these views, I need not say how far I am from regarding the approaching celebration with indifference. It is entirely beyond my power to cross the sea, even with the present admirable communications, for the purpose of attendance. The present time happens to be for me, even independently of my attendance in parliament, one of many urgent occupations which I am not at liberty to put aside. But I earnestly hope, and I cannot doubt, that the celebration will be worthy of the occasion.

In a retrospective view of the eventful period, my countrymen can now contemplate its incidents with impartiality. I do not think they should severely blame their ancestors, whose struggles to maintain the unity of the British empire is one that must, I think, after the late great war of the North and South, be viewed in America with some sympathy and indulgence. We can hardly be expected to rate very highly the motives of those European powers who threw their weight into the other scale, and who so sensibly contributed towards accelerating, if not, indeed, towards determining, the issue of the war; yet, for one, I can most truly say that, whatever the motives and however painful the process, they, while seeking to do an injury, conferred upon us a great benefit, by releasing us from efforts the continuation of which would have been an unmixed evil. As regards the fathers of the American Constitution themselves, I believe we can and do now contemplate their great qualities and achievements with an admiration as pure as that of American citizens themselves; and can rejoice no less heartily, that, in the counsels of Providence, they were made the instruments of a purpose most beneficent to the world.

The circumstances under which the United States began their national existence, and their unexampled rapidity of advance in wealth, population, enterprise, and power, have imposed on their people an enormous responsibility. They will be tried, as we shall, at the bar of history; but on a greater scale. They will be compared with the men not only of other countries, but of other times. They cannot escape from the liabilities and burdens which their greatness imposes.

No one desires more fervently than I do, that they may be enabled to realize the highest hopes and anticipations that belong to their great position in the family of man.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen,

Your obliged and faithful servant,

W. E. Gladstone.

C. Hudson, M. H. Merriam, W. H. Munroe, Esquires.

The Boylston Club then sang a song, written by Dr. Henry G. Clark, a grandson of the Rev. Jonas Clark of Lexington.

Other toasts were proposed and responded to, as follows: "*Our Orator of the Day*,—The Jurist, Constitutional and International; who has sought not the rills, but the fountains, of Liberty and Law, and brought us their purest flow,"—by Mr. Dana; "*The Bench and Bar*,"—by Chief-Justice Gray; "*The General Court of Massachusetts*."—by the Hon. George B. Loring.

A song by the Rev. William C. Gannett was next sung by the club.

The eighth toast,—"*The North and the South*,"—was responded to by Gen. William Francis Bartlett; "*The Health and Prosperity of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company*," by music from the band; "*The Colleges and Universities of America*,"—speech of Gen. J. L. Chamberlain, President of Bowdoin College; "*The Dead of Lexington*,—The die was cast. The blood of these martyrs was the cement of the union of these States; and the peace, liberty and independence of the United States of America was their glorious reward,"—by the Hon. N. P. Banks.

The club then sang a song written for the day by the Rev. W. R. Huntington, D.D.

"*The Merchants of the Revolution*," was responded to by the Hon. Elliot C. Cowdin, of New York; "*The Women of the Revolution*,"—by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale.

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IN CONCORD, MONDAY, APRIL 19, 1875.

The one hundredth anniversary of the "Concord Fight" was commemorated in that town this day.

The preliminary steps which led to this celebration are these:—Ebenezer Hubbard, a native of New-Hampshire, but for many years a citizen of Concord, dying in 1871, bequeathed to the town of Concord the sum of one thousand dollars, for the purpose and under the conditions thus set forth in his will:

"I order my Executor to pay the sum of one thousand dollars towards building a Monument in said town of Concord on the spot where the Americans fell, on the opposite side of the river from the present Monument, in the battle of the Nineteenth of April, 1775, providing my said Executor shall ascertain that said Monument first named has been built, or sufficient funds have been obtained therefor within five years after my decease; but in case my Executor shall have ascertained that said first named Monument is not built, nor sufficient funds obtained for that purpose within five years after my decease, then I order my Executor to pay over to Hancock, N. H., said sum of one thousand dollars."

A further bequest of six hundred dollars was also made by Mr. Hubbard, toward the expense of building a bridge over the river at that point, on the site of the historic Old North Bridge, which had been removed in 1793.

At the annual town meeting in March, 1872, a committee was chosen to report to the town what action should be taken in relation to this bequest. The Hon. Stedman Buttrick, a grandson of that Major John Buttrick who led the advance of the American militia on the 19th of April, 1775, conveyed to the town about one-fourth of an acre of land on the west bank of the river as a site for the new monument; and in March, 1873, the committee reported to the town in these terms:

"Your Committee, fully believing that the importance of the events of the Nineteenth of April, 1775, deserves all the recognition that a grateful and prosperous people can bestow, and that the 'Birthplace of American Liberty' cannot be too conspicuously marked by enduring monuments to perpetuate those memorable scenes, would recommend to the town of Concord to gratefully accept the patriotic bequest of the late Mr. Hubbard, and the equally patriotic gift of Mr. Buttrick.

"To procure a statue of a Continental Minute Man cut in granite, and erect it on a proper foundation on the American side of the river, with the lines of Emerson, that are 'household words,' and need not here be quoted,

'By the rude bridge,'

enduringly graven for an inscription on the base. That a suitable foot-bridge be constructed to give access to the spot

'Where once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world;'

and thus enable future visitors to realize, as far as may be, both actors and scene;

'That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.'

"To properly carry out this plan, the town or its citizens may be called upon to provide additional means, but your Committee believe that the public spirit of Concord will not for the first time fail when its exercise is required in this cause.

"That for the proper execution of this work sufficient time should be allowed, and it is proposed that it be completed and dedicated on the hundredth anniversary of the day, with such other exercises as may be hereafter determined.

"This would, in the judgment of the Committee, give a character and interest to the Centennial Celebration worthy of the occasion; for it should be remembered that we shall be called upon to inaugurate the very first of the Revolutionary Centennials that will be soon crowding on the country, and for which the note of preparation is already sounded.

"To do this worthily let us avail ourselves of these bequests in the patriotic spirit that inspired the givers, and fully understand that if we, as a community, desire ever to do anything to make our battle-ground more memorable this is the fittest occasion."

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The acceptance of this report decided the character of the Concord centennial celebration, and for the next two years the interest in the matter was not allowed to flag. Mr. Daniel C. French, a young gentleman of Concord, whose talents as a sculptor had already begun to attract attention, entered with enthusiasm into the plans of the committee. The occasion offered him his first and most fitting opportunity for a great and ambitious work, and he at once set about the designing of a model for the proposed statue, to which for nearly a year he devoted all his talents. How well his work was done needs not to be said here. The statue, cast in bronze, from guns presented for the purpose by the United States, is and will forever remain the best witness to the genius of the young artist. The figure is of heroic size, and represents a young man suddenly called from labor in the field, by the alarm of war, pausing for a moment by his abandoned plough, as if listening, with gun in hand. The costume is modelled faithfully upon the ordinary dress of country folk, a century ago. The features are strongly marked with all the characteristics of the New-England blood, the frame sturdy and well-knit, the attitude natural and vigorous, the whole form "thoroughly alive from head to foot."

At the town meeting in November, 1874, a committee of thirty were chosen to make arrangements for the approaching celebration, for the expenses of which an appropriation of five thousand dollars had been previously made. This appropriation was subsequently doubled. Vigorous work was at once begun. To give the anniversary the national character which belonged to it, the president of the United States, and the governors of the original thirteen states and of the several New-England states were invited to be present. Gen. Francis C. Barlow, of New-York, whose earlier years were passed in Concord, was invited to act as chief marshal, and George Wm. Curtis, also at one time residing here, was asked to deliver the oration. These invitations were accepted, and a poem by James Russell Lowell, and an address by Ralph Waldo Emerson were promised. All the surrounding towns, particularly those whose citizens had taken part in the events about to be commemorated, were invited to participate. Learned bodies, historical and antiquarian societies, military companies, and patriotic organizations from all parts signified their intention to be present. Early in the proceedings a conference was entered into with the Lexington committee with a view to securing a union celebration by the two towns, but the difficulties in the way of such action appearing to be so great as to imperil the success of the whole undertaking, the project was dropped, after a full discussion.

The exercises of the centennial began on Sunday the 18th, on which day a crowded audience, including the president of the United States, with the members of his cabinet and several invited guests, and military companies from Vermont and Maine, gathered in the First Church, to listen to a sermon by its pastor, the Rev. Grindall Reynolds, from the text, Isaiah xxxiii. : 20,—"Look upon Zion, the city of our solemnities; thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down." The First Church of Concord was the place where the sessions of the Provincial Congress were held in 1775, and though several times altered and repaired, is still substantially the same building.

Monday, the 19th, opened cold and lowering, but people were early astir, and long before the hour appointed for the march of the procession, the streets were crowded. At sunrise a salute of 100 guns was fired by a section of Battery A (M. V. M.), under command of Captain E. C. Langley.

The procession was formed at an early hour. The line of march was along Main street, between dense lines of people, to the square, in which latter place there was a great mass of humanity. Through the square the column moved, and up Monument street to the site of the Old North Bridge, passing the old monument and the statue of the Minute Man, on the way to Keyes's field, where the tents were pitched. The order of procession was as follows:

First Division.—Platoon of Boston Police, Sergeant John H. Laskey, commanding. Medford Band, F. A. Hersey, leader—25 pieces. Fifth Regiment of Infantry, as escort. Colonel—Ezra J. Trull, Boston. Lieutenant Colonel—Charles F. King-Somerville. Major—B. Frank Stoddard, Boston. Adjutant, rank, 1st Lieut.—Henry G. Jordan, Boston. Quartermaster, rank, 1st Lieut.—Horace S. Perkins, Salem. Surgeon, rank Major—Edward J. Forster, Boston. Chaplain, rank, Major—William T. Stowe, Boston. Paymaster—George D. Putnam, Salem. Co. A—Boston. Captain, John E. Phipps; First Lieutenant, John L. Curtis, Boston; Second Lieutenant, George W. Whiting, Boston. 61 men. Co. B—Somerville. Captain, Rudolph Kramer; 1st Lieut., William S. Howe; 2d Lieut., Charles K.

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Brackett, 61 men. Co. D—Boston. Captain, Fred. B. Bogan; 1st Lieut., Michael J. Singleton. 40 men. Co. E—Medford. Captain, Warren W. Manning; 1st Lieut., Jophanus H. Whitney; 2d Lieut., Charles M. Green. 64 men. Co. F—Waltham. Captain, Leonard C. Lane; 1st Lieut., Laroy Brown; 2d Lieut., G. Frank Frost. 54 men. Co. H—Boston. Captain, Joseph M. Foster; 1st Lieut., Frank D. Woodbury. 61 men. Co. I—Hudson. Captain, John F. Dolan; 1st Lieut., Edward L. Powers; 2d Lieut., William O'Donnell. 58 men. Co. K—Cambridge. Captain, George A. Keeler; 1st Lieut., William L. B. Robinson; 2d Lieut., Henry N. Wheeler. 61 men. The Fifth marched in column of sixteen platoons, Co. G being absent at Lexington, and Co. C escorting the President in another division. Chief Marshal, Gen. Francis C. Barlow. Aids—Col. Henry L. Higginson and Edward W. Emerson. Carriage containing Mr. George Keyes, chairman of committee of arrangements; the Rev. Grindall Reynolds, chaplain of the day; Judge Henry F. French, the father of D. C. French, the originator and artist of the monument, and Horace Heard, representing Ebenezer Hubbard, who gave the money for the monument. Carriage containing Judge E. R. Hoar, President of the Day, George W. Curtis of New-York, Orator of the Day, and Ralph Waldo Emerson, chosen to deliver the address of dedication. Monument Committee and Committee of Arrangements, on foot. Medford Band, Arthur Hall, leader. Boston Independent Cadets, wearing blue overcoats over their white uniform, escorting the Governor and staff and Legislature. Lieut. Colonel, Thomas F. Edmands. Major, Charles P. Horton. Captain and Paymaster, Chas. E. Stevens. Surgeon, rank, Major, B. Joy Jeffries. Captain and Acting Adjutant, John D. Parker, Jr. Quartermaster, Charles C. Melcher, Boston. Captain, William F. Lawrence, Boston. Captain, William E. Perkins, Boston. Captain, George R. Rogers, Brookline. First Lieutenant, Chas. J. Williams, Boston. First Lieutenant, William L. Parker, Brookline. The Cadets numbered 110 men, and were accompanied by Cols. C. C. Holmes and John Jeffries, past commanders of the corps, and Gen. Cunningham. Carriage containing the Hon. William Gaston, Governor of Massachusetts; Col. Leverett S. Tuckerman, aid; Col. Edward Wyman, aid; Lieut. Colonel George H. Campbell, military secretary to the governor. Carriage containing Judge Advocate General Patrick A. Collins, Colonel A. A. Daggett, governor's aid; Col. E. Gray, governor's aid, and Col. Chas. W. Wilder, assistant quartermaster general. Carriage containing Col. Geo. O. Brastow of the executive council, and the Hon. Mr. Endicott. Carriage containing Lieut. Governor Knight; Col. Whitney of the executive council; Col. Joshua B. Treadwell, assistant surgeon general, and Col. Isaac F. Kingsbury, assistant adjutant general. Carriage containing Attorney General Chas. R. Train and Surgeon General Dale. Carriage containing Messrs. Couch, Brewster, Leland and Turner, of the council. Chief Justice Gray and Associate Justices Wells and Morton, of the supreme judicial court, and Sheriff Moore, in a carriage. Carriage containing Messrs. Dunn and Baker of the executive council, and ex-Councillors Milo Hildreth and F. H. Stickney. Vehicle containing Judge Devens and Governor Chamberlain of South Carolina. Col. C. W. Davis, aid to chief marshal. American Band of Boston, Chas. Thompson, leader. Newburyport Veteran Artillery Association, 100 men, in citizens' dress, with chapeau and black rosette, escorting the legislature; Col. Eben F. Stone, commander; Lieuts. Warren Currier, George H. Stevens, R. M. Perley, and S. Levy; W. P. Saunders, chief of staff; J. P. Evans, adjutant; George Creasy, quartermaster sergeant; A. W. Thompson, orderly sergeant, and Joseph H. Currier and Charles Noyes, standard bearers. Accompanying the Veterans were citizens of Newburyport, including Mayor Atkinson, ex-Mayors Kelly, Boardman and Graves, Mr. W. H. Huse, collector of the port, and other gentlemen. Two carriages containing Senators Harwood and Edson, and Representatives Blunt, Tompkins, Brewer, Fitzgerald and Burr, of the legislative committtee of arrangements. Members of the Senate and House of Representatives of Massachusetts, to the number of about two hundred, marching in column of four, the Hon. John E. Sanford, speaker of the house, walking with the members of the house.

Second Division.—Col. Theodore Lyman, aid to chief marshal. U. S. Marine Band, 45 pieces, in command of Lieut. Gielin, of the marine corps. Concord Artillery, 60 men, Co. C, 5th Regiment, Capt. George P. How, 1st Lieut. Alfred B. C. Dakin, 2d Lieut. Richard F. Barrett. The artillery bore the flag of the old 49th, and acted as escort to the president. Four horse barouche, containing President Grant, Vice-President Wilson, Secretary Fish, and Gen. Babcock, the president's military secretary. Flanking the barouche was a guard of twelve of the Concord Artillery.

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Carriage with Secretary of War Belknap, Secretary of the Interior Delano, Postmaster General Jewell, and ex-Secretary Richardson. Carriage containing Speaker Blaine of the United States House of Representatives, Senator George S. Boutwell, Mr. George W. Childs of Philadelphia, and Senator Wadleigh of New-Hampshire. Carriage containing the Hon. J. H. Burleigh, M. C. from Maine; the Hon. Charles O'Neill, M. C. from Pennsylvania; the Hon. S. W. Kellogg, ex-M. C. from Connecticut, and the Hon. M. E. Phinney of New-York. Col. H. S. Russell, aid to chief marshal. Carriage containing Senator Dawes and the Hons. Chester W. Chapin, M. C., and Rufus Frost, M. C. Carriage containing the Hons. J. K. Tarbox, George F. Hoar, B. W. Rice, and B. W. Harris, members of congress. U. S. Marshal Roland G. Usher, in a carriage, with Judge Shepley, Judge Clark and Judge Lowell of the U. S. supreme court. Carriage containing District Attorney Sargent, High Sheriff John M. Clark. Carriage in which were Major General Benham of U. S. Army, and Commodore Nichols of the U. S. Navy. Carriage containing Major General Miles, U. S. A., Commander George Brown, U. S. N., and Lieut. F. M. Wise, U. S. N., Staff of Vice Admiral Rowan, and Capt. R. W. Livermore of U. S. Engineer Corps.

Third Division.—Chief Marshal, Col. W. D. Storer. Chandler's Band of Portland, 22 pieces. Mechanic Blues of Portland, 50 men; Capt. Charles J. Pennell, Lieuts. H. H. Rice and J. Ilsley. Carriage containing Gov. Nelson Dingley, Jr., of Maine; Gen. Murray, Col. Walker and Col. Stevenson of the governor's staff. Carriage containing Gen. Whitcomb, Col. Howard, Col. Hatch and Major Merrill of the governor's staff. Dignam's Band, 26 pieces, Walter Dignam, leader. Amoskeag Veterans of Manchester, N. H., Major George C. Gilmore, 100 men. Carriages containing Governor Weston of Manchester, N. H., F. H. Pierce of Concord, chief of staff; Col. N. P. Whittemore of the governor's staff, and Frank Highlands, special escort to the governor from the Veterans; Col. Wood, Captain Arthur L. Meserve, Col. A. F. Leahy and Major C. R. Kent, Major G. Look and General G. C. Butler of the governor's staff. St. Albans Brigade Band, 22 pieces. Ransom Guards, Capt. J. W. Newton, of St. Albans, Vt., 60 men, as escort. Carriages containing Governor Asahel Peck of Vermont, Judge Luke Poland, Col. H. C. Hastings and W. P. Dolan, secretary to the governor, W. F. Farrin, state auditor, Gen. L. J. Kinsley, quartermaster-general, Gen. J. M. Lucien, judge advocate general, Dr. George P. Whittemore, surgeon-general, Col. Ira M. Hoyt of the governor's staff, Col. T. S. Peck of Burlington, Gen. John L. Barstow, Geo. Nichols, secretary of state, General Bigelow of St. Albans, General Henry Tenant of the staff, and Col. William Brinsmade, ex-Gov. Smith, J. H. Page, treasurer, Gen. William Wells and W. C. Smith, ex-members of congress. First Light Infantry Veterans' Fife and Drum Corps of Providence, R. I., 12 drums. Providence Light Infantry Veteran Association, Major Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside in command. Field, Line and Staff Officers of First Light Infantry, Col. W. W. Brown, commanding; Lieut. Col. Staples and Adjutant Remington, aids. Putnam Phalanx of Hartford, Connecticut, 122 men, Major H. Kennedy, commanding. Co. A, Capt. J. L. Hussey; Co. B, Capt. Thomas Dowd; Horace Ensworth, adjutant; L. Welsh, quartermaster; O. H. Blanchard, quartermaster-sergeant; William Ishom, sergeant-major; H. W. Sampson, commissary; Wilbur H. Townsend, paymaster; H. B. Chase, assistant-paymaster; F. M. Brown, judge advocate; Dr. A. R. Goodrich, surgeon; Dr. H. P. Atherton, assistant-surgeon; S. Hubbard, engineer; the Rev. A. Howard, chaplain; S. M. Brown, secretary; T. Colson, color bearer. Lieut. Gov. Van Zandt of Rhode-Island and Gov. Ingersoll of Connecticut were to have had places in this division, but by an unforeseen accident were detained until after the procession had started.

Fourth Division.—Aids—Col. C. L. Peirson, Col. G. M. Barnwell, Lieut. T. M. Wheeler. American Brass Band of Lowell, 22 pieces, W. A. Owens, leader. Old Sixth Regiment Association, eight companies, Lieut. Col. B. F. Watson commanding, with the old flags, 100 men. Massachusetts Society of the Cincinnati, Admiral Henry Knox Thatcher, President, 25 members. Hon. Stephen Salisbury, LL.D., President of the American Antiquarian Society, and Samuel F. Haven, Col. E. B. Stoddard and Nathaniel Paine, delegates. Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, President of the New-England Historic, Genealogical Society, and William B. Towne, Col. Albert H. Hoyt, Rev. Samuel Cutler, Hon. James W. Austin, David G. Haskins, Jr. and Harry H. Edes, delegates. Charles L. Flint, Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture. Nathan Warren, a soldier of 1812. He wore the helmet cap worn by the Weston

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Light Infantry of that date, with tall red plume tipped with white and a silver epaulette on the left shoulder. President of Harvard College, C. W. Eliot. College Faculty—Nathaniel Silsbee, Rev. Dr. F. H. Hedge, Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody, Professors Smith and Cabot. Overseers—Rev. E. E. Hale, Rev. James Freeman Clarke, George O. Shattuck, Dr. Russell, Rev. A. McKenzie, Henry Lee, Hon. Darwin E. Ware. Standing Committee Bunker Hill Monument Association, G. Washington Warren and eight others. Selectmen of Waltham. Selectmen of Winchester—J. H. Tyler, T. P. Ayer, S. W. Twombly, Rev. Messrs Dascomb, Coles, Metcalf and Barnes. Selectmen of Belmont, G. W. Ware, Jr., Chairman. Maynard—A. Balcom, A. G. Haines, Henry Fowler, E. R. Chase, Town Clerk; L. Maynard, Treasurer; Rev. A. H. Evans, Rev. P. B. Shiere. Sudbury—Thomas P. Hurlburt. Bedford—E. P. Davis, Rev. Edward Chase, Israel P. Bowen, I. H. Marston. Acton, James E. Billings, Hiram Hapgood, Frank Whitcomb, Selectmen, and thirty citizens. Medford—J. H. Hooper, Chairman of Selectmen. Everett, Littleton, Pepperell. Selectmen of Waltham. Society of the Old Guard, Gustavus B. Hutchinson, President, in barouches. City Government of Boston, with red and gold badges: Hon. Samuel C. Cobb, Aldermen Clark, Stebbins and Harris; President Boardman of the Common Council and Councilmen Sibley, Sampson, Clark and City Messenger A. H. Peters. City Government of Cambridge, with blue badges; Aldermen Blanchard, Montague, Greeley, Howard and Davis; Councilmen J. A. Allen, H. P. Ross. Mayor Furber and Board of Aldermen of Somerville. Acton Brass Band, 28 pieces, A. W. Simpson, leader. Acton Minute Men, Capt. Aaron Hanley, 1st Lieut. Frank Whitcomb, 2d Lieut. Daniel H. Farrar, 3d Lieut. J. W. Locke—83 men. Uniform—Continental cocked hats, white plume, blue blouse, white trimmings. Banner—Acton minute men, 1875. On reverse: "I have not a man in my company who is afraid to go. Davis." Grandson of Isaac Davis, Amos N. Fitch of Cattaraugus county, New York, aged 71. Mrs. Simon Davis of Acton, sister of Mr. Fitch, aged 78. Mayor and City Government of Lynn, in six barouches, trimmed with flags. Cochituate Brass Band, 24 pieces. Wayland Minute Men, Capt. D. W. Ricker, 1st Lieut. C. B. Butterfield, 2d Lieut. T. A. Dean—90 men. Army uniform.

Fifth Division.—Chief Marshal, Col. Charles E. Fuller. Aids, Col. W. H. Forbes, Capt. James Thompson, Capt. William E. Wilson, Lieut. E. S. Barrett. American Brass Band of Providence, D. W. Reeves, leader, 28 pieces. Marshal, E. J. Bartlett. Aids, William Wheeler, Arthur Mills, Nathan B. Smith, James L. Whitney, William H. Brown. Banner inscribed with, 1775—Concord—1875. Citizens of Concord, numbering 105. Platoon of Salem police under Sergeant J. A. Littlefield. Salem Brass Band, 21 pieces. Salem Cadets, Lieut. Col., A. P. Brown; Major, Samuel Dalton; Adjutant, J. Frank Dalton; Quartermaster, E. A. Simonds; Paymaster, T. H. Johnson. First Company, Capt. Edward Hobbs, 25 men; second Company, Capt. C. H. Marcey, 26 men. Mayor Henry L. Williams of Salem. Board of Aldermen and Common Council, City Treasurer H. J. Cross, City Clerk Henry M. Meek. Flag 138 years old—Banner on which was inscribed, Capt. Jonathan Wilson, killed April 19th, 1775—"He died for us and Liberty." Chief Marshal, Cyrus Page. Citizens of Bedford, numbering 103 men. Dunstable Cornet Band, mounted, 18 pieces. Company F, unattached cavalry of Chelmsford—Captain, Christopher Roby, Chelmsford; Adjutant, rank 1st lieutenant, Elijah D. Bearse, Chelmsford; Asst. Surgeon, rank 1st lieutenant, Levi Howard, Chelmsford; First Lieutenant, Nathan B. Lapham, Chelmsford; Second Lieutenant, Sherman H. Fletcher, Westford—90 men. Marshal, N. A. Taylor. Citizens of Carlisle, 45 men. Marshal, E. B. Cobleigh. Banner, on which was inscribed, Luther Blanchard, wounded by the first shot fired by the British. Citizens of Boxford, 55 men. Marshal, L. P. True. Citizens of Everett, 20 men. Marshal, Geo. W. Tuttle. Banner inscribed, Incorporated Dec. 3, 1715. Citizens of Littleton, 60 men. Marshal, J. P. Hildreth. Banner, "The Fathers came in 1775, the Sons are here to-day, April 19, 1875." Citizens of Stow, 50 men. Drum Corps. Manchester, N. H., Cadets, Capt. F. H. Challis, Lieuts. J. W. Hill, F. J. Kennard, 46 men. Cavalcade of citizens of Sudbury, under command of Capt. George Butterfield, 40 men. Caravan drawn by 6 horses, containing 28 citizens of Sudbury. Marshal, Luther Prescott; Assistant Marshals, George T. Day and J. M. Chamberlain. Citizens of Westford, 95 men. Marlboro' Brass Band, 25 pieces. Post 86, G. A. R., of Maynard, Commander E. E. Haynes, 35 men. Citizens of Maynard, 60 men. Marshal, S. A. Ranlett. Citizens of Melrose, 40 men. Chief Marshal, George J. Curtis. First Regiment Band, E. N. Lafricain, leader, 30 pieces. Claflin Drum Corps of Newton,

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Jas. Bingham, Drum Major. Claflin Guard of Newton, Capt. A. C. Walworth, Lieuts. G. N. B. Cousins, W. E. Glover, 69 men. Carriage containing Mayor Hyde, Aldermen Pettee and Pratt, and Rev. D. L. Furber. Carriage containing Aldermen Rice, Edmands, Pratt and Keith. Carriage containing President Allen, Councilmen Gilman, Jackson and Farnsworth. Carriage containing Councilmen Bourne, Carpenter, Weed and Towne. Carriage containing Councilmen Crane, Coffin, Pettee and Ward. Carriage containing City Treasurer Collins, City Solicitor W. S. Gardiner, Chief Engineer Whipple and City Engineer Schoff. Eight carriages containing citizens of Newton. Rimbach's Band, 20 pieces. Post 29, G. A. R., of Waltham. G. M. Hudson, Commander, 75 men. Marshal, E. Stearns. Citizens of Waltham, headed by the Hon. F. M. Stone, 300 men. Caravan containing ladies and gentlemen of Waltham dressed in y^e^ costume of y^e^ olden time. Drum Corps. Weston minute-men, Captain F. W. Bigelow, Lieuts. S. Patch, Jr., and David Morrill, 50 men. Natick Brass Band. Citizens of Natick, 72 men. Saxonville Brass Band. Post 142, G. A. R., 60 men, of South Framingham. Citizens of Framingham, 140 men.

The entire line of march over which the procession passed was trimmed by the town, and many of the houses bore flags trimmed and drooped, streamers festooned and floating, emblematic shields and heroic mottoes. Besides the streets on the line of the procession were several houses on other avenues that presented attractive displays, and the same style of suspended pennants and signals was observable along their length. On Main street, just beside the old South bridge, which was held for a time by a body of British, is the house of Cyrus Hosmer, formerly the residence of Adjutant Joseph Hosmer. Several handsome ensigns and smaller flags adorned the front of the house. Crossing the river near the bridge and coming toward the centre of the town, the first decorated house on Main street was that of Mr. Kent, on which a large flag was draped. Over that were streamers, and several flags were hung from the window sills. Next to Mr. Kent's, the house of Jabish Holmes had a large number of American flags on the front. Mr. William LeBrun, who occupies the next residence, draped some American and Spanish flags over his front door and round the top of the porch. Over the windows there were smaller flags in the national colors. On the opposite side of the street, the house of Mr. Geer, of the United States and Canada Express Company, was decorated with two American ensigns placed above the door. The adjoining residence, that of Mr. Albert Tolman, had a great number of small flags placed on the inside of every window. Mr. A. P. Chamberlain showed an elaborate display of bunting. In front were rows of streamers, and there were flags over the door and around the windows. At Mr. Munroe's the flags were caught up over the door, and a number of streamers depended from an American eagle which surmounted the whole, and also draped the windows. The next house, the place of Mr. Reynolds, was festooned in front and over the side windows. Opposite, a curtained porch, in national colors, formed the display at the residence of Mr. Frank B. Sanborn. Next to Mr. Sanborn's there were placed flags and yacht signals over the windows of the home of Mrs. S. D. Richardson. Mr. Fay Barrett's place had American flags and naval signals over the windows and door. The adjoining residences of Mrs. J. M. Cheney and Mr. Samuel Hoar were covered in front with a large number of small streamers, festooned from the top of the house to the sides over the porches. There were also some small flags over the door of Mrs. Cheney's house, and the pillars at Mr. Hoar's were wreathed with colored bunting. Pennants were hung from the windows on the front and side, and between this house and that of Judge E. R. Hoar next adjoining, an old flag swung to the breeze, on the end of which were seen the figures "1775—1875." From the two upper windows sprang three bright American flags arranged in pyramidal form, the striped folds being caught in at the bottom. Over each window on the ground floor was a coat of arms in an illuminated shield, that on the left containing the arms of the United States, that on the right those of Massachusetts. Flags were draped on each side of these shields. The top of the bow window, behind the glass of which were seen numberless plants in full bloom, was covered with entwined bands of red and white bunting, as from the top of the bow window a number of streamers led to the apex of the roof. On one side of the porch a white silk flag with a painted pine tree on it hung from its walnut staff. The pillars of the porch had new American flags drawn in to each side, forming curtains. The whole effect was very fine. On the other side of the street the residence of Mr. W. W. Wheildon was hung with flags and streamers over the door, and several Chinese lanterns adorned the porch. Just above were two por-

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traits, one of Daniel Webster, the other of John Adams, both framed in gilt. Next below on the same side was the trimmed home of Mr. William Munroe, the founder of the library. Flags and streamers adorned his windows. Opposite to Mr. Munroe's house is the residence of Mrs. R. P. Damon, and it was decorated with streamers under the windows and shields over the doors. Next, on the same side, is the house of Miss Elizabeth Hoar, which was trimmed with flags and streamers, grouped to a shield. The house of John Brown had flags over the door and two lines of signal flags that entered from the house to the trees of the street on either side of the gateways. The house of Mr. Henry Smith, chairman of the selectmen, was similarly treated, and the porch was handsomely trimmed. Opposite the Munroe library, the home of Miss Prichard was dressed with bunting, chiefly American ensigns and streamers, on each side of a national shield. The house of Dr. Cook was also dressed in the front with a holiday suit of patriotic color. The residence of R. N. Rice was beautifully yet not elaborately decorated with streamers and flags. On the other side the home of Judge Brooks was trimmed with pennants and signals. Next to Mr. Brooks's, the home of Barzillai Hudson was trimmed with streamers. And next to that the residence of A. C. Collier was also decorated. The house of Dr. Barrett, which stands on the site of the old block-house, had a number of flags over the door and an abundance of streamers. The bank was decorated with red, white and blue, and the rooms of the young men's club were also quite handsomely trimmed with a multitude of signal flags. These were all on Main street, and the vista as one glanced along its length was truly picturesque.

On Walden street the house of G. T. Brabrook, next to the Congregational church, was extensively trimmed. The house of H. R. Brown was the first house decorated in the town. Flags festooned the main door and under the windows. The house of Mr. Nathan Stow was trimmed with the regulation flags and ensigns. Beyond, the house of Charles Bartlett was trimmed on the side with large red flags and a line of streamers. The next house just beyond, owned by Mr. Nathan Derby, was trimmed with United flags, just over the door. The house of Mr. Samuel Staples, on Lexington street, showed several flags draped over the door. The next residence, Mrs. Beals's, was also trimmed with streamers. In Concord square, the old Wright tavern attracted notice by its conspicuous sign and displayed flags. Opposite the Unitarian church, the house of Mr. Pierce was hung with colors. Mr. Ben Tolman's, near by, was also shining in its gala dress. Mr. Humphrey Buttrick's was draped and finished off with flags and shields. The town hall was elegantly trimmed with flags in pyramidal form, out of the windows of each story. The effect was most excellent. Opposite, the Middlesex House was covered with lines and streamers in many directions, crossing the gilt letters of the house's name. On the main street end of the hotel, a large shield, on which was painted the Goddess of Liberty, was placed near the roof, and the streamers and flags fell away on each side with extreme grace. The balcony rails were bound with the Union blue and its white stars. Each supporting pillar was covered with a flag. The house of Father Bresnahan was festooned with streamers, and the American and Irish colors were displayed. The Surette block was very elaborately decorated with flags and streamers. Flags were placed along the cornices and curtained the windows. In this block are the residences of L. A. Surette, J. M. Smith, Messrs. Pratt and Hunt. The handsome flag-staff in the centre of the square was strikingly decorated with long lines of bright signals, the whole leading gradually up to the American ensign, which proudly floated at the head. On Lowell street a number of streamers were placed in front of the house of W. F. Hurd. Mr. Nathan S. Hosmer had his front door trimmed with American flags, and from one window hung a heavy white silk flag, presented to an old Concord company more than forty years ago, the company having received its first charter from Queen Anne. On Monument street the house of Miss Barrett was the first on which the national colors blended harmoniously with the flags of other nations. The next house was bright with yellow, red and blue, the home of Mrs. Nathan Barrett. The windows in this house were all curtained with flags. At the residence of Asa Jacobs, Jr., two large ensigns were festooned over the front of the building, the stripes falling away in graceful folds to either side. Dr. E. W. Emerson's had a few flags under the windows. Next to him, on a commanding eminence, the house of Mr. Lorenzo Eaton showed some prettily entwined streamers along the front, while several flags adorned the tops of the windows and the door. Mrs. Richardson's house across the street was festooned on the windows, and the door was draped with the everywhere prevailing red, white and blue. Mr. Stone's, next door, was trimmed with flags over the bow window and streamers and pennants on the sides. Dr. Friend's house, opposite, bore light-red

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and yellow bands above the door. The balcony of Mrs. Fay's house, further on, supported several festooned flags, fastened on the top of the piazza. Mrs. Gourgas's house, on the opposite side of the historic road, was also trimmed with streamers. Crossing the railroad, the home of Elisha Jones in 1775 was trimmed on the front doorway with flags, and the pillars were trimmed and woven about with bands of yellow and red. On the L at the rear there were inscriptions, "Pierced by a British musket ball," and the spot was draped with flags and streamers. The old manse of the Rev. William Emerson had a few bright flags over its weather-stained door, ordinarily so cheerless in color; and the inscription at the gate which designates the residence was also draped. Just close to this gate was the triumphial arch, white, bordered with evergreen and lettered as follows:—

"The Concord bridge which Davis, when he came,
Found was the bee-line track to heaven and fame."

The decorations on the house of Mrs. J. B. Keyes, just beyond the avenue leading to the monument, were very pretty and looked well. Beyond the large tent, the residence of Mr. George Keyes was trimmed with dark red and blue signal flags.

At the various points of historic interest, and upon the buildings still standing which were witnesses of the stirring events of the 19th of April, the following signs were placed, painted in large, legible, black letters on narrow strips of board: 1. House of Adjt. Jos. Hosmer, 1775. (This is just beyond the Fitchburg Railroad, on Main street.) 2. Old South Bridge. British Company stationed here 19th of April, 1775. (This bridge is on Main street, just this side of the Fitchburg Railroad track.) 3. Old Block House. Built 1654. (On Main street, near the centre of the town.) 4. Site of the Old Jail. British soldiers confined here. (This was nearly in the rear of the old graveyard on Main street.) 5. Site of Captain Wheeler's grist mill (where now A. C. Collier has a jewelry store; the old millstones are part of the foundations of the brick store). 6. Site of Captain Wheeler's storehouse (on Walden street, the side of the Trinitarian church nearest Main street). Provincial flour stored here. 7. Merriam's Corner. Here the minute men from Old North Bridge, with Reading and Billerica companies, attacked the British on their retreat. (Merriam's Corner is on the road to Lexington, 1¼ miles from Town Hall, and where the old Bedford road joins the Lexington road.) 8. Residence of Dr. Samuel Prescott, who brought the news of the march of the British from Boston. (This is on Lexington road, five-eighths of a mile from Town Hall, where now John B. Moore, Esq., resides.) 9. The Concord road to Boston, I for one most gin'lly ollus call it John Bull's run. (Posted at foot of Hon. George Heywood's hill on Lexington road, a little way from old church.) 10. Shop of Reuben Brown, where saddles, cartridge boxes, etc., were made for the provincial army. (On Lexington road on side opposite church, 15 or 20 rods toward Lexington, now used as a dwelling house.) 11. Old Meeting House, built 1712, enlarged 1792; remodelled and turned half way round, 1841. First provincial congress met here Oct. 11, 1774; second congress met here March 22, 1775, and adjourned four days before the battle at Old North Bridge. (Anybody can find this.) 12. Wright's Tavern. Pitcairn stirring his brandy with bloody fingers, said: "I hope to stir the damned Yankee blood so before night." (House bordering Church Green on the north.) 13. Site of old Court House, 1775. (West side of the public square.) 14. Provincial Storehouse, 1775. (House of L. A. Surette, north side of Public square.) 15. House of Elisha Jones, 1775. (On Monument street, ¼ mile from Public square, now the Hon. J. S. Keyes's house, 3½ tons provision stored in the shed, mark of a bullet still kept.) 16. The Old Manse occupied by Rev. Wm. Emerson, April 19, 1775. (This house on Monument street, just this side path to battle ground, stands 120 or 130 feet from street, with two square granite posts 8 or 10 feet high at entrance of ground. Mr. Emerson went as chaplain to Saratoga, and died on way home at Rutland.) 17. Triumphal arch with the above couplet. (Just beyond old manse gate over the road.) 18. Memorable sayings at the fight, posted near the statue of the minute-man: "Fire, fellow-soldiers, for God's sake, fire."—Major Buttrick. "I hav'n't a man that's afraid to go."—Captain Isaac Davis. "Will you let them burn the town down?"—Adjutant Hosmer. 19. House of Major John Buttrick, 1775. (This is an old house belonging to the late Francis Jarvis, on a cross street overlooking the battlefield.) 20. House of Nathan Barrett, 1775. (This is on the hill on a street in continuation of Monument street, perhaps 1½ miles from the village. Mr. Barrett was a Captain, and was wounded during

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the day.) 21. House of Col. James Barrett, 1775. (Col. J. B. commanded the forces April 19. His house is on what is called Five Miles Square—two miles from the village, and is occupied by the family of the late Prescott Barrett.) 22. Several houses standing at the time of the battle, but having no historical incidents connected with them, were marked 1775.

Many of the relics on exhibition were of a most interesting character. Not the least of this description was the sword of Capt. Isaac Davis, the gallant commander of the Acton Minute Men, who was killed by the first fire of the British at the bridge, and which was worn by him on that day. It is a straight, slight, delicate affair, and the handle was once handsomely mounted with silver. The blade is now but about two feet in length, two or three inches having been rusted off the end. It was sent to Judge Hoar by Amos N. Fitch, who states that he received it forty years ago from his mother, *née* Mary Davis, who inherited it direct from her father, the hero himself. It will be deposited in the Concord Public Library. There were a pair of scissors of no particular interest, except from the fact that they were used by a young lady of that period in making provincial cartridges, a British officer who had been bantering her explaining the process, little thinking of the result of his instructions. One of the famous "Coffin handbills," headed by a cheerful array of forty of these burial cases, the property of Mr. Cummings E. Davis, who has a large and valuable collection of antiquities, was another curiosity. It was written in the indignant tone of those days, and purports to be a relation of the events of April 19, '75. It is styled "The Bloody Butchery by the British troops, or the Runaway Fight of the Regulars." It was printed in Salem just after the fight. The sword of Oliver Wheeler of Acton, worn by him April 19, '75, similar in style to that of Captain Davis, also another sword of the period, of the same general appearance, though the blade is longer. A British cartridge-box on which is stamped "G. R.," taken from the regulars. It is in a fair state of preservation. The sword of Lieut. James Potter of the British Marines, who was taken prisoner and for some time confined in the house of Mr. Reuben Brown, the saddler and cartridge box maker, whose residence is still to be seen. The weapon is much heavier than the American swords, and the blade wider and longer. It appears to be a fighting sword, while the others are more of an ornamental or parade article. The handle is black, with heavy brass surroundings on the hilt. The inscription on the guard is "Xth Rgt. Co. VI. No. 10." This is also the property of Mr. Davis. A six-pound cannon ball, one of those thrown into the mill-pond by the British raiders, and years after found at the bottom. The sword of a British officer killed during the retreat from Concord, and the gun carried by David Bemis, the man who shot him. It has his name on the stock in full, with the date, Jan. 7, 1775. It is one of the old flint-lock guns. The sword is of a similar style with that of Lieut. Potter. The gun carried by Maj. Buttrick, the American commander. The powder-horn belonging to his brother, which was carried on that day. It bears the inscription, "Concord, William Buttrick, His Horn, Sept. 15, 1774." The musket has been altered to a percussion lock. Another powder-horn, once belonging to Joseph Claflin of Acton, was carried by him at Concord, and afterward during the chase and at Bunker Hill, also through much of the war. The powder-horn of Amos Barrett is elaborately carved with rude representations of horses, fish, vessels and wheels. The inscription upon this memento of the fight is "Amos Barrett, His Horn." A leather bullet-pouch, calculated to carry as many of those missiles as one could well fire in a day, even with pretty rapid firing. It was carried by one of the Concord company. The sword of Nathan Barrett, longer and stouter than that of Capt. Davis, though not as stylish. He carried it on the battle-day. Among the parchments and papers held dear by the citizens of Concord, is a relic in the possession of the Barrett family. It is the commission from King George III., held by Captain Nathan Barrett, who commanded the Concord Light Infantry on the 19th of April. Captain Barrett was the son of Col. James Barrett, at the time in command of the provincial militia. Capt. Charles J. Pennell of the Portland Mechanic Blues, brought with him an old-time piece of parchment, bearing date of 1807. It was the commission of Capt. Samuel Clark, signed by His Excellency, John Brooks, then Governor of Massachusetts, giving to Captain Clark the first command of the Portland Mechanic Blues, then in the third regiment, second brigade, twelfth division of Massachusetts militia.

Among the attractions was a superb piece of Gobelin tapestry, the work of more than two hundred years ago, representing the GODDESS OF FAME, riding upon a cloud, blowing her trumpet. It is owned by William W. Wheildon, of Concord, in whose possession it has been for the last thirty years.

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The exercises at the tent began soon after 11 o'clock in the presence of an immense audience, the majority of whom remained until the close of Mr. Curtis's oration, and manifested the most profound interest in the proceedings.

The Hon. E. Rockwood Hoar, President of the Day, on calling the assembly to order, said:

Friends and Fellow-Citizens: In this solemn hour, when the nation enters upon its second century, on the spot which was its birth-place, let us reverently ask God to be with us as He was with our fathers. Prayer was then offered by the Rev. Grindall Reynolds, of Concord.

The President,—In the presence of the President and Vice-President of the United States, attended by the Cabinet—in the presence of the Governor, the Executive Council and the Legislature of Massachusetts—in the presence of the Governors of each of the New England States—we have to-day dedicated to the memory of the first soldiers of the revolution a statue upon the site where the first order to the troops of the people to fire upon the troops of the king was given. In appropriate notice of that act, you will be addressed for a few moments by Mr. Emerson.

Mr. Emerson then read the following remarks: Ebenezer Hubbard, a farmer, who inherited the land in the village on which the British troops committed depredation, and who had a deep interest in the history of the raid, erected many years ago a flagstaff on his land, and never neglected to hoist the stars and stripes on the Nineteenth of April and the Fourth of July. It grieved him deeply that yonder monument, erected by the town in 1836, should be built on the ground which the enemy occupied in the Concord fight, and he bequeathed in his will a sum of money to the town of Concord, on condition that a monument should be erected on the identical ground occupied by our minute-men and militia on that day; and another sum of money, on the condition that the town should build a foot bridge across the river where the old bridge stood in 1775. The town accepted the legacy, built the bridge, and employed Daniel French to prepare a statue to be erected on the specified spot. Meanwhile congress at Washington gave to the town bronze cannons to furnish the artist with material to complete his work. His statue is before you; it was approved by the town, and to-day it speaks for itself. The sculptor has rightly conceived the proper emblems of the patriot farmer who at the morning alarm left his plough to grasp his gun. He has built no dome over his work, believing that blue ground makes the best background. The statue is the first serious work of our young townsman, who is now in Italy to pursue his profession.

We had many enemies and many friends in England, but our one benefactor was King George the III. The time had arrived for the political severance of America, that it might play its part in the history of this globe; and the way of Divine Providence to do it was to give an insane King to England. On the resistance of the colonies, he alone was immovable on the question of force. England was so dear to us that the colonies could only be absolutely united by violence from England, and only one man could compel the resort to violence. So the King became insane.

Parliament wavered, all the Ministers wavered, Lord North wavered; but the King had the insanity of one idea. He was immovable; he insisted on the impossible; so the army was sent. America was instantly united, and the nation born.

On the 19th of April eight hundred soldiers with hostile intent were sent hither from Boston. Nature itself put on a new face on that day. You see the rude fields of this morning, but on the same day of 1775, a rare forwardness of the spring is recorded. It appears the patriotism of the people was so hot that it melted the snow, and the rye waved on the 19th of April.

We see gladly around us to-day the representatives of Acton, Bedford, Lincoln and Carlisle, once included in our own town limits, and who were mindful of their mother and risked their lives for her on the memorable day we celebrate. Isaac Davis of Acton was the first martyr.

In all noble action we say, 'tis only the first step that costs. Who will carry out the rule of right must take his life in his hand. We have no need to magnify the facts. Only three of our men were killed at this bridge and a few others wounded; here the British army was first fronted and driven back, and if only three men or only one man had been slain, it was the first victory,—the thunderbolt falls on an inch of the ground, but the light of it fills the horizon. We had no electric telegraph, but the news of this triumph of the farmers over the King's troops sped through the country to New-York, to Philadelphia, to Kentucky, to Carolina, with speed unknown before, and ripened the colonies to inevitable decision. This sharp beginning of real war was followed sixty days later by the battle of Bunker Hill,

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then by General Washington's arrival in Cambridge, and his redoubts on Dorchester Heights. In a little less than one year from the death of Isaac Davis and Abner Hosmer, one hundred and twenty vessels, loaded with General Howe and his army of 8000 men and all their effects, sailed out of Boston harbor, never to return. It is a proud and tender story. I challenge any lover of Massachusetts to read the sixteenth chapter of Bancroft's history without tears of joy.

At the conclusion, a poem, written by James Russell Lowell, was read by him. The chairman then introduced George William Curtis, the orator of the day.

At the close of the oration the band played "America," and then those who held tickets passed to the dinner tent. The dinner given by the town took place in a tent 410 feet long and 80 wide. About four thousand persons partook of the dinner, after which the president of the day spoke as follows:

Fellow-citizens:—Patriotic memories are the strength of a nation. America as a nation to-day enters upon her second century. We have assembled to celebrate, as worthily as we may, the second centennial anniversary of the Revolution. The British Parliament in 1774 had voted a law to prohibit the holding of town meetings in New-England except for the purpose of choosing officers. It was too late. The town meetings had done their work, the villages of New-England had responded to Faneuil Hall. The discussions in the towns had responded to the fiery eloquence of Adams and Otis. Preparation had been made; the people had determined to maintain their liberties at any cost; and they were waiting only for the time when by any forcible act by which their property should be seized, or their rights violated, they might be called upon to defend both in arms. And the day came,—a glorious day for Lexington and for Concord, for Acton, for the towns of Middlesex, Essex and Norfolk, for Massachusetts and for the country. It was accidental only that the spark first kindled here into the flame, for the whole country from one end to another was heated and ready to flame up at the slightest spark. And when the day came, fellow-citizens, have you considered what a day of transformation it was! The men who were called from their beds at midnight at the tap of the drum at Lexington were English colonists. The men who marched down to the old North bridge, saying that they had a right to go to Concord on the King's highway and they would go to Concord, were British subjects, claiming the rights of Englishmen. That was the America on the morning of the 19th of April, 1775. At night on that day the American people were besieging in Boston a foreign enemy whom they had driven in hurried and ignominious rout to take refuge under the shelter of their ships of war. The American nation was born that day. Everything that succeeded it in the Revolution was but the corollary of this first and primal proposition; and at Philadelphia, in 1776, our fathers declared what we had already made a fixed fact. In all the fortunes of the war, all the victories of the war were simply the steps by which the American people were driving the British government to an acknowledgment of the fact, which was established as surely on the 19th of April, 1775, as it is established on the 19th of April, 1875. When a people have found something that they are willing to die for, when the humblest men among them, who could have gone on tilling their fields, working at their trades and taking their ease in life, were willing, instead, for a principle, for a public object, as citizens who felt that they had a duty to man, king and their country to discharge, and to take their lives in their hands and to rally, lay them down, if needs be, for this object, you had before you a people whose independence was secure, whose future was certain. I do not propose to detain you to listen to any speech of mine. The 19th of April, I believe, pervades me through and through, and I could talk for a week if I started out; but I do not propose to do it. I know it is in all of you also; every one of you feels it through and through,—this spirit of the Revolution. I propose the first regular sentiment of the day:

"The Nineteenth of April, 1775. A glorious day for Lexington and Concord, for the towns of Middlesex, for Massachusetts, for America, for freedom and the rights of mankind. Every blow struck for liberty among men since the Nineteenth of April, 1775, has but echoed the guns of that eventful morning."

The President of the United States has left us to unite in the kindred ceremonies at Lexington, but we have the pleasure to have with us a gentleman whom I shall first invite to address you, in whom I may say that Pennsylvania has undertaken to pay back the debt which she owes to New-England for giving her Benjamin Franklin. A man who has a national fame and a right to speak for the people of the

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United States, and he needs no introduction and no comment from me,—James G. Blaine.

Speaker Blaine was greeted with three cheers as he rose to respond. He said:

I cannot accept the reason given by the honored chairman of the day for thus calling me out as the first speaker. It occurred to him from an entirely different reason. He has recently served in the house of representatives, where he learned that on the call of States, Maine always has the first call; and owing to that habit I have the great honor of being presented to you. In listening to this matchless eulogy of the matchless event in history, I was struck by one fact which the gravity of the occasion forbade the eloquent orator from alluding to. They have been searching around this hundred years past for the reason why the first blow for American liberty should have been struck at Concord: and I think they have neglected the real and primal instinctive reason that underlay the whole. The truth is that the people of Concord, from the early settlement of the town, had been,—to use a somewhat slang phrase,—"spiling" for a fight. They had the apostle Eliot among them to train them, but they relied a great deal more upon their muskets. When the colonists got into a row with Sir Edmund Andros, it was a company from Concord that backed them up; when King Philip attempted ravages, it was Concord men that met him; and when the pure Revolution came, it was just as inevitable that the first conflict should come at Concord as it was that King George should insist upon the measures that drove the colonists to resistance. I have always, therefore, no trouble in determining in my own mind the fighting qualities of the people of Concord, from the people I have myself known. Here was the precise place; and if you will read the annals of that great event that we have been celebrating to-day, you will find that one of the first things the people of Concord did was to refuse to allow the royal judges to sit here; and further, that they humbled tories. And, O Lord, pity those tories! I believe the name of a single tory that was humbled by the Concord people has never been recorded in history; you never can find out where they went afterward. But it is perfectly easy to believe that, under the weight of the humiliation inflicted by Concord people, every one resorted to evade further public odium by suicide.

We have been told by an eminent English historian that there were fifteen decisive battles in the world. He closed his history about 1854. I think if he had written a little while later he would have found a few more decisive battles to add to the list. But in his going over these battles from Marathon to Waterloo, you get, in effect, the history of all the great powers, ancient and modern, that have risen and fallen,—Persia, Assyria, Rome and Greece,—and in modern times the great changes that have come over European systems are also chronicled and decided. But there is one list of battles which have not yet been gathered by the historian. We are familiar with Marathon; we all know what Waterloo did. We know, later, what has been done at Sedan; we all know, later, also, what was done at Petersburg, Vicksburg, Gettysburg, the Wilderness and Chattanooga; but that list of battles which I may say may be classed among those that forced the issue, whether in the moral or military world, have never yet been classified. John Quincy Adams fought one in the house of representatives when he insisted upon presenting a petition from a slave. That was the first issue, and was the battle which decided the right to petition in this country. A Pennsylvania representative,—and I speak with some sensibility of Pennsylvania after the allusion of the chairman to me,—forced the issue of slavery in this country by moving a proviso to the slave power. And what these Concord men did was simply to force the issue. It was a small battle,—two men killed in the first skirmish,—and the whole day's transactions, bloody as they were, not footing up to the loss of a skirmish in the last war; and yet it gave birth to a nation vast and so grand that if I were to stop one moment to survey what has since transpired, I should want more time to give the results of the 19th of April. Why, gentlemen, we were three millions of people then. The house of representatives, to-day, has more than two-thirds of its members taken from beyond the country where the foot of man up to that day had never trodden, except those of adventurers. More than two-thirds of the entire house of representatives comes from a land then undreamed of for settlement. The day that gun was fired across the bridge, there did not exist on the American continent 50,000 settlers from tide water. It was a narrow rim of people stretching from Maine to Louisiana, and the people had not penetrated the continent at all. All this has flowed as surely as consequence follows cause, from the blow that was struck that day in the small fight at Concord bridge. Gentlemen, to refer to that battle again, or even to attempt to

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pick up a single crumb from the table at which we have fed so bounteously to-day, would be a work of supererogation, if not an impossibility. All that remains to us, all that can remain to us, is to see that a hundred years hence we may be remembered as honorably as those whose deeds we this day celebrate. It might possibly have been a matter of doubt with us, but for the late terrible experience of this country, whether we had this same heroic people that they had; but happily out of the great grievance and the great misery and suffering of our own time, we know that their descendants have not grown less strong in arm or less dauntless in heart than those who fought for us then. It remains for us then to transmit to those who come after us a record in the line of civil duty, in the line of preserving that for which that generation and our own have both fought, that was bequeathed to our descendants to the remotest generations, the blessings which nothing but public fidelity and personal courage can secure to any people.

The Chairman,—I propose to present things on this occasion in a somewhat orderly and methodical manner; and I call to mind that we are honored by the presence to-day of a representative of the blood of Paul Revere, and that memory, as you all remember, belongs to the night before and very early in the morning, and before either Lexington or Concord awoke. I give you as a sentiment,—"Paul Revere's Ride."

> "A hurry of hoofs in the village street,
> A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark;
> And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
> Struck out by a steed fearless and fleet,
> That was through all! and yet, through the gloom and the light,
> The fate of a nation was riding that night:
> And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight,
> Kindled the land into flame with its heat."

I ask the grandson of Paul Revere to stand up and let us see him. He don't make speeches any more than his grandfather did.

Mr. John Revere stood up and was greeted with three cheers.

The Chairman,—First of those who are in our memories of that day we celebrate, are the martyrs on Lexington Common. Their deeds, their immortal fame, is now being worthily celebrated by our neighbors and their descendants at Lexington. I give you the

"Martyrs on Lexington Common, Parker, Munroe, Hadley, the Harringtons. Muzzey and Brown,"—

> "With us their memory shall live
> Through long succeeding years,
> Embalmed in all our hearts can give,—
> Our praises and our tears."

Fellow-citizens: No one from Lexington can be found here to-day to respond to this sentiment, as I suppose no one from Concord could be found at Lexington to acknowledge the courtesies extended to us. So be it. The legacy of glory will go round, and is never full; but I thought it fit and have sent, in your name, a message to Lexington from Concord to this effect:

"Concord sends greeting to Lexington on the one hundredth anniversary of the glorious morning, by the hands of the President of the United States. The great republic, whose thirty-seven states span the continent from ocean to ocean, is the harvest of which the seed was sown on the 19th of April, 1775."

And next in memory are

"The men who were first to fall at the North Bridge in Concord, Captain Isaac Davis, and Abner Hosmer a private of his company of minute-men of Acton; the first to lay down their lives in organized military attack upon the soldiers of Great Britain in the revolutionary war, the grateful country for whose liberties they died accords to them the foremost place upon her roll of honor."

I invite the Rev. Mr. Wood of Acton to respond on behalf of that town. Mr. Wood spoke as follows:

I fully appreciate the honor done me on this memorable occasion in being permitted in the name of the town of Acton to respond to this toast. But without wasting words, when time is most precious, who were the men whose names appear

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in the toast just presented? No better reply can be given than that which is found in this sentiment. They were citizen soldiers of Acton and provincial minute-men, who one hundred years ago to-day demonstrated the quality of their patriotism by being the first to lay down their lives in a regularly organized defence of their country in just rights against the encroachments of Great Britain. The orator of the day has done such ample justice to the causes which led to the revolution, which had its real beginning one hundred years ago, that to add to it would be superfluous. I will simply say, it is very evident that the town of Acton was alive to the importance of passing events from the fact that in 1770 and again in 1772 her citizens, in town meeting assembled, passed most emphatic resolutions in remonstrance to the oppressive policy of the British ministry. That the town of Acton was at least abreast of the patriotic sentiment of the time, is also proven by the fact that one hundred years ago to-day she had three military companies thoroughly drilled, ready for immediate action,—drilled, too, at the expense of the town, though this town was then poor, in everything but patriotism. In those companies there were enrolled nearly one hundred and fifty men, though the population of the town was but little over half a thousand. In these days every one in Acton who was able to carry a gun was a soldier, and before the day was over had a part in the achievements which are to-day celebrated. One of these companies was a choice one of minute-men, under the command of Captain Isaac Davis, a fit leader for such a company of men, courageous and beloved. He was in the flush of early manhood, being only thirty years old, though the father of four children, all of whom were sick on the morning of the eventful day. Abner Hosmer, a young man of twenty-three and son of a revered deacon in the Congregational church, was a member of Davis's company. In accord with the recommendation of the Provincial Congress, the Acton companies had drilled regularly during the previous winter and spring. It is probably the case, however, that very few of them thought a tilt of arms with the troops of King George was really imminent. But one hundred years ago this morning, before dawn, hours before the British entered Concord, a horseman, whose name was never known, rode at full speed up to the house of Captain Robbins, the commander of a militia company, the commissioned officers of Acton, who lived nearest the North bridge, and with a heavy club, as it seemed to those within, struck the corner of the house, and cried at the top of his voice, "Captain Robbins! Captain Robbins! up! up! the regulars have come to Concord; quick as possible, alarm Acton!" In a very few minutes the son of Captain Robbins, a mere lad, was on horseback and hastening to the house of Captain Davis, who commanded the minute-men, with the thrilling message, so mysteriously given; and he, though his children were sick, in an incredibly short time had his company together, ready for the march to Concord. Time does not permit me even to refer to what took place as the brave leader and his men set forth upon their perilous march. I will only say that his whole manner, as he went forth, carried a presentiment that he should never return alive. At this point allow me to quote the words of a poet who has attempted to portray the scene in verse:—

"Then on the children of this man, the flames
Of fever fed, wasting their feeble frames.
His wife was worn with watching o'er their bed.
'And must thou leave these children thus,' she said,—
'But we've a Guardian,—I'll not stop thee, no;
Thy country calls thee: God is with thee, go!'
'Guard well these children!' is his brief reply,—
A tear-drop standing in the father's eye;
When Acton's minute-men to Concord sped
In martial order,—Davis at their head."

So energetically did Captain Davis enter into the spirit of his work, and so promptly did his men respond to his call, that at nine o'clock on the morning of this glorious day, he had his company marshalled in line of battle with the provincial troops near the old North Bridge.

Here let me quote a part of the inscription upon the stately monument which stands near my home on Acton Common, over the ashes of the three citizens of Acton, who fell mortally wounded one hundred years ago to-day.

This monument was erected by the State of Massachusetts and the town of Acton as a tribute to the memory of these heroic men.

In the inscription upon this monument appear these words:—

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"On the morning of that eventful day, the provincial officers held a council of war near the old North Bridge in Concord; and as they separated Davis exclaimed, 'I haven't a man that is afraid to go!' and immediately marched his company from the left to the right of the line, and led in the first organized attack upon the troops of George III., in that memorable war, which, by the help of God, made the thirteen colonies independent of Great Britain, and gave political being to the United States of America."

I quote these words especially as an authorized encomium upon the services of Captain Davis.

I am happy that to-day there is present on this occasion the son of one of Captain Davis's company, who proved without a doubt that his father's patriot blood still flows in his veins, by going through Baltimore with the Acton company, under the lead of Captain Daniel Tuttle, in the glorious old sixth regiment, which, in that baptism of blood, covered itself with glory on the 19th of April, 1861, no less than did their fathers on the 19th of April, 1775. Truly the soul of Captain Davis was marching on in this goodly company of Acton. This man before mentioned, — Mr. Luke Smith, — whose father fought at the old North Bridge, has gone over the ground about this sacred spot with his father, and heard from his lips the thrilling story which is told in a few words upon the monument.

I would be the last to detract from the courage of any of those who were engaged in the movement in which the Acton men held the post of danger. They were all of them men of stout hearts, lineal descendants of the puritans, who, when in the way of duty, like John Knox, "Feared not the face of man." Others will recount their praises — to me it is given to speak simply for the men of Acton. Captain Davis was the youngest commander of minute-men. As men advance in years they become more cautious. For the very reason that Davis was the youngest captain, and had a company of picked men, it might be expected, without disparaging the courage of any one, that he would speak first as a volunteer, with his men, to take the post of greatest danger.

The orator of the day has portrayed to us what it was to lead in the attack one hundred years ago this morning. It was to take a step which, though long talked of and threatened, had not really yet been taken. It was to cease to be mere remonstrants and to become rebels. It was to risk themselves, not simply for the perils of battle, but the ignominy of the scaffold. Major Buttrick, Captain Davis, Colonel Robinson and the Acton minute-men led the column of provincial soldiers as they took this position. At the first fire from the enemy, the fifer of the Acton company was wounded, and at the first volley, Captain Davis, in the act of raising his gun to take aim, was shot and instantly killed. His blood gushed out in one great stream; it drenched his clothes, and these shoe-buckles which I hold in my hand, and fell as a baptism of patriotism upon some of the comrades who stood near. Abner Hosmer, a member of his company, fell at the same volley. But these men did not die in vain. No! no! The mantle of their patriotism fell upon their fellow-soldiers, and before the sun went down the arrogant servants of a tyrannical king learned to appreciate the might of even yeoman soldiers when committed to the defence of a righteous cause. Members of Davis's company were in many of the battles of the revolution, and one of those upon whom Davis's blood fell, went through the whole war, and said that wherever he went he seemed to see that blood upon his clothes, urging him to do his duty.

As citizens of Acton, we enter into the spirit of this occasion most heartily. Most fitting is it that we should eulogize the courage of those men who, one hundred years ago,

"Fired the shot heard round the world."

Fitting it is that a monument should mark the spot where these heroes fought and fell. And as the citizens of Acton were alive to a sense of their duty and active in the performance of it on the 19th of April, 1775, and again on the 19th of April, 1861, so we trust that in love of country and devotion to her defence we ever may prove ourselves to be not unworthy descendants or townsmen of those whose memories we honor on this occasion, which is in itself memorable.

The Chairman, — I am going to read to you a paper which fell into our hands. It tells a story to the American heart more touching than anything to be drawn from ancient history; and the beautiful simplicity of the style should make it classic. When in her extreme old age the widow of Captain Isaac Davis, who fell at the

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north bridge, was seeking to obtain from congress a pension for her husband's service on that day, her deposition was taken and she told this story under oath. I'll try to get through with it, but I never did yet without breaking down:

"I, Hannah Leighton of Acton, testify that I am eighty-nine years of age. Isaac Davis, who was killed in the Concord fight, in 1775, was my husband. He was then thirty years of age. We had four children, the youngest about fifteen months old. They were all unwell when he left me in the morning, some of them with the canker rash. The alarm was given early in the morning, and my husband lost no time in making ready to go to Concord with his company. A considerable number of them came to the house and made their cartridges there. The sun was from one to two hours' high when they marched for Concord. My husband said but little that morning. He seemed serious and thoughtful, but never seemed to hesitate as to the course of his duty. As he led the company from the house he turned round and seemed to have something to communicate. He only said, 'Take good care of the children,' and was soon out of sight. In the afternoon he was brought home a corpse. He was placed in my bedroom till the funeral. His countenance was pleasant, and seemed little altered. The bodies of Abner Hosmer, one of the company, and of James Heywood, one of the militia company who was killed in Lexington in the afternoon, were brought by their friends to the house, where the funeral of the three was attended. HANNAH LEIGHTON."

Undoubtedly, fellow-citizens, every one of the three towns whose inhabitants participated in the 19th of April, 1775, would have a story to tell, and would desire that the heroes of their own neighborhoods should receive particular honor. We cannot; the time will not suffice to render the tribute to them in detail and succession that we would gladly do. In other towns, among kindred and descendants, their memories and names are cherished; but the names of Lexington and Concord must suffice for all. On the battle ground from the North Bridge to Charlestown Neck, the men of the Massachusetts towns in arms did their duty and finished their work. We have been honored to-day by the presence of the chief executive magistrate of the commonwealth, of his council, of the legislature and a large number of high officers of the state; with our entire consent, that a due measure of the distinction of their official presence might be given to the celebration at Lexington, they have left us to join with our friends in that town in their solemn ceremonies. But I invite to respond, on behalf of the state of Massachusetts on this occasion, our senior senator, George S. Boutwell, whom I am happy to see at our table.

Mr. Boutwell responded as follows: Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen: The events which we commemorate to-day I had occasion to consider a quarter of a century ago. One fact was not in the eulogies of the town of Acton, of which so much and so justly has been said, and I venture to reproduce it, because it is a great fact in her history, and a great fact in the history of the republic. In June, 1776, when Maryland debated whether she would agree to the declaration of independence, Acton in town-meeting assembled, first of all organized communities on this continent, declared for the American republic, and said upon record, "This is the only form of government we desire to see established." I pass not in review any of the facts of the contest which began on the 19th of April, 1775. The 19th day of April, 1775, is ranked justly with the great days of American history. Its honors cannot be divided; its right to a preëminence over all days but the Fourth of July, 1776, is unquestionable. It stands alone, and, like the Fourth of July, 1776, it has no rivals. But its claim to equality with the Fourth of July is not due to the facts that occurred on that day. The deed done at Lexington was continued to Concord and Charlestown. Three municipalities contended for the honor and glory of the day, and to these municipalities the honor and glory of the day specially, and we may say chiefly, belong. But we are to consider, whatever may be the share of each, that to each enough justly belongs to lead all succeeding generations to cherish and improve and defend the institutions of the country to which their ancestors in the beginning contributed so much. But we should remember that the judgment of history will never regard any act as great or noble except it had its origin in right principles and virtuous purposes; and the men of 1776 must always in history be brought to that test, and that test they can stand. Their political opinions and their purposes were no secret. The political life of Massachusetts was open. For a long period, for ten years, the Massachusetts house of representatives in its controversy with the provincial governor had by convincing statements and unanswerable arguments set forth the purposes of the colonists. The town of Boston in

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its public meetings had declared the main object of the men engaged in the controversy; and the old county of Middlesex, by its representatives in Concord in June, 1774,—and never better than the old county of Middlesex in that convention, — the principles and the purposes of the colonists were distinctly set forth. They were first and chiefly in one sentence, — that they were Englishmen and had the rights and liberties of Englishmen. But more than this, they had the rights and liberties of Englishmen, not only because they were Englishmen, but for the higher and better reason that they were men, — that they were men. In other ages of the world men had engaged in the overthrow of governments because they were oppressive and tyrannical; but for the first time, and it is the glory of our ancestors, for the first time in the history of the world, men engaged in revolution for liberty because it was liberty, and because it was the right of men. And this is the distinguishing characteristic of the contest in which our ancestors engaged, and it was in a war of liberty that the shot fired at Concord was heard round the world, and the echoes shall never cease to disturb the dreams of tyrants until liberty, as the common right of man, is possessed of all! And this it is that makes the 19th of April, 1775, illustrious; and this it is that has made that day memorable for a century in the traditions and annals of a thoughtful people.

The Chairman,—Thank God, fellow-citizens, that the sun of the hundredth anniversary of the 19th of April, 1775, throughout our broad land has neither risen upon a master, nor will it set upon a slave. I am not to remind you that the people of New-England were ready for the occurrences of the 19th of April, whenever they should happen, for a long time previous. It may not be known to many of you that it is an historical fact that there was a false alarm which came pretty near bringing on the 19th of April at a much pleasanter season of the year, when we shouldn't have been so chilly in celebrating it. Governor Gage seized part of the provincial stores which were deposited in the edge of Charlestown, up near Winter Hill, on the first of April, 1774. The fact that he had seized the powder was circulated through the city and through the adjoining states. And what happened? Singularly enough, almost as if prophetic, the report accompanied the notice that the soldiers had fired upon the people and killed six of them.

"The militia of Worcester began,"—I read from the historian of America,— "hearing of the removal of the powder belonging to the provinces, rose in arms and began marching to Boston." On Friday afternoon and Saturday morning the volunteers from Hampshire began advancing, to meet others from Shrewsbury. On the smallest computation 20,000 men were under arms. The rumor reached Israel Putnam, in Connecticut, with the addition that the British troops and men-of-war had fired and killed six men at the first shot. Sending forward the report to Norwich, New-London, New-Haven, New-York and Philadelphia, he summoned the neighboring militia to take up arms. Thousands started at the call. But these volunteers were stopped by expresses from the patriots of Boston, who sent word that at present nothing was to be attempted.

In this connection I desire to remind you that on this national occasion we are honored by the presence of all the governors of the New-England states. The governor of South Carolina has been with us to-day, and I am sorry he isn't present now to address you. He has gone to Lexington. But I will invite the honored governor of the State of Connecticut, whose citizens were ready, under General Putnam, to respond with such alacrity a hundred years ago, to let us know that that state joins in sharing the glory of the opening of the revolution. Allow me to present to the audience Governor Ingersoll of Connecticut.

Governor Ingersoll said:—

Mr. President and Gentlemen: I am at a loss for a phrase fittingly to acknowledge the honor which your distinguished chairman has done my state, and the response which you have given to it. It is some comfort, however, to know that one Massachusetts man speaks in praise of Connecticut, and that he receives some portion of his reward as he goes along; for his praise of Connecticut reflects upon Massachusetts, whose child she was. The three vines which I see yonder, and which for nearly two centuries and a half have typified a fruitful existence, are only the offshoots of that parent vine which was planted when the heathen were cast out from Massachusetts Bay. You know how, Mr. Chairman, those offshoots came to shoot off. It was a long time after the promised land in the valley of the Connecticut was discovered, before the restless colonists could make up their minds to emigrate. The mother colony was very strongly averse to such a secession, and for many

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months of prayerful worrying, the question hung in the scales, until finally an event occurred which caused the scales to kick the beam. The General Court of Massachusetts resolved that they should not go, and being children of Massachusetts, why, of course, nothing else was needed to determine them to go. And they went. And then sagacious Massachusetts, when she found that they were determined on going, resolved in her General Court that they might go, provided only they would remain under the jurisdiction of her General Court. The only reply that was ever made to that was the vote which from that day to this has remained as the corner-stone of the government of Connecticut:—

"We have established a Commonwealth the supreme power of which, under Almighty God, is in the freemen of her General Court."

It was the first declaration of independence on this continent; it was giving a constitutional government, as we understand a constitutional government in modern times. And, Mr. President, that has a significance for this occasion; for when old mother Massachusetts found her troubles gathering thick and fast about her, one hundred years ago, she found at her right hand this rebel offspring, equipped as no other government in the British colonies was equipped, with a government all her own, with a treasury of her own keeping, with a militia subject to her own orders; and back of all a body of freemen instinctive with an inherited feeling of independence. In all generations we have seen patriotic uprisings, but we have seen nothing equal to what occurred in Connecticut, of which mention has been so touchingly made by your president, when the tidings came of a false alarm that the British general had seized upon your town. Fully one-half of the arms-bearing population of Connecticut were on the roads leading to Massachusetts Bay. And when the tidings finally came in truth that blood had been spilled in the streets of your village, why every function of the government of Connecticut was set in motion. Her governor set the militia at work, and within eighteen hours from the time that Putnam, then major-general of our militia, heard the tidings at Pomfret, a hundred miles away, he was in the streets of Concord. More than that, from the treasury of Connecticut was then organized that expedition which struck the first aggressive blow against the power of Great Britain, and which brought down the power of Ticonderoga and Crown Point in the name of the great Jehovah. Wherefore it is, Mr. President, that this day is historic in the annals of Connecticut, as it is in the annals of Massachusetts. It commenced with us a period from which for many anxious years it was the business of Connecticut to fight for the accomplishment of that great seminal principle of New-England political life, the right of self-government. That was the gift which America has given to the nineteenth century. At the close of that century that great principle rules the civilized world to-day. Wherever you may look, whatever may be the form of government, public opinion, whether expressed in the ballot or by any of the manifold agencies of modern civilization, rules to-day every government upon the globe. Mr. President, it is pardonable upon an occasion of this sort, if we indulge in vain glory; I feel that I have abused my privilege, but, sir, I thank you for the kind attention.

After music by the band, Governor Peck of Vermont was introduced and spoke for his State, hoping that whatever else might betide she would be true to the motto on her state seal, "Freedom and Unity," from Ticonderoga and Crown Point. He thanked them heartily for the courtesy extended to himself and other gentlemen from his state, while at the Concord fight.

New-Hampshire, whose sons were on their way to Concord before night of the nineteenth, was toasted, and Governor Weston was announced. Not responding, Judge Hoar said he was afraid that the same tendency to follow the British early in the day, towards Boston, had been developed in the centennial anniversary of that day, and in consequence many of the friends he should like to have heard from had left.

"The state from which Massachusetts was set off some years ago," Maine, was called, and Governor Nelson Dingley, jr., responded briefly, saying that he believed Maine had only allowed Massachusetts to go when she found that her sons were able to take care of themselves. He was very grateful for the extreme courtesy extended by the centennial committee.

The president then called on "little Rhode Island," and on being applauded changed the "little" to great. He said he had intended to call on one who was trying to gain new fame as "Major Burnside," a title perhaps as large as any other under

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the circumstances, but he believed he had heard the name before on a wider field and greater with historic events. But speaking of the State of Rhode Island, it was one which had tried to begin the revolution three years before it began, by attempting to capture the Gaspee with an expedition in whale boats. General Burnside being absent, he would call on the eloquent orator of the day, who although he had been introduced as one who had spent many days in Concord and was a distinguished citizen of New-York, yet was also a son of Rhode Island, and he felt that there was something in him capable of representing any State in the Union.

Mr. Curtis was enthusiastically received, and said he saw what his fellow-citizens did not, the deep malevolence of the president of the day in trying to deprive him of his voice, which he had earlier placed in opposition to a hundred bands of music and the noise of breaking platforms; but when the name of Rhode Island was mentioned every son of Rhode Island fell into line. It was little in size, but great in soul. He hoped that whenever any citizen was asked where he came from, the answer in time to the beating of the drums would come, "From Concord Bridge," and then the whole world would know he, too, was marching on to victory. Human hope was always as true as it was one hundred years ago, and if any man was asked from what part of Massachusetts he came, he could answer, from the whole of it. (Judge Hoar—He could very easily do it in Rhode Island.)

Judge Hoar then proceeded to make a few remarks concerning a number of revolutionary relics that lay upon the table before him. One was a sword taken from a British officer by Nathan Bemis, of Watertown, who shot the officer by means of a gun, which was exhibited. The truth of the Concord North Bridge fight rested, continued the judge, upon a single unquestioned fact. That it was there the first order to fire upon the King's troops was given by an authorized officer of the American militia, and Major John Buttrick had been the first to fire in obedience to his own command. The gun with which the first authorized shot had been fired had been preserved, and it was then held up. When Lafayette was in this country, and was shown this weapon, he held it up before him, and said it was "the alarm gun of liberty throughout the world."

The Fourth of July was the natural deduction of the nineteenth of April, and any one who had got the spirit of the nineteenth could be safely trusted anywhere on the "Fourth." If there was any one who could say anything about the Fourth, it was he whom he had the pleasure of introducing, General Joseph R. Hawley, ex-governor of Connecticut, and chairman of the National Centennial Commission.

General Hawley said he could not help but mention the stand his state had taken in those long gone years, when Isaac Bissell had carried the news through the state. Three companies were soon on the way to Boston, and a number started on foot. His state contained no laggard. About the Centennial next year, no one could have kept the nation from it, no more than the people could have been prevented from celebrating the anniversary of the Concord fight. He paid a graceful tribute to the skill and genius of American mechanics, and how they as masters of them all, had slowly brought the country to that state of cultivation that instead of pouring out the blood for the right, the blood might be saved and the right maintained. And at Philadelphia they would show how that had been achieved by the exhibition of the country's progress from its birth to the present time. All the civilized nations had been asked and responded, and many of those who were classed among the heathen would astonish the world with the mature growth of their civilization. All were coming, all would be welcome. He hoped that Massachusetts would not be behind. They were erecting fifty acres of buildings to entertain their guests, on the finest site the world ever saw, and on the Fourth of July, 1876, a great exhibition would open there—a world's tributes to a nation's greatness.

Judge Hoar then read a sentiment to Harvard College, which had been removed from Cambridge to Concord, as a consequence of the events of the nineteenth. The college had remained with them a year. He had hoped to have called on President Eliot, but the chill of the afternoon had undoubtedly interfered with his wish and the desires of his hearers.

A sentiment in honor of James Barrett, John Buttrick and Lieutenant-Colonel Robinson was then read, and Judge Hoar said he had received many letters from distinguished guests, who had been invited to attend; he however would read but one, from Frederick Douglass. The writer expressed himself as sincerely grateful for the honor implied in the invitation, and he tendered his best wishes for success in the ceremonies. The opening of the Revolution had, indeed, been the opening of a higher liberty.

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Judge Hoar then invited any person present to add a word if he so desired, and an old gentleman asked to be allowed to repeat a sentiment offered at the celebration just half a century before, "The tree of liberty, — May it take deep root and grow till its branches cover the earth."

IN BOSTON, THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1875.

In his inaugural address to the city council of Boston, on the 5th of January, 1875, the Mayor, Hon. Samuel C. Cobb, referred to the approaching centennial anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill.

This portion of the Mayor's address was referred to a joint special committee of the City Council, consisting of Aldermen Thomas B. Harris and Solomon B. Stebbins, Councilmen Edwin Sibley, Eugene H. Sampson and Isaac P. Clarke. The committee reported on the 12th of April. The following is an extract from their report:—

"It is proposed, on the part of the State, to invite as its guests the principal executive officers of the United States and governors of the several States; and to order out, for review and for escort duty, the entire militia organization of this State. With a view to secure harmony of action, and prevent confusion in carrying out the details, it is suggested that all the other matters connected with the celebration,—except the delivery of the oration, for which arrangements have already been made by the Monument Association,—should be under the control and management of the city. On that basis an approximate estimate has been prepared of the expense which the city would be called upon to bear, amounting in the total to *thirty* thousand dollars, and the committee would respectfully recommend the passage of an order appropriating that amount."

The following order was passed by the City Council, and approved by the Mayor, on the 7th of May:

"*Ordered*, That His Honor the Mayor, the Chairman of the Board of Aldermen, the President of the Common Council, with Aldermen Harris, Stebbins, Quincy and Power, and Councilmen Sibley, Sampson, Clarke, Peabody, Flynn, Gould and Devereux, be authorized to make suitable arrangements, on the part of the City of Boston, for the Celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill; and that said committee be authorized to expend for that purpose the income of the Foss fund, and of the Babcock fund, and, in addition thereto, a sum not exceeding thirty thousand dollars, to be charged to the appropriation for incidentals."

The mayor, having been empowered by the committee to select a suitable person to act as Chief Marshal of the procession which it was proposed to organize on the day of the celebration, appointed General Francis A. Osborn, with full authority to make such arrangements, in matters pertaining to the duties of the office, as he might deem necessary.

The part to be taken by the city in the observance of the anniversary was further defined as follows: It was decided to have an official reception in Music Hall on the evening of the 16th of June; to decorate all the public buildings, and designate, by suitable inscriptions, the places of historical interest in the city; to have the bells of the churches rung, and national salutes fired at sunrise, noon and sunset, on the 17th; to provide a tent and such other accommodations as may be necessary for the exercises at Bunker Hill; to make a display of fireworks on Boston Common and on Sullivan square, in Charlestown; to illuminate the dome of the City Hall, in School street, and the front and dome of the old City Hall, in Charlestown; to exhibit calcium lights from the top of the Bunker Hill Monument, and from other prominent points in the city proper, and in East Boston, South Boston and Roxbury; and to have bonfires in Dorchester, West Roxbury and Brighton.

By request of the committee, the mayor extended a cordial invitation to the following-named officials to accept the hospitalities of the city:

The Mayor of Mobile, Ala.; Little Rock, Ark.; San Francisco, Cal.; New-Haven, Conn.; Wilmington, Del.; Jacksonville, Fla.; Savannah, Ga.; Chicago, Ill.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Davenport, Iowa; Leavenworth, Kansas; Louisville, Ky.; New Orleans, La.; Portland, Me.; Baltimore, Md.; Detroit, Mich.; St. Paul, Minn.; Vicksburg, Miss.; St. Louis, Mo.; Omaha, Neb.; Virginia, Nevada;

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Manchester, N. H.; Newark, N. J.; New-York, N. Y.; Wilmington, N. C.; Cincinnati, Ohio; Portland, Oregon; Philadelphia, Pa.; Providence, R. I.; Charleston, S. C.; Memphis, Tenn.; Galveston, Texas; Burlington, Vt.; Richmond, Va.; Wheeling, W. Va.; Milwaukee, Wis.; General Joseph R. Hawley, President U. S. Centennial Commission; Alfred T. Goshorn, Esq., Director General U. S. Centennial Commission; Honorable John Welch, President of the Board of Finance, U. S. Centennial Commission; Frederick Fraley, Esq., Secretary and Treasurer of the Board of Finance, U. S. Centennial Commission; Honorable William Bigler, Financial Agent U. S. Centennial Commission; Honorable Daniel J. Morrell, Chairman Executive Committee U. S. Centennial Commission.

The following persons were invited to meet the Mayor at the City Hall, at 9 o'clock, on the morning of the 17th, for the purpose of uniting with the City Government in the exercises of the day:—

The mayors of cities in Massachusetts; the past mayors of Boston, Roxbury and Charlestown; the Hon. E. R. Hoar, Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Mr. George Heywood, committee of the town of Concord; the Hon. Charles Hudson, Mr. M. H. Merriam, and Mr. W. H. Munroe, committee of the town of Lexington; Prof. Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard College; the Hon. Charles Francis Adams, Mr. Henry W. Longfellow, Mr. James Russell Lowell, Dr. O. W. Holmes, Mr. William Gray, Mr. Wendell Phillips, Mr. William Lloyd Garrison and others.

Under an order of the House of Representatives, passed the 13th of March, a joint special committee of the Massachusetts legislature was appointed, "with full power to make such arrangements as might be deemed proper and expedient for the reception, on the part of the State, of the President and Vice-President of the United States, and other distinguished strangers who might visit the State upon the occasion of the celebration of the 17th of June."

The committee subsequently invited the following persons to become the guests of the State: The President and Vice-President of the United States; the President *pro tempore* of the United States Senate; the Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States; the members of the President's Cabinet; the Judges of the Supreme Judicial Court of the United States; General William T. Sherman, Lieutenant-General Philip H. Sheridan, and Major-General Winfield S. Hancock, U. S. A.; Admiral David D. Porter, Vice-Admiral Stephen C. Rowan, U. S. N.; the Governors of all the States; the Chiefs of the Diplomatic Corps; the Senators and Representatives in Congress from Maine; Andrew Johnson, Ex-President of the United States; and the Hon. John A. Dix, of New York.

On the 14th of June, His Excellency, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, tendered the First Division of Massachusetts Volunteer Militia to the City of Boston, for the purpose of escort duty at the Centennial Anniversary, and stated, at the same time, that the troops would pass in review at the State House, while *en route* to the head of the civic procession.

In response to a request from the mayor, Major-General W. S. Hancock, U. S. A., commanding the Military Division of the Atlantic, directed Major George P. Andrews, of the Fifth Artillery, to detail two companies from the troops in Boston Harbor, under the command of Brevet Major-General Richard Arnold, to report for duty, in connection with the procession.

On the evening of the 16th of June, His Honor the Mayor and the committee of arrangements gave a reception, in Music Hall, to the distinguished visitors who purposed taking part in the celebration on the following day.

The hall was very handsomely decorated with flowers, bunting and drapery. On the front of the upper balcony there was an arch bearing the word "Welcome," in richly illuminated letters; and, just beneath, a representation of the city seal, with the dates "1775" and "1875," in tablets on either side. At intervals during the evening music was furnished by the Germania Band.

To facilitate the interchange of civilities between the city authorities and their guests, the seats in the body of the hall were removed; and to accommodate the ladies, a portion of the seats in the first balcony were reserved. Among those who occupied seats on the platform, or who appeared there at different times during the evening, there were the Vice-President of the United States, General William T. Sherman, Senator Ambrose E. Burnside; Mr. Justice Strong of the Supreme Court, U. S.; Senor Don Francisco Gonzales Errazuriz, Chargé d'Affaires from Chili; Mr. Stephen Preston, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from

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Hayti; His Excellency William Gaston, Governor of Massachusetts; His Excellency Nelson Dingley, Jr., Governor of Maine; His Excellency John J. Bagley, Governor of Michigan; General Fitz Hugh Lee, of Virginia; Colonel A. O. Andrews, of South Carolina; Captain J. W. Gilmer, of the Norfolk (Va.) Blues; General Judson C. Kilpatrick; the Hon. R. W. Richardson, Mayor of Portland; the Hon. R. L. Fulton, Mayor of Galveston, Texas. Among the organizations, or representatives of organizations, present in the hall there were, the Washington Light Infantry of Charleston, S. C.; the Norfolk Light Artillery Blues, of Norfolk, Va.; the Fifth Maryland Regiment; the Old Guard of New-York; the Light Infantry Veteran Association of Salem, Mass.; the New-England Society of New-York; the Richmond (Va.) Commandery of Knights Templars: the De Molay Commandery of Boston; the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, and the Bunker Hill Monument Association.

Soon after eight o'clock the Mayor called the assemblage to order, and spoke as follows:

Fellow-Citizens and Friends:—The event whose hundredth anniversary we celebrate to-morrow was one of a series that resulted in the creation of an independent nation. The battle of Bunker Hill, in a military view, was a defeat for the colonies; but, in its moral and political fruits, it was a splendid success. Following close upon the collisions at Lexington and Concord, it fired the whole American heart, and aroused the entire American people, and made them thenceforth one people. While it fell to the lot of Massachusetts to lead off in the war of independence, she was not left to stand alone for a day. Responses of sympathy and pledges of co-operation came in as fast as news could fly and men could march. "It is surprising," writes General Gage at this period, "that so many of the other provinces interest themselves so much in this. They have warm friends in New-York, and I learn that the people of Charleston, South Carolina, are as mad as they are here." "All Virginia," says Irving, "was in a state of combustion." "We must fight!" said Patrick Henry. "I repeat it, Sir, we must fight!"

In fifteen days the great Virginian, Washington himself, was here at the head of the army. Then followed battle after battle, from Boston to Charleston, from Saratoga to Yorktown, till at length the thirteen provinces became thirteen States, and those thirteen States an empire that now spans the continent. Remembering these things, we of the East do more than willingly accord to the people of the West and the South an equal share in the proud and grateful memories that belong to our revolutionary centennials; and we, on our part, shall claim an equal share in theirs, as they recur from time to time, from '75 to '82.

To-morrow's commemoration is no mere local affair. It must have a national significance, or it can have none. If it were only Boston or Massachusetts, or even New-England, that cared for it, better that the famous story of Bunker Hill were blotted out of history, as the mere record of an ignominious failure. What is ours in these things belongs to all our countrymen as much, or it would be worthless to us; and what is theirs is ours, or we should feel bereft of a splendid heritage. It is, therefore, with the deepest satisfaction that we, who are especially at home here, hail the coming of so many of our fellow-citizens from abroad and afar. Their presence is a principal circumstance, and, to our eyes, the brightest feature of the occasion—a pledge that they are ready to share, and share alike with us, in the rich inheritance of the inspiring memories and traditions of the national birth-time, and that to their feeling, as to ours, the sons of their fathers and of our fathers, who stood shoulder to shoulder in that grand old time, are, and must be, brethren to-day.

Under the inspirations of such a reunion, we feel that to-morrow will be such a red-letter day for Boston as can hardly shine for her more than once in a century. If the skies smile upon her there will be such a tide of life pulsing through her streets as she never knew before; her spires and domes will wear such a radiance as the summer sun never gave them till now; the heart of Bunker Hill will throb audibly beneath the tread and the acclaim of the gathering multitudes; its granite shaft will loom up many cubits taller into the sky; and the glorified forms of Prescott and Warren, and of their illustrious compeers who stood with them on the spot that day, or who sent them their sympathy, and were already hastening to their support from every quarter, or preparing to do the like deeds elsewhere, will almost be seen bending from the clouds and breathing benedictions on their children, who, after all the vicissitudes of a century, are found faithful to their trust, and worthy to hold and transmit their sacred inheritance of liberty and union. Under these

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circumstances, the city council, acting as they felt, and sure that it was in accord with the sentiment of the whole city, have desired me to invite our visitors to meet us here to-night for an interchange of greetings and felicitations.

We knew you were coming, gentlemen; and you have come as you promised, and as we hoped,—in goodly numbers,—in military, masonic, industrial, commercial and educational organizations,—private citizens and representatives of the nation, of the states and of many cities. You have come from every direction and all distances; from beyond the Kennebec and the Green Mountains; from beyond the Hudson, the Delaware and the Susquehanna, the Potomac and the James, the Edisto, the Savannah and the Tennessee; from beyond the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. You could not come too numerously for our wishes and our welcome. Boston would be glad if she could fold the whole nation in her heart to-morrow, and make herself for the day, and in this her turn, the sacred Mecca of the entire American people. Without dissent or reservation she rejoices as one man in your coming; and in her name and behalf I bid you welcome!—thrice welcome!—a thousand times welcome! My clumsy northern tongue and unpractised lips cannot give adequate expression to the warmth and cordiality with which she bids me greet her guests and make them at home within her gates. And, if I mistake not, the crowds in our streets to-morrow will re-echo the greeting with an emphasis that you cannot fail to understand. You will unite with us, and that right heartily, I doubt not, in commemorating with reverence and gratitude the men and the deeds of a hundred years ago, and the ways in which an ever gracious Providence, through many perils and difficulties, has led our country on and up to its present height of greatness and prosperity.

And now, fellow-citizens, while we solemnly ring out the old century, let us hopefully ring in the new. It belongs to the men of to-day to inaugurate the second century of our country's life. The omens are propitious. The prospects of our national polity are brighter to-day, I think, than at any previous period. It has safely undergone all the tests that could be crowded into a century. It still stands, and may now be said to have almost passed the experimental stage,—at least as far as that can be said of any earthly polity. We have experienced all the trials and dangers by which the permanence of nations is put to the test. We have had the stringent test of unexampled prosperity and rapid expansion, and have survived it. We have had commercial crises and industrial depressions of the severest character. We have had bitter political and sectional strifes. We have had foreign wars; and, like all nations that have attained to greatness, we have had civil war,—and still we live. This last and supremest peril has passed away just in time to enable the country to enter upon the second century of its history with confidence and good cheer. We could not have said so, at least not so confidently, fifteen years ago, nor ten, nor even five. But now, not only is the war closed, but the animosities which have accompanied and followed it are fading out; they are dying,—nay, they are as good as dead, and awaiting their burial! To-morrow we will dig their grave; at the greater centennial in Philadelphia, next year, we will heap up a mound over them high as the Alleghanies; and, before the day of Yorktown comes round, we shall have forgotten that they ever existed.

In this benign work of reconciliation the soldiers on both sides have taken the lead. This was to be expected. True heroism harbors no resentments, and is incapable of a sullen and persistent hatred. True soldiers, worthy of the name, give and take hard blows in all honor and duty; and when the work is done, are ready to embrace as brothers in arms, and to let by-gones be by-gones, in all things except to preserve the memory and decorate the graves of their heroic dead,—ay, and of one another's dead. Brave men love brave men, with the magnanimity that knows how to honor each other's courage and respect each other's motives. Foemen in war, brothers in peace;—that is the history of chivalry here, as everywhere. And all classes must needs follow the lead of their noble champions, and could not stand out against it, if they would. Even the weak and cowardly, and the political adventurers who live on the garbage of sectional jealousies and partisan embitterments, have to give in, at last, from very shame. Indications of the spreading and deepening of this sentiment of restored amity are coming in from all quarters. Here in Boston, I do not happen to know a single voice at variance with it; and that it is shared by yourselves, gentlemen of the south, is evidenced by your presence here to-night. You may have desired the issue of the war to have been other than it is, and may have felt, for a time, that all was lost save honor. I respect your convictions; but I believe you are wise enough, and magnanimous enough, to acquiesce loyally now, and in the end cheerfully, in the arbitrament of

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the God of battles, — assured, as you must be, that the overruling Providence is wiser than our wishes, and knows how to bestow richer benefits than those it withholds; assured, too, that whatever was right and good in the lost cause which you loved is not finally lost, and that whatever was false or wrong in the winning cause cannot permanently triumph. The Almighty reigns, and shapes results more beneficently and more righteously than man can.

All things considered, fellow-citizens, I regard our country as prepared to enter upon its second century with the best auguries and brightest hopes of peace and happiness. The burdens and privations resulting from the cost and the waste of war, on both sides, we must still bear for a time, as we are bearing them now, in this universal depression of industry and trade. But this evil is, in its nature, transient for a vigorous and thrifty people, and need count but little in our reckoning on the future, provided only that harmony and mutual confidence and good-will prevail and continue. And these we must foster and defend. All depends on these. I am sure you will agree with me, gentlemen, that in the new century there need not be, and must not be, any north, or south, or east, or west, except in respect to those varieties of climate and production which stimulate industry, and give life to commerce, and multiply the sources of national wealth and power. While we cultivate friendly relations by the intercourse of trade and the amenities of social life, we must avoid the political intermeddling that endangers such relations. Let each state manage its own local affairs without interference, however well meant, from abroad, subject only to that constitution which is at once a wholesome restraint and a protecting shield for us all.

The old political issues have well-nigh passed away; one platform is very much like another. Old party lines are getting mixed and shadowy, so that little remains to distinguish them but their names. We are thus at liberty to seek the best men as rulers, without reference to party or locality, or anything but character and capacity,—honest men, who will neither steal nor permit stealing. The securing of a pure and upright government would be the best fruit of our restored harmony, and the best inauguration I know of for the new century. Let good men, in all sections, combine as one man for this end. There must still be parties, with or without the old names,—sharp antagonisms of opinion and policy. These are everywhere among the conditions of freedom and progress. They do not destroy, they invigorate, a nation. The only fatal divisions are those of sections. There must be none of these,—at least in that part of the century which our lifetime shall cover, and for which we are answerable. No conflict of sections! I give you my hand on that proposition, gentlemen, and I promise you every honest man's hand in Boston on that. And, if you will accept and return the pledge, it shall be kept; and we may trust our children and our children's children to maintain and perpetuate it. We must guard against the beginnings of alienation and distrust; and, if ever we see any root of bitterness giving signs of springing up, let us set our heels upon it, yours and ours, and stamp it out before it has time to send up a single poison-shoot.

But I detain you too long, gentlemen. Much formal address is not what we want to-night. We want rather to look into one another's faces, eye to eye. We want to give and take a hearty hand-grasp. We want to tell you, collectively and individually, that we shall be but too ready and glad to do all in our power to make your visit agreeable to you, and to convince you that the confidence in us which you show by coming is not misplaced. We want to enable you to report to your people at home that you found nothing but brotherhood and good-fellowship here. We want to make the guests of a week the friends of a lifetime. We want you to feel as kindly towards Boston as Boston does towards your own fair cities of the South, to whom God grant health and wealth, prosperity and peace!

Once more, to all our guests, from far away and from near by, and from all points of the compass, I say in the city's name, and say it gratefully and heartily, Welcome to Boston and Bunker Hill!

After music by the band, the Mayor presented Governor Gaston, who spoke as follows:

Mr. Mayor, Ladies and Gentlemen:—My words will be few to-night; but I should poorly represent Massachusetts, as her heart now beats, if they were not charged with the warmest spirit of welcome.

Massachusetts is honored by the presence of the sons and daughters of all the states who have come here from every part of this broad land to honor the memory

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of the soldiers and the statesmen who laid the foundations of a republic which now numbers forty millions of people.

The early battles of the revolution were fought on Massachusetts soil, but they were not fought for Massachusetts alone. They were fought for the entire country, and the glory of these struggles is the common heritage of us all. As, with emotions of reverent patriotism, you shall assemble around yonder shaft to-morrow, you will find its foundations deep enough and its proportions large enough to make it a fit monument of the nation's glory.

As heirs of a common inheritance we meet and rejoice together to-night, and as brethren we will celebrate to-morrow. Massachusetts of 1875 is the Massachusetts of 1775. To our guests from the North and from the South, from the East and from the West, we say, "As our fathers greeted your fathers of old, so we now greet you."

Under the ample folds of the old flag we meet as brethren; and as we are stepping upon the threshold of our second century, let us determine that we will make its achievements in all the fields of civilization and peace worthy of a people whose birthright is freedom, whose policy is justice, and "whose God is the Lord."

Under the influence of our glorious old memories, in the midst of the scenes where American liberty in its infancy was rocked, let us declare there shall be no more sectional strife. Let us declare there shall be no warfare, except such as a nation's safety and a nation's honor shall demand, and in that warfare let us all fight together, sympathizing with each other in every danger, and exulting together in every victory.

At the close of the Governor's speech, Major Dexter H. Follett and staff, of the First Battalion of Light Artillery, M. V. M., entered the hall with General Fitz Hugh Lee and the officers of the Norfolk Light Artillery Blues. They were received with immense applause, and escorted to seats on the platform.

The Mayor then said he had been informed that Colonel Andrews, of Charleston, South Carolina, was in the hall. The announcement was received with great enthusiasm, and when the colonel came forward he was heartily cheered. He said:

Fellow-Citizens of Massachusetts:—South Carolina receives with the deepest emotion the greetings of Massachusetts,—an emotion whose tenderness, whose intensity, whose amplitude, can only be measured as when twin sister meets twin sister, and the fiery tribulations, the estranging vicissitudes of the past, are put aside, all lost sight of, all forgotten, in the happy auguries of an unclouded and an undivided future.

How opportune is the happening of these centennials! Verily there is a Providence that shapes our ends. Long, and rugged, and dark, may be the road, but in the fulness of His own good time He causeth light to shine, and in ways unthought by human ken brings about results that fill us with admiring wonder and surprise. Who can fail to be impressed, that, just at this especial juncture, we should be catching sight of, and coming up to, these hundred-mile stones in the journey of our common country,—at the very moment in our history when their sight and presence seem so seasonable, so fortunate, so auspicious, so needed to admonish and to instruct, as well as to cheer and stimulate? First came Lexington and Concord. Old Mecklenburg followed, and in the echoes which yet linger around us we hear the music sounding again with all its primal fervidness and fire, struck from that old chord, as it first broke forth in notes of quickening fraternity, answering to

> "Where once the embattled farmers stood
> And fired the shot heard round the world."

To-day we gather in pious homage around our own consecrated shrine, and join with you in doing reverence where Warren's blood was shed, and renew with you, in family pledge, the sacramental oath, that it shall not have been shed in vain.

Whose heart shall not be lifted into a purer and a sweeter atmosphere, as he hears the tread, and feels the approach, of this grand procession of the mighty past? No dim and shadowy remembrance enclouds them; but they come, all corruscated with light. Like towering cliffs, sublimely they lift their hoary heads. Shooting out amid the rapid current upon which we are surging, they turn our course. In reverential arrest, we pause and ponder. On their scarred fronts we read, furrowed in blood, "truths that wake, to perish never." In our inmost soul, we feel how full of blessing is their presence; how teemingly fruitful, if we but will it so, for a

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mightier, a far exceeding, a more glorious and beneficently harmonious future. How fraternizing, how hallowing is their influence!

"Oh, hushed be every thought that springs
From out the bitterness of things."

Lowly we bend, and ask a blessing and a benison, ere yet we hurry on in the voyage before us.

It is in such a spirit we meet you to-day. Like the worn and jostled members of some large family at Christmas-tide, who have almost unlearned the season as one of merriment, a note of welcome comes for us from the old loved homestead. How the old tie tugs at our heart! Our ears catch the gleeful chimes. Soon bursts out the once familiar carol,—

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."

Is this for us? Can we be included? The dear old chant rings out again,—and all our misgivings melt away as in jubilant strain is wafted to heaven, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men." Yes, we come! True, in our hands we bring no precious vase, in whose rich loam flowers the costly exotic. We come in homely garb, and with broken cup; but in that cup is a soil which yonder column will recognize,—it is from old Moultrie's sand-bank. You shall plant therein the olive-branch. Old Bunker Hill will catch the gracious dews as they fall from heaven, and gently drop them to nourish its growth, and under its stately shaft it shall find shelter from the scorching sun.

Yes, this is the temper in which we meet you to-day,—even as in olden Christmas-tide,—and we will closely gather around your honored Yule log, and, as its fragrant smoke curls up, tell o'er with you, in garrulous gossip, of the grand old days a hundred years ago, when in bloody sweat and travail of soul were laid the foundations of this goodly heritage,—alike for us and for you, for South as for North, for West as for East,—from whose lofty towers shall be forever flung its standard of love waving in the breezes of heaven, and inscribed, so that all afar off may read, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And, oh, see, from our sculptured urns, with what pleased yet anxious serenity look down upon us Warren and Prescott, and Quincy and Hancock, and Otis and Adams, and, interlocking their arms, Gadsden and Moultrie, and Marion and Rutledge and Sumter! And there comes William Washington! How his face glows with its old fire, as he catches sight of, and points Howard and Morgan to his cherished oriflamme,—

"Which at Eutaw shone so bright,
And as a dazzling meteor swept
Through the Cowpens' deadly fight."

Old Bunker Hill grasps it in his arms, and by the memory of their ancient love, by the recollection of their blood-wrought struggles, by the tender recall of the triumphing cheer which is so often wafted from the swamps and fastnesses of the South, he kisses it with fervor true as ancient knight, and, in clarion tones, rings out his tribute to the inspiring guerdon of "a woman withal,—but a woman whom Brutus took to wife, and daughter to Cato!"

And now, my friends, when this hallowed jubilation is o'er, and we go back to our homes, what message shall we carry to our reverenced old mother? Never were her sons prouder of her. Never clung they with more filial closeness to her than now in the day of her adversity. Corruption has harried her,—misrule has revelled over her; but there she stands, patient and undaunted, in all her matronly purity; never more worthy of our love than as, unruffled amid her assailants, she gathers up the courtly folds of her robe in majestic self-rectitude, her stately eye beaming with the fires of an unstained birthright, and casting to the dust, by its transfigured light, the approaches of insult and dishonor. To her ear the national harp has oft been made to sound "like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh." But there is a chord in that harp, a golden chord, which still vibrates in her heart, "musical as Apollo's lute," charming as the harp of Orpheus. It is the chord of these ancient memories; it is the string in that harp, which runs from Moultrie to Bunker Hill. It is the key which, struck at Concord and Lexington, vibrates to Eutaw and King's Mountain. Shall we tell her that you have struck that chord, and that you have struck it with the note, and the music, and the trueness of its

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ancient song? If so, then indeed shall this day's celebration cause Bunker Hill to be treasured up as the shadow of a great rock, bringing rest, and refreshment, and hope, to pilgrims worn, and heavy, and weary. Then shall we

> "Press heavily onward; not in vain
> Your generous trust in human kind;
> The good which bloodshed could not gain
> Your peaceful zeal shall find."

General Fitz Hugh Lee, of Virginia, was then presented and greeted with enthusiastic cheers by the men, and the waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies. He spoke as follows:

Mr. Mayor and Ladies and Gentlemen:—I thank you for this most cordial welcome you have extended to my comrades and myself. I came here with the Norfolk Light Artillery Blues, a confederate organization, whose guns have roared upon many a hard-fought field. As we arrived before your city this afternoon, and were steaming up your beautiful harbor, the first notes that reached me from the band of music sent to meet us were of that good old tune called "Auld Lang Syne;" and I felt I was not going to Boston, but that I was returning again to a common country and a common heritage. I should have wished that my poor presence would have passed unnoticed, and that I might have been permitted to have remained a silent visitor in Boston.

When I remember that this is the first time I have ever stepped on the soil of Massachusetts, I necessarily feel some embarrassment at addressing such a splendid audience as is before me; but when I reflect that I am an American citizen,—that I, too, am a descendant of those men who fought on Bunker Hill,—I feel that I, too, have a right to be here to celebrate their splendid deeds.

We come here, fellow-citizens, to show that we appreciate the achievements of those patriotic forefathers of ours,—those men who planted the seeds from which our nation sprung. We are here to show by our actual presence that we are fully in sympathy with the sentiment which found expression upon the recent Decoration Days, when loving hands entwined beautiful flowers about the graves of the soldiers of both armies without distinction.

I recall that, right here in Boston, one hundred years ago, a patriotic divine spoke in substance as follows: "We pray thee, O Lord, if our enemies are desirous to fight us, to give them fighting enough; and if there are more on their way across the sea, we pray thee, O Lord, to sink them to the bottom of it." Now, when I see this magnificent demonstration, when my eyes look on yours, beaming with friendliness and heartfelt good-will toward me and mine, I feel that hereafter, if foreign or domestic foes threaten our common country, Massachusetts and Virginia, California and Florida, would shout with one voice, "If they desire to fight, let them have enough."

I may be pardoned if I recall to your minds that in those days of darkness, when the clouds of war enveloped your Commonwealth, my state of Virginia sent right here into your midst him who, in the language of my grandfather, was "first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen;" he, in the language of Andrew Jackson, "whose character cannot be too profoundly studied and his example too closely followed." Washington appeared here in your midst, brought order out of confusion, and saved our country. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, most cordially for the manner in which you have received me.

General Judson C. Kilpatrick was next introduced, and spoke as follows:

Fellow-Citizens:—I am proud and happy to assemble with you here to-night on an occasion so important, not only to the people of Massachusetts, but of the whole nation,—an occasion involving elements so sublime, elements which inspire feelings of patriotism worthy of Greece in her best days. It was not my intention to say a word to-night. I entered here but a few moments ago, and had the pleasure of hearing Fitz Hugh Lee, of Virginia, a confederate soldier, who was my cavalry instructor at West Point, and whom I met on many a bloody battle-field in the late war of the rebellion. And I rejoice, fellow-citizens, to have him come here to-night, and in the presence of this magnificent audience shake hands once again with us beneath the same old Union flag, which is his banner as well as ours. I recognize the fact that it is ten long years since the last hostile shot was fired and since the war-clouds rolled away.

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[At this point General Sherman appeared upon the platform, and was loudly cheered.]

It will not be becoming in me to continue in the presence of one so well known to this great nation, and whom you would much rather hear speak. [Cries of "Go on. We'll hear him next."] I was about saying that ten long years have passed and gone since the last hostile shot was fired. Monuments of stone rear aloft their heads to heaven to-day from almost every northern village, telling of the patriotic deeds of the brave men who fought in freedom's cause. Little green mounds scattered all over the sunny South are watered alone by women's tears, and women on bended knees are praying over the ruins of what were once palatial homes, and weeping burning tears for dear ones who will return no more. And yet, I know there are men in this country who say "It served them right;" but if they would follow over the wasted stretch of Sherman's march they would find that the beautiful sun shines there, that grain may grow, and that green grass and flowers forever bloom above the spots where brothers beneath opposing banners struggled for the mastery. Let us shake hands here to-night on this happy centennial of the battle of Bunker Hill. Let us unite the North and South, and resolve that the same old flag, henceforth and forever, before us or around us, shall be the pride of our triumph and the shroud of our burial.

General Sherman was then presented. He said:

I came here to-night to attend a levee of the Mayor of the city of Boston, with no intention of speaking one word; and I hope you will pardon me if I merely express myself somewhat amazed to find myself upon the platform here to-night in the presence of so many gentlemen of Boston, every one of whom can make a better speech than I can. To-morrow you will hear General Devens make a great speech, worthy the occasion, and I want to hear it very much,—so much that I have come fifteen hundred miles to hear it. I want also to stand where Bunker Hill once stood. It is all graded down now;[1] but the memory of the spot will last long after all of us have disappeared from this earth. Brave deeds, noble actions, there made the beginning of our nation. The deeds done that day, the thoughts thought that day, the courage manifested that day, should make that spot as pure and holy as any spot that can inspire a race. I therefore simply ask you, gentlemen, whose faces are turned toward me to-night, to think of the men who died that day. What has been the result? A nation was born that is influencing the world, and we are come thousands of miles to celebrate its birthday,—one hundred years ago. May you all be better for it, and purer for it, and truer for it, and kinder to each other.

General Burnside was next introduced by the Mayor. He said:

I came here to-night as a spectator, and I am not in the least prepared to address such an audience as this. I am a clumsy speaker at best, and it is not proper that I should attempt, on the spur of the moment, to say anything to an assemblage like this. The occasion is one of great importance, and every patriotic heart in the country should be impressed with it. It is my hope and prayer that these centennial days may be so observed as to blot out all feelings of envy or malice which were engendered by the late war. I am free to say here to-night that I am ready to do everything on the face of the earth to accomplish this; I will do anything but acknowledge we were wrong in what we did to suppress the rebellion.

At the close of General Burnside's address there were calls for the Honorable Henry Wilson, Vice-President of the United States. Mr. Wilson said:

I respond to your call only for a moment, and I respond for the reason that I cannot say no. We have listened to-night, while we have been welcomed by the Mayor of the city of Boston, who has spoken the words of the whole city. This vast audience has been welcomed here to-night,—men from all sections of our country,—by the Governor of the State of Massachusetts, and I believe he has spoken the words of all the people of this good old Commonwealth. We have heard a response from South Carolina, and we have welcomed it. We have heard a voice from Old Virginia, and we have welcomed and applauded it. Here, to-night, as a citizen of this Commonwealth, I welcome these men, from all sections of the country, to Massachusetts; and I trust, with God's blessing, this occasion will be con-

[1] Gen. Sherman's language may lead some to suppose that Bunker or more properly Breed's Hill has been levelled, whereas, though it has been graded, the height has been but slightly reduced.

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secrated to patriotism, to manhood, to full and impartial liberty to all men of every kindred and race.

I trust that we shall begin the coming century of our country with an acceptance of the sublime doctrine of human right that one hundred years ago animated the men who bared their breasts on Bunker Hill. I believe I have seen already in the South, in the West, in the central States, that this anniversary festival of ours, calling us back to our early history and the grand achievements of our fathers, is accomplishing more for our country than anything that is happening. It is bringing and cementing together the hearts of our people, and Christian men on bended knees should pray for it, patriotic men should labor for it, and we should know that we live in a country that is to be our country; that we live in a country where men of all races are brothers. I believe, gentlemen, that we should all strive for harmony, unity, justice, for equal rights to everybody in our land.

This closed the formal part of the exercises, and introductions and conversation followed.

The General Court having made the Seventeenth of June, 1875, a legal public holiday, the public buildings and offices throughout the state were closed, and all business, except that connected with the celebration, was suspended. At an early hour in the morning the various organizations which were to take part in the proceedings of the day began to arrive in the city and take position in the places assigned to them. The streets were thronged by people from all parts of the country, who were desirous of witnessing what promised to be the most extensive and magnificent military and civic display ever made in New-England.

The favorable state of the weather added greatly to the success of the occasion; a mild east wind prevailed throughout the day, and tempered the heat so that those who marched in the procession, and those who stood long hours in the streets to see it pass, were enabled to do so without discomfort.

All the public buildings and many private dwellings and places of business, especially those along the route of the procession, were handsomely decorated with flags, bunting and flowers. At all points of historic interest connected with the battle of Bunker Hill, or with the revolutionary period, inscriptions were placed, giving a clear and concise statement of the event commemorated.

Across the northerly end of Charles-river avenue, where the procession entered City square, Charlestown, a triumphal arch was erected. One of the pillars bore a representation of the battle of Bunker Hill, with the date "1775" beneath; on the other was a view of the present Monument, and the date "1875." On the keystone of the arch was inscribed, "Heroes of Bunker Hill," and on either side were the names of Prescott, Putnam, Warren, Knowlton, Stark, and Pomeroy,—the one first mentioned occupying the highest place of honor. At nine o'clock in the morning the members of the City Government, the guests of the city, and the persons invited by His Honor the Mayor to join the procession, assembled at the City Hall, and proceeded thence, by invitation of His Excellency the Governor, to the State House, to witness the military review. At ten o'clock the troops moved from their rendezvous on the Common, passing out at the corner of Charles street and Boylston street, and marched through Boylston, Tremont and Beacon streets, past the reviewing party, which occupied a platform in front of the State House. The movement of the procession was somewhat delayed by the review, and it was not until a quarter past one o'clock that the Chief Marshal was enabled to enter upon the line of march. The formation was as follows: The Chief of Police, with fifteen mounted men; The Fall River Brass Band; The Fourth Battalion of Infantry M. V. M., Major Austin C. Wellington commanding; General Francis A. Osborn, Chief Marshal. The Members of his Staff, namely:—Col. W. V. Hutchings, Chief of Staff, Col. Cornelius G. Attwood, Adjutant General, Col. Solomon Hovey, Jr., Assistant Adjutant General, Capt. James Thompson, Chief Quartermaster, Lieut. Edward B. Richardson, Chief Signal Officer. Signal Corps: Mr. James Swords, Capt. Nathan Appleton, Capt. Geo. P. Denny, Mr. W. A. Tower, Gen. W. W. Blackmar, Col. W. H. Long, Col. Chas. H. Hooper, Mr. Jas. Lawrence, Mr. A. G. Hodges, Col. Nathaniel Wales, Mr. Samuel Tuckerman, Capt. G. A. Churchill, Mr. Arthur L. Devens, Capt. W. A. Couthouy, Mr. M. S. P. Williams, Col. Geo. C. Joslin, Mr. Otis Kimball, Jr., Col. Louis N. Tucker, Col. John C. Whiton, Mr. M. A. Aldrich, Mr. J. R. Wolston, Mr. Wm. M. Paul, Mr. M. F. Dickinson, Jr., Mr. B. F. Hatch, Mr. Howard L. Porter, Capt. Geo. A. Fisher, Mr. Wendell Goodwin, Capt. John Read, Mr. A. W. Hobart, Major William P. Shreve, Capt. A. E. Proctor, Lieut. H.

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G. O. Colby, Capt. Edward F. Devens, Mr. H. G. Parker, Capt. Chas. A. Campbell, Mr. John B. Draper, Mr. C. G. Pease, Lieut. Augustus N. Sampson, Mr. James G. Freeman, Mr. E. P. Kennard, Mr. F. W. Lincoln, Jr., Mr. G. Henry Williams, Capt. John H. Alley.

Massachusetts Volunteer Militia: Brown's Brigade Band. The First Corps of Cadets M. V. M., Lieutenant Colonel Thomas F. Edmands commanding. His Excellency William Gaston, Governor and Commander-in-Chief. The Members of his Staff, namely:—Major Gen. James A. Cunningham, Adjutant General. Col. Isaac F. Kingsbury, Assistant Adjutant General. Col. Albert A. Haggett, Assistant Inspector General. Brig. Gen. P. A. Collins, Judge Advocate General. Col. Charles W. Wilder, Assistant Quartermaster General. Brig. Gen. William J. Dale, Surgeon General. Col. Joshua B. Treadwell, Assistant Surgeon General. Col. Edward Lyman, Col. James A. Rumrill, Col. Leverett S. Tuckerman, Col. Edward Gray, Aids to Commander-in-Chief. Col. George H. Campbell, Military Secretary. The Salem Brass Band. The Second Corps of Cadets M. V. M., Lieutenant Colonel A. Parker Browne commanding. Major General Benjamin F. Butler, commanding Division Massachusetts Militia. The Members of his Staff, namely:—Col. Edgar J. Sherman, Assistant Adjutant General. Col. Yorick G. Hurd, Medical Director. Lieut. Col. Edward J. Jones, Assistant Inspector General. Lieut. Col. George J. Carney, Assistant Quartermaster. Major John W. Kimball, Engineer. Major Roland G. Usher, Aide-de-camp. Major Edwin L. Barney, Judge Advocate. The Second Brigade M. V. M., Brigadier General George H. Peirson commanding. The Lynn Brass Band. The Eighth Regiment of Infantry, Col. Benjamin F. Peach, Jr., commanding. The Sixth Regiment of Infantry, Colonel Melvin Beal commanding. The Fifth Regiment Band. The Fifth Regiment of Infantry, Colonel Ezra J. Trull commanding. The Lawrence Brass Band. The Second Battalion of Light Artillery, Major George S. Merrill commanding. The Dunstable Cornet Band. Company F, Unattached Cavalry, Chelmsford, Captain Christopher Roby commanding. The First Brigade M. V. M., Brigadier General Isaac S. Burrell commanding. The Ninth Regiment Band. The Ninth Regiment of Infantry, Colonel Bernard F. Finan commanding. The First Regiment Band. The First Regiment of Infantry, Colonel Henry W. Wilson commanding. The Third Regiment Band. The Third Regiment of Infantry, Colonel Bradford D. Davol commanding. The National Band, Boston. The Second Battalion of Infantry, Major Lewis Gaul commanding. The Woonsocket Brass Band. The First Battalion of Light Artillery, Captain Charles W. Baxter commanding. The Chelsea Brass Band. The First Battalion of Cavalry, Lieutenant Colonel John H. Roberts commanding. The Third Brigade M. V. M., Brigadier General Robert H. Chamberlain commanding. The Hartford City Band. The Second Regiment of Infantry, Colonel Joseph B. Parsons commanding. Richardson's Band, Worcester. The Tenth Regiment of Infantry, Colonel James M. Drennan commanding. The Worcester National Band. The Fifth Battery of Light Artillery, Captain John G. Rice commanding.

First Division:—Major Henry L. Higginson, Chief of Division. Aids—Captain John C. Jones, Assistant Adjutant General; Mr. Henry Upham, Mr. Wm. B. Bacon, Jr., Mr. A. C. Tower, Mr. Daniel C. Bacon, Mr. Frank Seabury. This division was composed of military organizations from other states, namely:—The Seventh Regiment Band and Drum Corps, New-York. The Seventh Regiment National Guard, State of New-York, Colonel Emmons Clark commanding. The First Regiment Band, Pennsylvania. The First Regiment National Guard of Pennsylvania, Colonel R. Dale Benson commanding. The Second Regiment Band, Pennsylvania. The Second Regiment National Guard of Pennsylvania, Lieutenant Colonel Harmanius Neff commanding. Ringold's Band, Reading, Pa. The State Fencibles, Philadelphia, Pa., Captain John W. Ryan commanding. McClurg's Cornet Band, Philadelphia. The Washington Grays, of Philadelphia, Captain Louis D. Baugh commanding. The Independence Band, Wilmington, Del. The Philadelphia Gray Invincibles, Captain A. Oscar Jones commanding. The American Brass Band, Providence, R. I. The First Rhode-Island Light Infantry Regiment, Colonel R. H. I. Goddard commanding. The National Band, Providence, R. I. The Meagher Guards, Providence, R. I., Captain Peter McHugh commanding. Colt's Armory Band, Hartford, Conn. The Hillyer Guards, Hartford, Conn., Captain John T. Sherman commanding. Repetti's Band, Washington, D. C. The Washington Light Infantry, Washington, D. C., Captain William G. Moore commanding. The Governor Straw Rifles, Manchester, N. H., Colonel John J. Dillon commanding. The Mansfield Guard, Middletown, Conn., Captain R. Graham com-

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manding. The Marine Band, U. S. N., Washington, D. C. The Fifth Maryland Regiment, Colonel J. Stricker Jenkins commanding.

SECOND DIVISION:—Colonel Henry R. Sibley, Chief of Division. Aids—Captain George R. Kelso, Assistant Adjutant General; Mr. Retire H. Parker, Mr. John H. Dee, Mr. George T. Childs, Mr. Edwin F. Peirce. This division included the City Government of Boston, the Guests of the City, the State Government of Massachusetts, and the Guests of the State, in carriages. The formation was as follows:—Edmands' Military Band, with Drum Corps. Companies D and E, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., Brevet Major General Richard Arnold, U. S. A., commanding. City Government and Guests. His Honor Samuel C. Cobb, Mayor of Boston; and His Honor William H. Wickham, Mayor of New-York. General Fitz John Porter, Commissioner of Public Works, New-York; Colonel E. L. Gaul, Secretary to the Mayor of New-York; Nelson H. Tappan, the Comptroller of New-York. Aldermen John T. Clark and Thomas B. Harris; His Honor R. L. Fulton, Mayor of Galveston, Texas; and Colonel Etting, representing His Honor William S. Stokely, Mayor of Philadelphia. Aldermen S. B. Stebbins and S. M. Quincy; His Honor Peter Jones, Mayor of Jacksonville, Fla.; and His Honor Joshua L. Simons, Mayor of Wilmington, Del. Alderman James Power, and Halsey J. Boardman, Esq., President of the Common Council; His Honor W. P. Connerlay, Mayor of Wilmington, N. C.; and His Honor R. M. Richardson, Mayor of Portland, Me. Councilmen Edwin Sibley and Isaac P. Clarke; His Honor Henry G. Lewis, Mayor of New-Haven, Conn.; and His Honor Alpheus Gay, Mayor of Manchester, N. H. Councilmen Francis H. Peabody and John N. Devereux; Alderman Mackey of Charleston, S. C.; and Hon. William Bigler of Philadelphia, Financial Agent Centennial Commission. Councilmen Eugene H. Sampson and Curtis Guild; General Joseph R. Hawley, President of the U. S. Centennial Commission; and Alfred T. Goshorn, Esq., Director General U. S. Centennial Commission. Hon. Daniel J. Morrell, Chairman Executive Committee U. S. Centennial Commission; Dr. Buckminster Brown, husband of the grand-daughter of General Joseph Warren; Warren Putnam Newcomb, great-great-grandson of General Warren and General Putnam; and Dr. Edward Warren. His Honor Henry L. Williams, Mayor of Salem; His Honor Isaac Bradford, Mayor of Cambridge; His Honor Abraham H. Howland, Mayor of New-Bedford; and His Honor Jacob M. Lewis, Mayor of Lynn. His Honor D. F. Atkinson, Mayor of Newburyport; His Honor R. H. Tewksbury, Mayor of Lawrence; His Honor James F. Davenport, Mayor of Fall River; and His Honor Charles H. Ferson, Mayor of Chelsea. His Honor George H. Babbitt, Mayor of Taunton; His Honor Wm. H. Furber, Mayor of Somerville; His Honor W. B. Pearsons, Mayor of Holyoke; and His Honor Robert R. Fears, Mayor of Gloucester. His Honor James F. C. Hyde, Mayor of Newton; Hon. Charles Francis Adams; and Hon. William Gray. Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, Hon. Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, Mr. Joseph Heywood, of Concord, and Hon. Otis Norcross. Mr. W. H. Munroe, of Lexington; Hon. Josiah Quincy, Hon. Alexander H. Rice, and Hon. Joseph M. Wightman. Dr. J. V. C. Smith, Mr. John Cummings, of Woburn; Hon. J. J. Clarke, and Hon. Linus B. Comins. Hon. Geo. Lewis, Hon. J. S. Sleeper, Mr. Joseph W. Tucker, and Hon. E. L. Norton. Hon. Liverus Hull, Hon. P. J. Stone, Hon. Jas. Adams, and His Honor Alpheus Currier, Mayor of Haverhill. Members of the City Council of Boston (not included in the Committee of Arrangements), and heads of City Departments. The American Band of Cambridge. The National Lancers, Captain Cyrus C. Emery commanding. The State Government and Guests. Hon. Henry Wilson, the Vice-President of the United States; Hon. George B. Loring, President of the Massachusetts Senate; Mr. Justice Strong, of the United States Supreme Court; and Rev. W. E. Strong, of Roxbury. Hon. Willard P. Phillips, of Salem; Rev. Samuel May, of Leicester; His Excellency Stephen Preston, the Haytien Minister; and His Excellency Senor Don Francisco Gonzales Errazuriz, the Chilian Minister. General William T. Sherman, Major General Irwin McDowell, Col. J. C. Audenried of Gen. Sherman's staff; and Hon. E. D. Winslow. Bvt. Major General Nelson A. Miles, 5th Infantry U. S. A.; Bvt. Brigadier General O. M. Poe, U. S. A.; Bvt. Brigadier General J. E. Tourtellotte, of General Sherman's staff; and Bvt. Major General E. W. Hincks. Bvt. Brig. Gen. T. J. Haines, Col. Theo. T. S. Laidley, Capts. W. R. Livermore and C. E. Jewett. Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, U. States Senator from Maine; Hon. Thomas W. Ferry, United States Senator from Michigan; Hon. George S. Boutwell, United States Senator from Massachusetts; and Mr. Enoch H. Towne, of Worcester. Gen. Thomas Kilby Smith of Gen. Sherman's staff; Hon. C. P. Thompson, Hon.

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B. W. Harris, and Hon. Rufus S. Frost, Representatives in Congress from Massachusetts. Hon. Eugene Hale, and Hon. John H. Burleigh, Representatives in Congress from Maine; Hon. John K. Tarbox, Representative in Congress from Massachusetts; and Hon. Waldo Colburn. Chandler's Band, of Portland. The Portland Cadets, Captain N. D. Winslow commanding, escorting His Excellency Nelson Dingley, Jr., Governor of Maine, and staff; Speaker Thomas, of the Maine House of Representatives, and Hon. Francis D. Stedman, of the Massachusetts Senate. His Excellency Person C. Cheney, Governor of New-Hampshire, and staff. Drum Corps. First Company Governor's Foot Guard of Hartford, Major John C. Parsons commanding, escorting His Excellency Charles R. Ingersoll, Governor of Connecticut, and staff; General Walter Harriman, U. S. Naval Officer, and General A. B. Underwood, U. S. Surveyor, of Boston. His Excellency Henry Lippitt, Governor of Rhode-Island, and staff. His Excellency Joseph D. Bedle, Governor of New-Jersey, and staff; and Hon. T. J. Dacey, of the Massachusetts Senate. The first troop of City Cavalry, Philadelphia, escorting His Excellency John F. Hartranft, Governor of Pennsylvania, and staff, mounted. His Excellency Adelbert Ames, Governor of Mississippi; His Excellency J. D. Bagley, Governor of Michigan; Hon. George F. Shepley, Judge of the United States Circuit Court; and Hon. George P. Sanger, U. S. District Attorney. Mr. Chief Justice Gray and Associate Justices Wells, Endicott and Ames, of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. Col. George L. Browne, of the Old Guard, State Fencibles of Philadelphia; ex-Gov. Emory Washburn; Hon. Wm. A. Simmons, Collector of the port of Boston. Lieut. Gov. Horatio G. Knight, and Hon. Geo. Whitney, Hon. Seth Turner and Hon. Geo. O. Brastow. Hon. E. H. Brewster, Hon. Alden Leland, Hon. J. K. Baker and Hon. E. H. Dunn, of the Executive Council. Hon. R. Couch; Senator Wm. H. Phillips, of Berkshire; and Senator Geo. A. Davis, of Essex. Hon. Oliver Warner, Secretary of State; Hon. Charles Adams, Jr., Treasurer and Receiver-General; Hon. Charles Endicott, Auditor; and Hon. Charles R. Train, Attorney-General. Mr. Charles Hale of the House, Ensign H. Kellogg, Charles A. Phelps, ex-Speakers of the House of Representatives; and Col. Joseph A. Harwood, of the Senate. The members of the Senate and House of Representatives of the General Court of Massachusetts.

Third Division.—Colonel Charles E. Fuller, Chief of Division. Aids—Col. F. R. Appleton, Assistant Adjutant General; Col. S. D. Warren, Jr., Col. J. H. Welles, Capt. Roswell C. Downer, Lieut. Henry E. Warner, Col. J. L. Baker. This division was composed of the following organizations:—The Massachusetts Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, under command of General Francis W. Palfrey, accompanied by Major General A. E. Burnside. [On the top of the staff which bore their banner was perched a solid silver eagle, which was presented to the New-England Guards, by Arnold Welles, in 1812. It was carried by the Guards at the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, 1825, and again at the completion of the Monument, 1843.] The Bunker Hill Monument Association, in carriages; President George Washington Warren; with Hon. Charles Devens, Jr., the orator of the day. The Officers of the Grand Lodge of Masons in Massachusetts, Percival L. Everett, Grand Master. [The Grand Master wore the apron which belonged to General Joseph Warren at the time of his death. Dr. Winslow Lewis, Deputy Grand Master, wore the apron once belonging to Gen. Lafayette, and which was worn at the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument.] The New-England Historic, Genealogical Society, in carriages; the first being the carriage formerly belonging to Governor Eustis, and in which Lafayette was accustomed to ride when he was his guest, occupied by the Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, President of the society, William E. Baker, owner of the carriage, and Messrs. Francis Dane and William H. Wilder. The other delegates were the Hon. George C. Richardson, Col. Almon D. Hodges, Hon. Lorenzo Sabine, Benjamin G. Smith, the Hon. George Cogswell, the Hon. Jacob Sleeper, the Hon. James W. Clark, John Ward Deane, Frederic Kidder, the Hon. Thomas C. Amory, Stephen G. Deblois, the Rev. Samuel H. Riddel, David Pulsifer, the Hon. James W. Austin, Joseph H. Ward, Josiah A. Stearns, Edmund T. Eastman, M.D., Abel Ball, M.D., John J. May, F. F. Hassam, Alfred G. Carter, and George W. Ware. The American Antiquarian Society of Worcester, in a carriage. Delegates: S. F. Haven, Esq., Joseph Sargent, M.D., Rufus Woodward, M.D., Nathaniel Paine, Esq. Pilgrim Association of Plymouth. Delegates: W. T. Davis, President; I. N. Stoddard, W. S. Danforth, E. C. Sherman, W. H. Whitman. The Massachusetts Society of the Order of the Cincinnati. Forty delegates in carriages, under President Rear-Admiral H. K. Thatcher. Eliot Band of Boston. The Massachu-

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setts Charitable Mechanics' Association, President Nathaniel Adams. Massachusetts Veterans of 1812. Association represented by Major Nathan Warren. The Boston Charitable Irish Society, Bernard Corr, President.

FOURTH DIVISION.—Col. Thomas L. Livermore, Chief of Division. Aids—Col. Charles E. Hapgood, Assistant Adjutant General; Col. Thomas E. Barker, Col. Daniel K. Cross, Major Benjamin F. Weeks, Major Geo. E. Fayerweather. This division was composed of veteran organizations formed into a Brigade, under the command of Major Dexter H. Follett, as follows: The Germania Band of Boston. The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, organized in 1638, Major General Nathaniel P. Banks commanding. The Redwood Band of Newport, R. I. The Newport (R. I.) Artillery Veteran Association, organized in 1741, Colonel Julius Sayer commanding, accompanied by officers of the Newport Artillery Company. The United States Naval Band of Portsmouth, N. H. The Newburyport, Mass., Veteran Artillery Company, organized in 1775, Col. E. F. Stone commanding. The Saunders Band of Peabody, Mass. The Salem (Mass.) Light Infantry Veteran Association, organized in 1805, Col. John F. Fellows commanding. The Veteran Association Band of Providence. The First Light Infantry Veteran Association of Providence, R. I., organized in 1818, Major-General W. W. Brown commanding. The Veteran Seventh Regiment Band, New-York. The Veteran National Guard, 7th Regiment, State of New-York, Colonel Marshall Lefferts commanding. The Manchester (N. H.) Cornet Band. The Amoskeag Veterans, of Manchester, N. H., Major George C. Gilmore commanding. The Putnam Phalanx Drum Corps. The Putnam Phalanx, of Hartford, Connecticut, Major Henry Kennedy commanding. Downing's Ninth Regiment Band, of New-York. The Old Guard, of New-York, Major G. W. McLean commanding, accompanied by Bvt. Brigadier General Washington Hadley, J. T. Howe, Esq., Major J. W. Hazlet, and C. D. Fredericks, Esq. The Washington Light Infantry, of Charleston, S. C., Major R. C. Gilchrist, First Lieutenant, commanding, accompanied by Col. Thomas Y. Simons, Col. A. O. Andrews, J. Lawrence Honour, Esq. The Norfolk Light Artillery Blues, of Norfolk, Va., four guns, Captain James W. Gilmer commanding. Carriages containing, as guests of the Blues, Gen. Fitz Hugh Lee, who commanded a division of Confederate cavalry during the late war; Col. Walter H. Taylor, who was Adjutant-General to Gen. Robert E. Lee; Col. Stark, who commanded Norfolk troops; Capt. E. B. White, who was of the Confederate Navy; Mr. M. Glennan of the Norfolk *Virginian;* and C. E. Perkins of the Norfolk *Landmark*. Drum Corps. Old Columbians, organized in 1792, Capt. Michael Doherty commanding. Amesbury Veteran Artillery Association Band. The Amesbury and Salisbury Veteran Association, Capt. Newell Boyd commanding. Decorated carriage, containing twelve old sailors, and also a piece of ordnance cast in 1736, and taken from Fort Point channel.

FIFTH DIVISION.—Chief of Division, Gen. J. Cushing Edmands. Aids—Col. Edward B. Blasland, Assistant Adjutant General; Capt. T. R. Matthews, Gen. E. Blakeslee, Lieut. Wm. H. Bird, Lieut. C. M. Haley. American Band of Boston. Lexington Minute-Men, Acting Major, E. L. Zalinski, U. S. A. Boston School Regiment Drum Corps. Boston School Regiment, Colonel William B. Lawrence commanding. The Latin School Battalion, Major Edward Robinson commanding. First Battalion English High School, Major E. C. Wilde commanding. Second Battalion English High School, Major George Nickerson commanding. The Highland Battalion, Major A. L. Jacobs commanding. Drum Corps. The Cambridge Cadets, of East Cambridge, Capt. E. A. Cooney commanding. Drum Corps. The Chelmsford Minute-Men, of Chelmsford, Mass. The Boston Caledonian Club, John Stark, Chief. The Thorndike Horse Guards, of Beverly, Captain Hugh Hill commanding. The Magoun Battery, of Medford, Captain Charles Russell commanding. The Franco-Belgian Benevolent Society, in barouches, with American, French and Belgian colors. The Boston Highland Benevolent Association, in a barge.

SIXTH DIVISION.—Chief of Division, Charles B. Fox. Aids—Col. Francis S. Hesseltine, Major Cyrus S. Haldeman, Major Frank Goodwin, Lieutenants Henry D. Pope, and William Chickering. Charles Russell Lowell Post No. 7, G. A. R., Thomas M. Kenney, commander. Berry's Band of Lowell. Benjamin F. Butler Post No. 42, of Lowell, G. W. Huntoon, commander. Stoneham Brass Band. Radiant Star Council No. 5, Order of United American Mechanics of South Boston, Commander Edward Isaacs. Delegates from Bay State Council No. 1, of Boston; Bunker Hill Council No. 2, of Charlestown; High Rock Council No. 6, of Lynn; Harvard Council No. 9, of Cambridge; Israel Putnam Council No. 10, of Boston;

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Niagara Council No. 11, of Salem; Warren Council No. 13, of Lynn; Abraham Lincoln Council No. 14, of Somerville; Sagamore Council No. 15, of Saugus; Roxbury Council No. 17, of Boston Highlands; all members of the O. U. A. M. organization. Delegates from the Junior Order United American Mechanics of Massachusetts. Representatives of the National and Massachusetts State Councils, O. U. A. M., in barouches. Bond's Brass Band, of Boston. Ivanhoe Lodge, Knights of Pythias No. 13, of Charlestown, T. W. Paine, commander. Delegates from Washington Lodge No. 10, of South Boston; Commonwealth Lodge No. 19, of Boston; King Solomon Lodge No. 18, of Boston; Socrates Lodge No. 21 of South Boston; Old Colony Lodge No. 43, of Abington; Mattapan Lodge No. 44, of Dorchester; all Knights of Pythias. American Brass Band of Suncook, N. H. Oriental Lodge, Knights of Pythias, of Suncook, N. H., H. D. Wood, commander. Johnson's Drum Corps. Colored Veteran Association, Major Burt Smith commanding. Delegates from the Colored Veteran Association of Norfolk, Va., accompanied by Inspector General J. Mullen, of the Grand Army Order of Virginia, and North and South Carolina.

Seventh Division.—John T. Bamrick, Chief of Division. Aids—Edward Riley, Assistant Adjutant General; Patrick O'Riorden, Dennis Crowley, James H. Lombard, Timothy C. Mahoney, Daniel Heffernan. The Division was composed of Catholic Benevolent Societies, as follows:—O'Connor's mounted Band. Knights of St. Patrick, composed of two mounted companies, one from Boston, Capt. Lyons commanding; another from Lawrence, Mass., Timothy Dacey commanding. Company A, of the Legion of St. Patrick, Gen. J. H. Henchon commanding. The United Association of American Hibernians of South Boston, John McCaffrey, Chief Marshal. Union Brass Band of Lynn. St. Joseph Cadets, Capt. J. F. Lynch commanding. St. Joseph Drum Corps. Ancient Order of Hibernians in several divisions, namely:—Division No. 1, of Boston, Lawrence Donovan commanding. Belknap Brass Band, of Quincy. Division No. 2, of East Boston, John C. McDevitt commanding. Division No. 3, of Jamaica Plain, D. J. Curley commanding. Brookline Band. Division No. 4, of Boston, J. J. Leevens commanding. Brookline Hibernian Band. Division No. 5, of Salem, Timothy Foley commanding. Lynn Cornet Band. Division No. 8, Jamaica Plain, James McMorrow commanding. Delegation of the American Society of Hibernians in a barouche.

Eighth Division.—John O'Brien, Chief of Division. Aids—Lawrence P. Furlong, Assistant Adjutant General; Patrick Coyle, J. H. O'Neil, A. J. Phillip, L. C. Dugan; Orderly, John Calanan. Hibernia Brass Band, Natick. Fulton Cadets, Capt. J. J. Barry commanding. St. Valentine Cadets, two companies, Major Thomas Kelley commanding. St. Valentine Total Abstinence Society, Marshal, T. H. Good. Cathedral Cadets, Captain M. Mahoney commanding. Drum Corps. Father Matthew Cadets, Malden, Captain D. J. Murphy commanding. Loyola Temperance Cadets, Melrose, Captain James C. Campbell commanding. Highland Drum Corps. Cathedral Temperance Society, Marshal, J. J. Nolan. St. Joseph Total Abstinence Society, Marshal, Jeremiah Sheehy. Father Matthew Drum Corps. Father Matthew Total Abstinence Society, Lynn, Marshal, Joseph Murphy. South Boston Division, Total Abstinence Society, Marshal, E. J. Flaherty. Drum Corps. Gate of Heaven Cadets, Colonel E. Haynes commanding. Drum Corps. St. Vincent's Total Abstinence Society, Marshal, D. Fahey. Saxonville Brass Band, with Drum Corps. Saints Peter and Paul Total Abstinence Society, Marshal, William Ward. Drum Corps. St. Augustine Total Abstinence Society, Marshal, Michael Creed. South Boston Young Men's Total Abstinence Society, Marshal, C. J. Ford. St. James Temperance Drum Corps. St. James Total Abstinence Society, Marshal, James Cotter. Drum Corps. St. James Young Men's Total Abstinence Society, Marshal, L. J. Crowley. Drum Corps. Saint Rose Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society, Chelsea, Marshal, Daniel McGivern. Saint Rose Cadets, Chelsea, Capt. William Evans commanding. St. Stephen Drum Corps. Saint Stephen "Guard of Honor" Cadets, Major J. H. Flaherty commanding. Independent Band, East Boston. St. Stephens Total Abstinence Society, Marshal, John H. Rohen. East Boston Total Abstinence Society, Marshal, P. J. Flanagan.

Ninth Division.—Levi L. Willcutt, Esq., Chief of Division. Aids—Major Chas. B. Whittemore, Assistant Adjutant General; Captain Fred R. Shattuck, Mr. Nelson V. Titus, Mr. Charles F. Curtis, Mr. Francis H. Willcutt, Mr. Benjamin W. Parker, Mr. George L. Damon, Mr. William B. Pearce, Mr. Charles M. Dunlap, Mr. Alfred S. Taylor. This division was composed of representations from the mer-

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chants, mechanics and manufacturers of Boston. Although the proposition to make such a display was not acted upon until a few days before the celebration was to take place, it was then entered into with such enthusiasm as to produce the most gratifying result. The extent and variety of the exhibition has never been equalled in this country. There were two hundred and thirty-three business houses and manufactories represented by four hundred and twenty-one teams, fifteen hundred and eighty-seven harnessed horses, and twelve hundred men. Most of the teams were handsomely decorated, and many of them bore inscriptions of a patriotic or humorous character. The wagons were loaded with the articles sold or produced by the exhibitors, and in some cases with workmen who appeared in the exercise of their vocation. The finest exhibitions were made by the furniture-dealers, piano and organ manufacturers, glass-blowers, leather-dealers, grocers, brewers, bakers, and florists. The brewers appeared with fifty wagons and one hundred and eight horses; the furniture-dealers with thirty-six wagons and eighty-six horses; the piano and organ manufacturers with twenty-eight wagons and ninety horses—one firm alone having twelve four-horse teams; and the leather-dealers with nineteen wagons and fifty-two horses. The furniture-dealers and the bakers were preceded by bands of music. This division closed the procession. Throughout the route the sidewalks and fronts of buildings were crowded with spectators. In many places where there were vacant lots, platforms or tiers of seats had been erected, and were let at high prices. From an official return obtained from the several steam railway companies whose cars enter the city, it appears that the number of persons brought into the city in that way during the day was one hundred and forty thousand. If we add to this the number of persons who arrived previous to that day, and the number of our own citizens who were called out by the display, it is evident that the procession was witnessed by not less than five hundred thousand people. The chief officers of the City and State, and their distinguished guests, were greeted with cheers and shouts of welcome as they passed along the crowded streets.

The scene on Columbus avenue, as the long column of troops passed up from Dartmouth street, was especially grand and imposing. The houses were all richly decorated with flags, banners, shields, pictures and mottoes. At the head of the avenue, where the procession turned into Chester park, a large ornamented stand had been erected, with seats rising one above another. The upper seats were occupied entirely by school children, who waved miniature flags as the troops passed along, keeping time in their motions with the music of the bands.

The time occupied by the procession in passing a given point (all delays being deducted) was three hours and fifty minutes.

The services on Bunker Hill were held in a large pavilion, erected on the southerly side of the Monument grounds. The civic portion of the procession reached the hill about a quarter before six o'clock, and the seats in the pavilion were soon filled. The platform, which faced the Monument, was occupied by the distinguished guests of the Monument Association, the City, and the State. At six o'clock Col. Henry Walker, Chief Marshal of the Association, called the company to order, and said:—

Ladies and Gentlemen: — I have the pleasure of introducing to you the Hon. George Washington Warren as President of the Bunker Hill Monument Association and as President of the Day.

Judge Warren advancing to the front of the platform, said:—

Ladies and Gentlemen:—With devout thankfulness for the auspicious manner in which this day has been observed, let us look up to the Supreme Being for His blessing.

The Rev. Rufus Ellis, D.D., pastor of the First Church of Boston, then offered prayer.

At the conclusion of the prayer, the Apollo Club, of Boston, under the direction of Mr. B. J. Lang, sang the hymn, entitled "Prayer Before the Battle."

The oration of Mr. Justice Devens then followed. The orator was listened to with close attention, and was frequently applauded. At the conclusion, Hon. E. R. Hoar proposed three cheers for General Devens, which were heartily given. Afterward, the Apollo Club sung a hymn, written by Charles James Sprague.

Judge Warren then addressed the audience as follows:

This is the first centennial anniversary of Bunker Hill. The century just passed has presented to its successors yonder national Monument of gratitude to the heroic

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fathers of the republic. Erected under the supervision of Solomon Willard, that renowned architect who spurned to take the proper compensation for his eighteen years' service, being a descendant of a gallant officer whose remains lie at the foot of this hill, consecrated at its commencement and completion by the majestic Webster, whose words still live, and can never fail to instruct; impelled in its progress by the silver-voiced, all-persuasive Everett,—the contribution of the whole people, to which Louisiana, South Carolina, and the other States joined with Massachusetts, it stands the silent orator, gathering, in its massive form, all the time-hallowed associations of the place; and, as it lifts its gray head to keep company with the stars, and takes note as impressively as they of the centuries that are to follow, may it be to all the inhabitants to the remotest age an *inspiration* to patriotism, and to those good works which make for the liberty, the Union, and the true grandeur of the United States of America.

The Association invoked the presence of the high officers of the National Government in its three co-ordinate departments, and of the executive officer of every state, and of the principal city thereof. From the sincere regrets of the absent we know that all are here either in the body or in spirit. The heart of Bunker Hill, now crowning the metropolis of Boston, is big enough to receive you all, and begs you in her name and in her undying glories to bury all animosities, and to resolve that henceforth there shall be no contention except who shall best serve our glorious country.

We desired also that every nation should be represented here by its minister accredited to Washington, making this an occasion also of international harmony. Yes, we desired very much to be honored by the presence of the distinguished minister from our mother country, whose good sovereign is nowhere more highly esteemed than here. In 1871, Great Britain and the United States celebrated this anniversary by the exchange on that day of the ratification of the treaty of Washington. These two nations have set the example to the world of preferring arbitration to war, following the motto of President Grant, "Let us have peace."

The battle of Bunker Hill was fought by our fathers in defence of the principles of the British constitution, and the issue has been for the healing of all nations.

At the Bunker Hill dinner, fifty years ago, Lafayette predicted that the toast on this Centennial day would be, To Enfranchised Europe. How far this prediction has been verified, let the emancipation of the serfs in Russia, the re-establishment of the republic in France, the enlargement of the suffrage in England, and the general spread of liberal principles and the encouragement of learning everywhere, answer.

South Carolina has sent us a palmetto tree, which we have planted in front by the side of the pine tree. May those two State emblems to-day planted on Bunker Hill be a symbol of renewed fraternity, never again to be interrupted. Let it be taken also as a pledge of reunion between all the States; for, with Massachusetts and South Carolina in full accord, as they were one hundred years ago, our Union is as firm and enduring as our Monument, which they, with true patriotism, joined together in building.

In calling upon some of our distinguished guests to address you briefly, I will take the liberty to present to you first the gallant General who has travelled fifteen hundred miles to participate in this celebration.

General Sherman made the following response:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—Before responding to your call, let me take issue with your honored President in calling on me as the National Representative. You can see for yourselves on this platform the Vice-President of the United States, several Judges of the Supreme Court, and about a dozen Governors of States, all of whom take precedence of me, and all of whom are accustomed to speak and are expecting to address you. Still it is true that I have come about fifteen hundred miles to share in this grand Centennial, and I am glad that I have come.

If I do nothing else, I can be the first to respond to General Devens's call, to come on this platform and renew the pledge to maintain and defend the Constitution of our country, to fight again, if need be, for the old flag and those sacred principles of right that were announced ninety-nine years ago by your Hancock and the Adamses. I know that there are many soldiers in this vast audience, and were I to call on them to come forward and share in this pledge, I am sure they would promptly respond with an amen.

Indeed do we stand on sacred soil at the foot of old Bunker Hill Monument. I almost feel pained to hear it called Breed's Hill. It was Bunker Hill when I was a boy, and to me it is Bunker Hill still. I find it recorded in bold letters on that granite

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shaft, and I insist that *it is* Bunker Hill. If Mr. Breed is here, I advise him to convey to Bunker, and be content with the other and larger hill close by.

I assure you that I have listened with the most intense interest to the graphic description by your orator, General Devens, of that battle, fought on this ground one hundred years ago, and confess to a soldier's admiration of that small band under Colonel Prescott, that was "told off" in the camp at Cambridge, to go, they knew not exactly where, to fight the veteran British host beleaguered in Boston. They marched off silently by night to do, as soldiers should, their duty; and it was providential that they were conducted to this very spot, instead of the one further back, designated in their orders. I have no doubt that General Devens has truthfully given the narration, with a fair distribution of the honors.

Warren, though the senior present, did not assume, as he might have done, the supreme command, but fought as a volunteer, and died upon the field a martyr and a hero, venerated everywhere.

Prescott was the actual commander on this spot. He conducted his brigade, prepared with their intrenching tools, and with their weapons to fight. Silently and with skill they constructed by night the redoubt and flank defences, and the daylight found them ready for the issue. How they fought you have already heard, and, as the actual commander on Bunker Hill, Prescott is entitled to all honor and glory.

General Putnam, too, contributed large assistance, but he has ample honor without claiming this. I like to think of him in that story of a man riding down the fabulous stairs pictured in our story-books, at some place, I confess I now forget where. He was a glorious old soldier, and his services and examples are worth a dozen monuments like this on Bunker Hill, even if made of pure gold.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have responded to your call, not with any purpose to edify you, but because you seem to desire it; and, though a stranger to most of you, I believe you desire to simply look upon and hear from one of those who have flitted across the horizon and attracted some notice; but I also thank you for your cordial reception, and for giving me the opportunity to witness one of the most gorgeous pageants that has ever occurred on this continent.

Seated by thousands beneath this vast canopy, you doubtless esteem yourselves a vast and well-ordered crowd; but you are as nothing compared with the hosts which to-day lined the streets of Boston. You hardly equal the group which occupied each block of the hundreds along which we have passed to-day; and as the newspapers of the morning will describe to them, and to all the world, what occurs here, I will no longer occupy your time, but give place to the many orators that will be proud to address such an audience. I again thank you for your kind and cordial reception, and apologize for detaining you so long.

The President then said: — "There is a little time left. I propose to call upon all the Governors, beginning with the Governor who has come farthest to see us. All Governors will take notice thereof and *govern* themselves accordingly."

The Governor of Mississippi and the Governor of Michigan were called, but neither responded. The Governor of Pennsylvania was next called for, and upon presenting himself was greeted with three cheers. Gov. Hartranft said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I certainly feel a delicacy in appearing before you as a Governor, because I was reminded to-day that Governors were as plenty in this town as general officers were at Washington during the war, and certainly I suppose some of those other gentlemen are now in the field doing duty. I did not come fifteen hundred miles, like my friend General Sherman, but I have brought with me fifteen hundred Pennsylvanians to take part in this celebration. It is not my desire to make any speech, but I know they would not like it did I not invite you from all states in the union, and pledge you a cordial welcome to Philadelphia next year, when the hundredth anniversary of our nation is to be celebrated. [The PRESIDENT —We are coming.] The celebration is, of course, of a national character, and we in common only have our share in the ceremonies and in the exhibition. But we also have a local interest and pride in having every citizen, whether he comes from the North or the South, the East or the West, feel assured that he will receive all the hospitality that it is in our power to extend, and that we meet there as brothers and freemen around those famed precincts where the charters of our liberties were signed. Let us there bury our differences and our animosities, resolving to perpetuate and transmit, unimpaired and indivisible, the Union which has been given to us.

The Apollo Club then sung a song, written by Charles James Sprague.

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The President next called upon the Governor of New-Jersey. Gov. Bedle responded as follows:

This is no time, ladies and gentlemen, to undertake to make a speech. On receiving an invitation to be present on this occasion, I determined, if it were possible, as an humble representative of the state of New-Jersey, to come here and join in this celebration; and it is a happy moment for me to be here, in the home of the Adamses and of Hancock, two of whom, Samuel Adams and John Hancock, were rebels, in the estimation of Great Britain, of the deepest dye, and, when others were to be pardoned, their crimes were such as to merit only condign punishment. They were not rebels, they were patriots; they were freemen; they were raised up by Providence to assert the great principles that were afterward fought for at the battle of Bunker Hill and proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence.

I am here from New-Jersey. New-Jersey, too, has a history. I am here not to praise her. She has her record. She had her Trenton, her Princeton, and her Monmouth, and in due time those events will be celebrated, and then we expect Massachusetts will be there. We expect to be at that great centennial of July 4th, 1876, which is to be the grand consummation of all the centennials: and when you go across the territory of New-Jersey remember that the winter of 1776 was "the time that tried men's souls" there. You know how our gallant American army, after evacuating New-York, retreated across the state of New-Jersey; how they were followed by the British army; how they were re-formed, and how, when those battles of Trenton and Princeton were fought, the depressed spirit of our forefathers revived and the tide of revolution turned.

Now, my friends, I have nothing more to say, except to thank you for this great demonstration. This has been a magnificent pageant. Nothing like it, as General Sherman said. Just think of it! Boston has emptied herself, the country has emptied herself, so to speak, into the streets through which we have passed to-day; and who could see this vast multitude without feeling that there was a revival of the good old spirit of ancient days? When these centennials were first talked of, I thought very little of them; but now I confess I am getting very much in the idea. I believe they will do more than anything else to revive a better spirit. Let us forget the recent past; let us go back to the ancient past, if I may use that expression, and take our lesson from that. Let us look to our ancestors, to the men who founded our institutions, for our examples. In that way, familiarizing ourselves with the history of those times, may we become better men and better citizens, ridding ourselves of the fraud and extravagance which have been the necessary results of the war. We want honesty of purpose; we want the disposition to do, in our own times, if it becomes necessary, as our patriot fathers said they would do, eat no more lamb, if necessary, in order to have more wool to work up into homespun cloth.

I again thank you, and now extend to you a cordial invitation to come down to New-Jersey when the proper time arrives.

The President then called for the Governors of Connecticut, New-Hampshire and Rhode-Island, without obtaining any response. Finally, he called for the Governor of Maine, the representative of a state "which ought to be part of Massachusetts still," and Governor Dingley of Maine responded as follows:

Mr. President, and Fellow-Citizens of the United States:—For standing on ground baptized with the blood of the brave men who, a century since, stood for liberty and nationality, I am sure that we may all take special pride in the fact that we are not so much representatives of individual states as *fellow-citizens* of a common country. You have introduced me, Mr. President, as the representative of that state which was once a part of Massachusetts, and which (as you kindly observed) ought to still occupy that position. I acknowledge the compliment which may be intended in the concession that Maine is worthy of being included in such a grand commonwealth as Massachusetts; and yet I am sure that after a hundred and thirty years of devoted service in the old homestead, the daughter had reached her majority, and was entitled to set up housekeeping for herself. Assuredly, sir, you can testify that she was a devoted daughter, and did not go forth from the mother's arms until she saw her triumphant over foes abroad and at home, and the acknowledged leader of the best thought and most beneficent ideas of the age. I assure you, sir, that Maine is proud of her political mother, the grand old commonwealth, and entertains for her an affection which time cannot dim. We feel that the glorious history of the old Bay State is our history; that her Adams, and Hancock, and Prescott and Warren belong also to us; and that her battlefields, her Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker

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Hill are ours. And, standing to-day on the spot where the martyrs of liberty fell a hundred years ago this very afternoon, I pledge to you, and to the citizens of every other state of our common country here assembled, that the men of Maine will be ready in the future, as they have been in the past, to stand shoulder to shoulder with you in defence of the nation which was then made possible. And may this centennial anniversary, and the centennial anniversaries to come, recalling as they do the memories of common sacrifices and common victories, serve to soften the resentments, and strengthen the ties of north and south, and lead the citizens of every section of the republic to acknowledge the stars and stripes as their flag, and the Union, dedicated to freedom and equal rights, as their country and their home.

The President said:— I stated to the audience that I would call upon our fellow-citizens of the United States in the order of the distance from which they came. We are now at home again, and at home in the United States of America, and I now call upon Vice-President Wilson. Mr. Wilson spoke as follows:

I am sure, Mr. President, you have not presented me to this vast assemblage at this hour, to weary the ear with speech. Nor have you called me up to be looked at, for there are far better-looking gentlemen around you; besides, it is quite too dark to get a good sight at any one of us. I am here, too, in my own Middlesex. (A voice, "Suffolk now.") Charlestown has escaped from us into Suffolk, but we people of old Middlesex will hold on to Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill forever more.

I am glad, Mr. President, that we have witnessed this magnificent spectacle. General Sherman tells us, strangers tell us, we know it, for our own eyes have seen it, that this is the grandest demonstration ever beheld upon the North American continent. I hope, I believe too, that this anniversary celebration, the memories associated with this day, the generous spirit that animates all bosoms, will largely contribute to the cause of unity and liberty in the century upon which we have entered. These celebrations at Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill, like the events they commemorate, tend to inspire all American hearts with patriotism and affectionate regard for our countrymen. I hail this anniversary, I hail the anniversaries upon which we have entered, as grand events, calculated to reunite, reinspire, and reinvigorate the American people, and bind us together with hooks of steel. The centennial celebration of the anniversary of independence is to be in Philadelphia next year. I hope that this anniversary festival will tend to inspire the nation, and that the country and the people of the country will make that the grandest occasion ever witnessed by mortal man. Grand as were the words of Daniel Webster, when the foundations of that monument were laid, in the presence of Lafayette and the aged heroes of the revolution; grand as were his words when that monument had been completed, no words uttered by him were better calculated to do more good, in all this broad land, than are the words uttered here to-day, in the present condition of the country. Let us, sir, all remember that union now, nationality now, development now, are all in harmony with the great, grand, central idea of humanity, the liberties, equal and impartial liberties, of all the children of men.

The Marshal then read the following despatches:

San Francisco, June 17, 1875.

To the Hon. George Washington Warren, *President of the Bunker Hill Monument Association:*—

San Francisco,— from the golden gates of the Pacific to the Bunker Hill Association: The citizens of our Western shore send their fraternal greetings to our brethren of the Atlantic coast assembled on Bunker Hill to commemorate the centennial of the great battle fought there. We have our mass meeting to-night.

New Orleans, June 17, 1875.

Governor Gaston, *Boston:*—

For myself, and the good people of the Crescent City, I send you greetings from Old Chalmette to Bunker Hill, on the occasion of your centennial celebration.

John G. Parker,
Postmaster of New Orleans.

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The Marshal then read the following ode, written by George Sennott, Esq.:—

I.

Heroes of Greek Renown!
Ye, who with floods of Persian gore
Purpled Cychreia's sounding shore!
Strong wielders of the Dorian spear—
And ye—dear children of the Dear—
The Holy Violet Crown!
Ye live to-day! Distance and Time
Vanish before our longing eyes—
And fresh in their eternal prime
The Demi-Gods arise.

II.

Fierce breed of iron Rome!
Ye whose relentless eagle's wings
O'ershadowing subjugated Kings,
With Death and black Destruction fraught,
To every hateful Tyrant brought
His own curs'd lesson home!
Smile sternly now; a free-born race
Here draw your proudest maxims in,
And eagerly, in ampler space,
A mightier Rome begin!

III.

Savage, yet dauntless crew!
Who broke with grim, unflinching zeal,
The mighty Spaniard's heart of steel,
When ye, with patriotic hands,
Bursting the dykes that kept your lands,
Let Death and Freedom through!
Arise in glory! Angry floods
And haughty bigots all are tame,
But ye, like liberating gods,
Have everlasting fame.

IV.

Ye few rock-nurtured Men,
Suliote or Swiss, whose crags defied
Burgundian power and Turkish pride!
Whose deeds, so dear to Freemen still,
Make every Alp a holy hill—
A shrine each Suliote glen!
Rejoice to-day! No little bands
Front here th' exulting Tyrant's horde;
But Freedom sways with giant hands
Her ocean-sweeping sword!

V.

Chiefs of our own blest land,
To whom th' oppressed of all mankind
A sacred refuge look to find!
Of every race the pride and boast,
From wild Atlantic's stormy coast
To far Pacific's strand!
Millions on millions here maintain
Your generous aims with steady will,
And make our vast imperial reign
The world's asylum still!

The concluding hymn, words by G. Washington Warren, music by Abt, was then sung by the Apollo Club.

A benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, and at eight o'clock the exercises at the pavilion were brought to a close.

The following letter has been received from His Excellency Governor Ingersoll, in response to a call made upon him:—

State of Connecticut, Executive Department,
New-Haven, June 18, 1875.

DEAR SIR:—I very much regret that, under the erroneous supposition that the exercises at Bunker Hill yesterday would, by reason of the lateness of the hour, close with the oration of General Devens, I left the tent at that time to fulfil another engagement, and, therefore, was not present to acknowledge the honor paid to my State by your call upon me among the other guests of the occasion.

It is the singular fortune of Connecticut, that, although she sent into the armies of the Revolution more soldiers than any other colony save one,—maintaining in actual service, at one time, out of the state, twenty-two full regiments, when her population but little exceeded two hundred thousand persons,—she must, nevertheless, look beyond her borders for the battle-fields that have been made historic by the valor and blood of her children. Conspicuous among them all, and by far closer than any by its associations of peculiar force, is that field upon the Charlestown heights, where New-England for the first time confronted Old England in war. It was there that our young militia received its "baptism of fire," and our peaceful vines were first emblazoned upon a flag of battle; and it is through the smoke and dust of the conflict around Bunker's Hill that there looms up most distinctly to Connecticut eyes one heroic figure of the Revolution,—the man "who dared to lead where any dared to follow,"—Israel Putnam.

It is for these reasons, especially, that it gave me great pleasure to participate in the superb demonstration in Boston yesterday, and that I now regret the circumstances which deprived me of the pleasure of sharing in all the subsequent exercises in Charlestown.

I am, sir, very respectfully yours,
CHARLES R. INGERSOLL.

G. WASHINGTON WARREN, Esq.,
President Bunker Hill Association, etc. etc.,
Charlestown, Mass.

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Letters and despatches were also received by the Mayor from Charles J. Leeds, Mayor of New-Orleans; John Logue, Mayor of Memphis; C. J. Chase, Mayor of Omaha; The Ladies' Centennial Committee of Allentown, Pa.; and from Frederick Fraley, President, and Charles Randolph, Secretary, of the National Board of Trade in session in Philadelphia.

IN CAMBRIDGE, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1875.

The one-hundredth anniversary of Gen. Washington's taking command of the continental army was celebrated this day. By invitation of the committee of arrangements, the invited guests were requested to assemble at Lyceum Hall at ten o'clock, where they were received by Mayor Bradford and the members of the city government. Among the distinguished guests who attended were Governor Gaston, Senator Boutwell, President Eliot, General Hincks, Rear-Admiral Davis, Rev. D. O. Mears, Professor Lowell, General Chamberlain and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A procession was formed about eleven o'clock, under direction of Chief of Police Copeland, who acted as chief marshal, and marched to the tent in the following order, substantially:

Marshal and Aids — Chief Copeland and Captains Ames and Hagar. Edmands's Band. City Messenger F. L. Pratt. Orator, poet and chaplain. Mayor and president of the common council. Board of aldermen. Common council. Vice-president of the United States. Governor Gaston and staff. President and fellows of Harvard University. Trustees of Memorial Hall, the Hon. John G. Palfrey and Henry B. Rogers. United States Senators Boutwell and Dawes. The Hons. J. M. S. Williams, W. W. Warren, E. R. Hoar and Charles Hudson. Collector Simmons, Postmaster Burt, Rear-Admiral Davis and Major-General Banks. Department Commander Merrill, G. A. R. The Hon. Josiah Quincy. Grand Master and suite of grand lodge of masons of Massachusetts. Ex-mayors and ex-presidents of the common council. Mayors of Boston, Somerville and Newton. Selectmen of Lexington, Concord and Arlington. Chairman of the selectmen of Watertown and Belmont. Ex-Governor Emory Washburn, Lucius R. Paige, D.D., Dr. O. W. Holmes, the Rev. Alexander McKenzie, the Hon. R. Frothingham, the Hon. G. W. Warren, Professor Benjamin Peirce, the Hon. Estes Howe, the Hon. Marshall P. Wilder. Senators and representatives from Cambridge in the legislature. General Hincks, General Chamberlain and Winslow Warren. John Owen and James Alexander. Judge Ladd and Sheriff Kimball. Captains Keeler and Hawkes. Commanders of G. A. R. Posts. Members of the school committee. Overseers of the poor. Board of assessors. Heads of city departments. The water board. Board of county commissioners. Trustees of Dana library. Commissioners of sinking fund. Engineers of the fire department.

THE TENT.—A large tent had been erected on the Common, within a few feet of the old elm, capable of holding two thousand people. The interior was decorated with banners and bannerets hanging pendant from the centre, with streamers connecting the centre and sides, with flags and bunting around the side. On the rear of the platform were the words, in large black letters on a white field, "Muzzey; Monroe; Jona. Harrington,—They gave their lives in testimony to the rights of mankind,—Caleb Harrington; Porter; Hadley; Brown." At the end on the left of the platform were the words, "What a glorious morning for America,—Adams"; at the right end, "Too few to resist, too brave to fly." On the platform was a chair used by General Washington at his residence, Mount Vernon, now owned by Mrs. Augustus Towne of Cambridge. On the bottom was the inscription, "Contributed by Mrs. Oliver Parsons, 1853. A gift, from General George Washington's residence, in 1815." Another chair on the platform belonged to a lieutenant in the continental army, and is over 125 years old.

The exercises in the tent were opened with a prayer by the Rev. D. O. Mears, the chaplain of the day, followed by music by Edmands's Band, after which Mayor Bradford introduced Professor James Russell Lowell as the poet of the day.

The poem occupied about ten minutes in delivery. After giving a description of the historic scene under the elm, it sketched the character of Washington, and ended with extending the right hand of reconciliation to the Old Dominion.

At the conclusion of the poem Mayor Bradford introduced the Rev. A. P. Peabody, D.D., LL.D., chaplain of Harvard University, who delivered the oration. On the

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conclusion of which, the procession was reformed, and marched to Memorial Hall, where dinner was served.

A CHILDREN'S SERVICE occurred in the tent in the afternoon, in which thirty-eight young ladies were assisted by as many young men, in costumes representing different eras in the nation's history.

DECORATIONS.—Longfellow's house on Brattle street was marked by the inscription, "Headquarters of Washington; occupied by him from July 12, 1775, to March, 1776. Built and owned at the time by John Vassall, a refugee and tory." The house of James Russell Lowell, on Elmwood avenue, bore the inscription, "Built by Andrew Oliver, stamp commissioner and lieutenant governor—a refugee. Occupied as a hospital after Bunker Hill. In the field in front many soldiers were buried. Afterward the residence of Elbridge Gerry, a signer of the declaration of independence, governor of Massachusetts and vice-president of the United States." The old house on Brattle street, opposite Fayerweather, was inscribed, "Fayerweather House, used as a hospital, 1775." The Brattle House, also on Brattle Street, bore this inscription, "Brattle House; residence of Thomas Brattle, Esq. Headquarters of General Mifflin." The old house on the corner of Brattle and Sparks Streets had this inscription, "Lechmere House; Baroness Reidsel, taken prisoner with her husband at Saratoga, was lodged here." The Holmes, off North Avenue, near the Common, was inscribed, "Holmes House. Headquarters of General Ward. Here was held the council of war which ordered the fortification of Bunker Hill." The site of the Inman House on Inman Street, near Main, was inscribed: "Site of Inman House, headquarters of General Putnam, commanding centre of American army, July, 1775." The house on the corner of Ash and Mt. Auburn Streets, a structure of great antiquity, was marked by an inscription, stating that it was built during the reign of Queen Anne; probably by the father of Governor Belcher, who sold it in 1719. It was occupied in 1775 by Benjamin Church, M.D., surgeon general of the provincial army. The Wadsworth House, in the college grounds facing Harvard Street, was inscribed, "Wadsworth House, first headquarters of Washington and Lee, July 2, 1775. Officers' quarters during the siege of Boston, 1775–6." The house on Harvard Street, near Plympton Street, had this inscription: "Built by East Apthorp, called the Bishop's Palace. Occupied by General Burgoyne while a prisoner." At the junction of Kirkland Street with North Avenue was a placard stating that to be "The road to Bunker Hill, down which the troops marched, under Colonel Prescott, on the evening of June 16, 1775, after prayer on the Common by President Langdon."

HARVARD COLLEGE.—Over the main entrance to the college grounds, opposite Church street, was raised an arch draped with colored bunting and crowned by a shield bearing the motto, "Veritas." Across the top of the arch was the verse from Lowell,—

> "Life of whate'er makes life worth living,
> One heavenly thing whereof earth has the giving."

On the left pillar of the arch was the inscription: "Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as a structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened. [Washington's farewell address.]" On the opposite pillar was the following: "Harvard College—'The Nest of Sedition'—General Gage, 1775. Hatched in this nest were James Otis, Joseph Warren, John Hancock, Josiah Quincy, Sam Adams, John Adams, Artemas Ward, Timothy Pickering and William Eustis." The older buildings of the college,—Massachusetts Hall, built in 1720; Holden Chapel, built in 1744; Hollis Hall, built in 1763, and Harvard Hall, built in 1764,—all bore inscriptions stating the date of their erection, and the fact that they were occupied by provincial troops during the siege of Boston, 1775–6. On Dane Hall, the law school, was inscribed, "Site of Old Church, where the first and second provincial congresses were held, presided over by John Hancock and Joseph Warren. General Washington worshipped in this church in 1775."

THE WASHINGTON ELM.—The decorations here were elaborate. A staff had been fixed in the centre of the tree, from which floated above the highest branches an American flag. Smaller flags were fastened upon all the larger projecting limbs of the tree, and extended beyond it on all sides. On the stone at its base, which commemorates Washington's assumption of command, was placed a life-size figure painting of General Washington on horseback. A little in front of the elm, and so

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erected that the stone and painting show through it in perspective, was an arch covered with colored bunting, under which the procession passed on the way from Lyceum Hall to the tent. The upper portion of the arch was inscribed, "Birthplace of the American Army," and on the pillars were the dates "1775" and "1875."

CHRIST CHURCH was decorated with flags drooping over the door and from the window in the tower. From the window also projected several flags, as well as from the corners. On the centre of the front was a round shield bearing this inscription,—"Christ Church, erected A.D. 1760. Captain Chester's Co., from Wethersfield, Conn., was quartered here during the siege of Boston in 1775–6. Reoccupied as a house of prayer by the order of General Washington, who worshipped here on Sunday, Dec. 31, 1775, and it is believed on subsequent occasions."

THE MONUMENT in the Old Burial Ground erected to the Cambridge men who fell at Lexington was very beautifully trimmed. It was surmounted by an arch from which was hung a flag forming a background to the monument itself. On the crown of the arch was the motto, "The Blood of the Patriots was the Seed of Liberty." On the pillars of the arch were the names of the soldiers,—Hicks, Marcy, Richardson, Russell, Wyman and Winship.

THE COMMON.—The soldiers' monument on the Common was decorated with small flags. Around it, mounted, pointed in different directions, were the three cannon recently given the city by the state. They are very old pieces of ordnance, having been captured from the French at the taking of Louisburg in 1758.

THE CITY HALL was the most elaborately decorated of any building in the city. A large painting was hung over the front, emblematical of the victory of freedom in the Revolutionary War. On either side of the painting were the dates "1775" and "1875," and at the bottom the motto "Liberty and Union, Now and Forever, One and Inseparable." An eagle on the centre of the roof held in his beak strips of bunting, which draped the cornice to the corners. The painting was also draped, and the bunting so arranged as to form an immense shield covering nearly the whole front of the building, with the painting in the centre. From the flagstaff on the centre of the roof a "glory" of variously colored bunting depended to the edges of the roof.

LYCEUM HALL, the headquarters of the Committee of Arrangements, was profusely trimmed. Festoons of bunting depended from the apex of the roof to the corners of the first story. On the front was a painting of the Goddess of Liberty with drawn sword, holding the stars and stripes, which was draped with flags hung from the story above. On the left side of the entrance was the motto, "Liberty—generations past and generations to come hold us responsible for this sacred trust." On the right side was the inscription, "Warren, Hancock, Adams, Prescott. We would recall the forms and lineaments of the honored dead."

THE OFFICES OF THE UNION RAILWAY were elaborately decorated. The roof was surmounted by a gilt eagle holding festoons of bunting in his beak, which drooped to either corner of the roof. From the centre also fell festoons of flags to the corners of the building on the first floor. Pennants depended from the roof in four places, and small flags projected over the street. On the front of one building was a shield with the national arms and motto. Under that was the inscription, "Mansion House of Zechariah Bordman 1775, Tavern of Major John Brown 1781." On the front of the other building was the name "Washington."

THE SITE OF FORT PUTNAM, on the corner of Otis and Fourth streets, was marked by a flag hung across Otis street from the Putnam School-house, with the inscription, "Site of Fort Putnam."

THE SITE OF FORT WASHINGTON, near the foot of Brookline street, was also appropriately marked and the way to it pointed out.

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APPENDIX.

LEXINGTON CELEBRATION.

For want of time several addresses were necessarily omitted at the dinner, and for the same reason the reading of a large number of letters was also omitted. It had been expected that Col. W. S. Clark would speak for "The Agricultural Interests of New-England;" the Hon. D. W. Gooch for "The Participating Towns;" Luther Conant, Esq., for "The Men of Acton;" the Hon. Alfred T. Goshorn for "The Centennial Commission and its Work;" and the Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, President of the New-England Historic, Genealogical Society, for "American History." Mr. Wilder has furnished to the Lexington Committee the following report of the substance of what he had intended to say:

Mr. President,—I thank you for the privilege of being present and participating in the ceremonies of this most interesting occasion. As the toast expresses it, we meet to celebrate one of the most sublime events in the annals of history; for, sir, as the first gun on Sumter sealed the fate of slavery in the United States, so the first shot at Lexington sealed the doom of British empire in America, and forever settled the destiny of freedom for this western world.

The 19th of April, 1775! What a glorious day,—the baptismal day of a nation in the blood of her sons, on the altar of freedom! And, sir, as the first light of morning streams over the mountain tops and spreads into universal day, so the fires of patriotism, kindled on these plains a hundred years ago, will continue to electrify and illume the world with the results of American independence and American civilization,—

"While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls a wave."

The results of the battles of Lexington and Concord were of far greater consequence ultimately, in their influence on the welfare of mankind, than those of Thermopylæ, Marathon, Cannæ, Austerlitz, Waterloo, or Sedan; leading as they did to the American Revolution, and giving to the world the only free and independent nation which has existed for a hundred years,—a nation exalted in privilege, progress, and prosperity above any other on earth; a nation whose example will ultimately, we believe, revolutionize the world, and secure the rich inheritance of liberty and equality for all mankind. Some sections of our favored land may possess more luxuriant soils and milder skies; but I believe, sir, there is no spot on earth so green in the hearts of freemen, so sacred in the heart of memory, as that watered by the blood of those who fell in defence of their homes and human rights on the 19th of April, 1775. The events of that day were the heralds of that freedom which we now enjoy; and from that moment when the first martyr fell on the plains of Lexington the cause of liberty and human right has been "marching on."

And what adds to the interest of this occasion is the fact that the events we celebrate took place on Massachusetts soil. Massachusetts has been a great leader in the cause of American liberty and American civilization. She was first to receive upon her soil the exiles for religious freedom, first in the martyrdom of her sons at Lexington and Concord, first in the signature of her sons to the Declaration of American Independence, first in the field for the suppression of the American Rebellion, first for the abrogation of human bondage on this continent.

But, Mr. President, the thought that most engrosses my mind to-day is the wonderful progress, prosperity, and influence of this nation. Never before in the annals of history has there been such an illustration of the enterprise, capacity, and independence of a people; never before such an illustration of the divine favor, if we except God's chosen people, the Jews, as has been manifested to this nation in raising it up to be an example of those great principles of civil and religious freedom which constitute the foundation of human happiness. But what shall we say of the great future of this Republic? When we reflect on the amazing progress and vast resources of our nation; when we compare the condition of our few feeble colonies as they existed one hundred years ago, with the thirty-seven independent states of our

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Republic; when we contrast the limited population scattered along the borders of our eastern slope with the forty-five millions now spread over the continent from ocean to ocean, and destined ere the lapse of another century to reach two hundred millions of freemen,—its immense territory embracing almost all the climes and products of the world, spread out by the hand of God as an asylum for the oppressed of mankind,—I am overwhelmed with the thought of its rising greatness, and the mission it has to perform. And whose heart does not throb with joy at the recollection of the events we this day celebrate? Whose eyes have not been suffused with tears of gratitude by the scenes of this day, the peals of merry bells, the salvos of booming cannon, the presence of congregated thousands, and the song of praise and thanksgiving rising like incense from the altars of freemen to the God of battles who hath delivered us from oppression and made us "free indeed"?

Standing then, as we do to-day, about to enter on the second century of our national existence, let us remember the way in which the Lord hath led us. How grand the story of our Republic! How momentous its influence on the welfare of mankind! How bright the future with anticipations of freedom for the world! Let us also remember the sacrifices made to secure the priceless blessings we enjoy; and let us resolve, "live or die," that we will stand by the Constitution and Union of these States,—a Union cemented by the blood of our fathers, brethren, and sons; a Union that none can sever; a Union sovereign, supreme, eternal!

GENERAL PUTNAM'S RIDE TO CONCORD.

[The following, from the pen of J. Hammond Trumbull, LL.D., is taken from the Hartford Daily Courant, of July 24, 1875.]

When news of the fight at Lexington and Concord reached Pomfret, Israel Putnam, says his biographer, Colonel Humphreys, "left his plough in the middle of the field, and without waiting to change his clothes, set out for the theatre of action." He was in Concord on the second day after the battle, and the same day (April 21st), after a conference with the Massachusetts Committee of Safety, he wrote to Connecticut to advise the governor and council what was to be the colony's quota for the army to be raised in New-England. These facts seem to have escaped the notice of our historians, and at the late centennial celebration in Concord Governor Ingersoll's allusion to Putnam's visit in 1775 did not pass unquestioned.

A despatch from the Committee of Safety at Watertown, dated at 10 A. M. on the 19th, was received in Pomfret about 8 A. M. on the 20th, bringing news that the British had fired on the people at Lexington, "killed 6 men and wounded 4 others, and are on their march into the country." About 3 P. M. a second despatch came to Colonel Ebenezer Williams of Pomfret, one of the Connecticut Committee of Safety, with an account of the fight at Concord. Colonel Williams forwarded the news by express to Canterbury and Norwich; writing, under date of 3 P. M. (misprinted "A. M." in Force's Am. Archives, IV. ii. 363), "I am this moment informed by express," etc. The following letter from Putnam, dated in *Concord*, on the 21st, shows that he did not leave Connecticut until after the receipt of the *second* despatch, that is, until after he had news "at Pomfret" of the battle at Concord. In the interval, between the arrival of the first and second expresses, he was probably in conference with the Windham county committees and military officers. This letter was printed in Norwich, on Sunday, the 23d, together with other reports of the battle, in an extra from the office of the *Norwich Packet*.

NORWICH, APRIL 23.

Sunday, 4, P. M.

A gentleman arrived here this Day, and has favoured us with the following particulars, which we think proper to communicate to the Public, who may depend, that the most strenuous Exertion of Abilities, and unremitting Assiduity of the Publishers, shall never be wanting to give them satisfaction.

CONCORD, APRIL 21.

To COLONEL E. WILLIAMS.

SIR—I have waited on the Committee of the Provincial Congress, and it is their Determination to have a standing Army of 22,000 men from the New-England Colonies, of which, it is supposed, the Colony of Connecticut must raise 6,000, and begs they would be at *Cambridge* as speedily as possible, with Conveniences; together with Provisions, and a Sufficiency of Ammunition for their own Use.

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The Battle here is much as has been represented at Pomfret, except that there is more killed and a Number more taken Prisoners.

The Accounts at present are so confused that it is impossible to ascertain the number exact, but shall inform you of the Proceedings, from Time to Time, as we have new Occurrances; mean Time I am,

Sir, your humble servant,
ISRAEL PUTNAM.

N. B. The Troops of Horse are not expected to come until further notice.
A true copy E. WILLIAMS.

[The broadside has this imprint: "Printed by ROBERTSONS and TRUMBULL, who will, in a few Days have for Sale, THE CRISIS, number One and Two—A BLOODY COURT! a BLOODY MINISTRY! and a BLOODY PARLIAMENT!"]

At 9 o'clock in the evening of the 23d, a few hours after this sheet was printed, another letter from Putnam, dated at Cambridge, April 22, was received, with despatches for the Committee of Correspondence. In this he urged immediate supplies of troops and provisions. (See Miss Caulkins's *History of Norwich*, p. 381.)

The Windham county "troops of horse,"—45 men, under command of Major Samuel McClellan (great-grandfather of Major-General Geo. B. McClellan),—had marched for Lexington before the receipt of Putnam's letter of the 21st.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL, BY AN EYEWITNESS.

[The original of the following letter, rusty with age and worn by frequent handling, has the following address on its back: Mrs. Sarah Brown, Newport, Rhode-Island. The writer of the letter was Peter Brown, son of Wm. Brown, of Newport, R. I. He was married to Miss Olive Dinsmore, of Boylston, Mass., Oct. 24, 1781. At the close of the Revolution, in 1783, Mr. and Mrs. Brown went to Lunenburg, Mass., and in the locality known as "Flat Hill" commenced house-keeping operations. His grandson, Wm. Lifford Brown, now occupies the place. Of their 8 children, 4 were sons, and 4 were daughters. Mr. Brown died in Lunenburg, July 15, 1829, aged 76 years. He and all his family except one who died in Boston, were buried in the South Cemetery in Lunenburg.

The original letter, of which this is an exact copy, is now in possession of Mrs. Charlotte Lewis, of Lunenburg, who is a lineal descendant of Peter Brown, the writer. * * *
Belfast, Me., March 31, 1875. J. L. LOCKE.]

CAMBRIDGE, June 25, 1775.

Dear and Honored Mother:

As a duty to you I would inform you of my present state and employment, being rather scrupulous whether you may receive these lines, I shall only give a short sketch of affairs.

Before these long threatened difficulties began among us I had planned to go to Connecticut, where I expected to work during the summer, but the Allwise in his Providence hath very differently planned my summer's work which I hope may turn to his glory, and my good.

I suppose I need not acquaint you of the manner in which the enemy first approached us at Concord as it is more than probable you have had it in print long since.

When I was first alarmed I was at Westford, whether I went to take leave of my friends and settle some affairs that I had in hand. I was called about daylight or a little after, and rode as post that fournoon before I could get to Concord, after which I pursued with the rest, and fought that day. Tarried at Cambridge that night being forbid to go home. Soon after this, there was an army established, all business then being stagnated, and a great deal wholly broke up, I did not know what I could do better than to enlist, therefore being hearty in the cause, I did it directly, and enlisted under Capt. Oliver Bates, in Col. Prescott's Regiment, with whom I tarried awhile till he (our Captain) was taken sick and went home, when Mr. Joshua Parker by succession took his place, and makes his ground good, in whose company I remain yet, where I do a Clerk or Orderly Sergeant's business, which requires much care; but the duty is easier, and the pay higher than a private soldier's.

Friday the 16th of June we were ordered on parade at 6 o'clock with one day's provision and blankets ready for a march some where, but we knew not where. But we readily and cheerfully obeyed. The whole that were called for were these three:—Col. Prescott's, Fry's and Nickson's regiments. After tarrying on parade till 9 at night, we marched down to Charlestown Hill, against Copt's Hill in Boston,

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where we entrenched and made a fort, 10 rods long and 8 wide, with a breast work of about 8 more. We worked there undiscovered till about 5 in the morning—then we saw our danger, being against ships of the line, and all Boston fortified against us. The danger we were in made us think there was treachery, and that we were brought there to be all slain, and I must and will say that there was treachery, oversight, or presumption in the conduct of our officers, for about five in the morning, we not having more than half our fort done, they began to fire, (I suppose as soon as they had orders,) pretty briskly for a few minutes, then ceased, but soon begun again, and fired 20 minutes, (they killed but one man,) then ceased to fire till about 11 o'clock, then they began to fire as brisk as ever, which caused many of our young country people to desert, apprehending the danger in a clearer manner than others who were diligent in digging and fortifying ourselves against the enemy. We began to be almost beat out, being fatigued by our labor, having no sleep the night before, very little to eat, no drink but rum but what we hazarded our lives to get, we grew faint, thirsty, hungry and weary. The enemy fired very warm from Boston, and from on board their ships, till about 2 o'clock, when they began to fire from ships that lay in Ferry way, and from a ship that lay in the river against us to stop our reinforcement, which they did in some measure. One cannon cut three men in two on the neck. Our officers sent time after time for cannon from Cambridge in the morning, and could get but four, the captain of which fired a few times, then swinging his hat three times round to the enemy, and ceased to fire. Then about 3 o'clock there was a cessation of the cannon roaring. Soon after, we spied as many as 40 boats or barges coming over full of troops. It is supposed there were about 3,000 of them, and about 700 of us left, not deserted, besides a reinforcement of 500 that could not get nigh enough to us to do us any good till they saw that we must all be cut off or some of them, then they ventured to advance. When our officers perceived that the enemy intended to land they ordered the artillery to get out of the fort and prevent it if possible; from whence the artillery Captain took his pieces and returned home to Cambridge with much haste, for which he is now confined, and it is expected must suffer death.

The enemy landed, fronted before us, and formed themselves in an oblong square, in order to surround, which they did in part. After they were well formed they advanced towards us in order to swallow us up. Though we could do nothing with our small arms as yet for distance, and had but one cannon and no gunner, and they from the shipping firing and throwing bombs, keeping us down till they almost surrounded us. But, God in mercy to us fought our battle, and though we were but few in number and suffered to be defeated by our enemy, yet we were preserved, and to our admiration, for out of our Regiment there were but 37 killed, 4 or 5 taken captive, about 47 wounded, and Oh! may I never forget God's distinguishing mercy to us in sparing my life. When they fell on my right hand and on my left, and close by me, they were, to the eye of reason, no more exposed than myself. When the arrows of death flew thick around me, I was preserved, while others were suffered to fall a prey to our cruel enemies. O may that God whose mercy was so far extended in my preservation, grant me his grace to devote my future life to his divine service.

Nor do I conclude that the danger is yet over, unless God in his mercy either remove our enemy or heal the breach. But if we should be called again to action I hope to have courage and strength to act my part valiantly in defense of our Liberties and Country, trusting in him who hath hitherto kept me, and hath covered my head in the day of battle. Although we have lost 4 out of our Company, and several taken captive by the enemy of America, I was not suffered to be touched.

I was in the fort when the enemy came in, jumped over the wall and ran half a mile where balls flew like hail stones, and cannon roared like thunder, but I escaped; then it may be my turn next. After asking your prayers, must conclude, wishing you the best of blessings. I still remain your dutiful son,

PETER BROWN.

P. S. I wish very much to come and see you, but 'tis vain to think of that now. I desire you to write to me. Direct to Peter Brown, Cambridge, to be left at Col. Prescott's chambers in the South College, and send by way of Providence to Roxbury from whence it will be likely to come safe. My love to Polly, Sally and Patty —have not leisure to write to them in particular, and conveyance very uncertain. Hope they will excuse me this time.

To-day at Cambridge, to-morrow,
To-morrow, the Lord only knows where. P. B.

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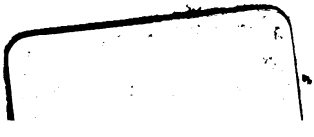

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